WEEK ENDING AUGUST 10, 1929

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

OVER 2,000,000 NET PAID CIRCULATION

GREEN ~ BALDWIN ~ FIASCHETTI ~ DELMAR ~ MCEVOY

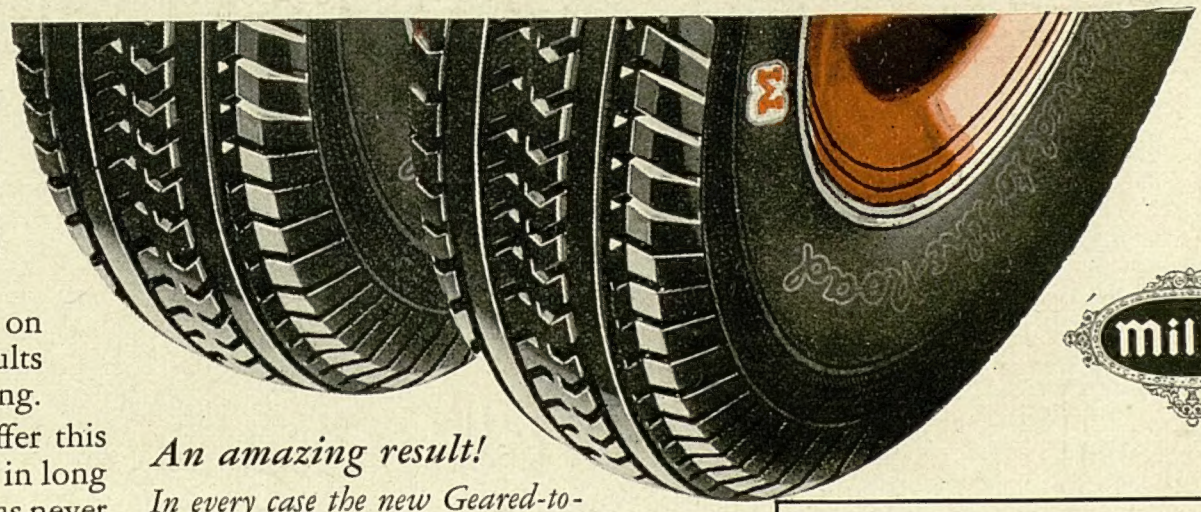
a Guarantee ...that is one

GUARANTEE

We guarantee this tire to outwear any other tire of equal price when run under the same conditions. Ask your Miller dealer for further particulars.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
of N.Y. Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.

On a tire that sets new standards in its field



LONGEST wearing! Best! World's Greatest Tire! You've heard and read these claims many times. But never before has a manufacturer backed up his claims with a guarantee such as this.

A guarantee that is based not on empty statement but on the results of exhaustive and scientific testing.

Today Miller can fearlessly offer this unsurpassable guarantee because in long months of gruelling test the tire has never failed to do what we now claim for it.

Road wear—the real test

After building what we thought was the best tire ever made—and testing it on the abrasive, crushed shell roads of Florida for 3,000,000 miles—then rebuilding to improve where improvement was possible—we sent the Miller Test Fleet back to Florida, with the best standard tires of 13 well-known makers. Each tire was given a fair test against our own.

An amazing result!

In every case the new Geared-to-the-Road outlasted and outwore the competitive tire. And at the end of the entire test, not one Miller Tire Carcass had failed.

No matter how well satisfied you are with other tires, this one will do more for you. It is guaranteed to do so. You cannot lose. In your own interests—see this tire now at your Miller dealer's—and let him give you all of this amazing story.

Available now in all popular sizes, at Miller dealers. Standard four-ply, ordinary service conditions; special six-ply heavy construction for use where overloads must be carried and service is severe.

How the New Geared-to-the-Road compared with the Biggest-Selling Tires in America

Taking mileage of New Miller as 100%

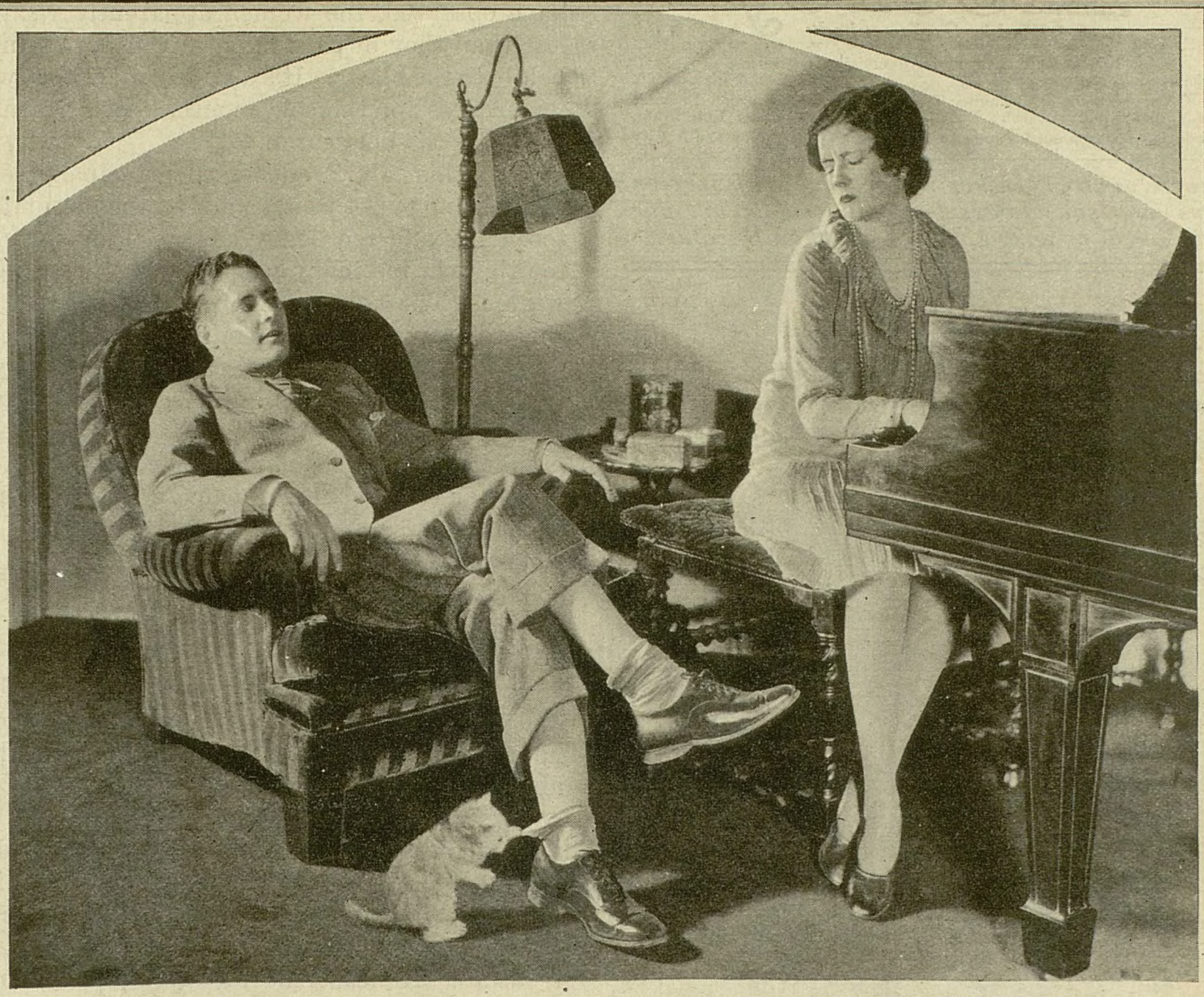
Tire No. 1	ran 93.9%
Tire No. 2	ran 85.7%
Tire No. 3	ran 68.0%
Tire No. 4	ran 67.0%
Tire No. 5	ran 61.5%
Tire No. 6	ran 58.7%
Tire No. 7	ran 51.4%
Tire No. 8	ran 45.8%
Tire No. 9	ran 40.3%
Tire No. 10	ran 38.5%
Tire No. 11	ran 36.6%
Tire No. 12	ran 33.9%
Tire No. 13	ran 25.4%

NOTE: Figures on competitive tires represent the point at which tires went out of service either from carcass failure or with treads worn smooth. The New Miller outwore competitive tires in every instance.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY of N. Y. Akron, Ohio, U. S. A.

MILLER

TIRES - TUBES - ACCESSORIES AND REPAIR MATERIALS - DRUG SUNDRIES
BATHING WEAR - SHUGLOV FOOT-GEAR - RUBBER BALLS AND TOYS - MOLDED RUBBER GOODS



His first call was his last

She was stunning! He fell for her like a ton o' brick. He imagined he was making a big hit. If he had seen her shocked, disappointed look as she noticed his socks draped over his shoe tops he wouldn't have slapped himself on the back. And he would, also, know WHY she was always "out" to him after that. A pair of Paris Garters might have put a "Welcome" on the door mat for him. Her pet aversion was lack of neatness in general—and sloppy socks in particular.

NO SOX APPEAL - WITHOUT

PARIS
GARTERS

No metal can touch you

DRESS WELL AND SUCCEED

5
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AUGUST 10, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 31

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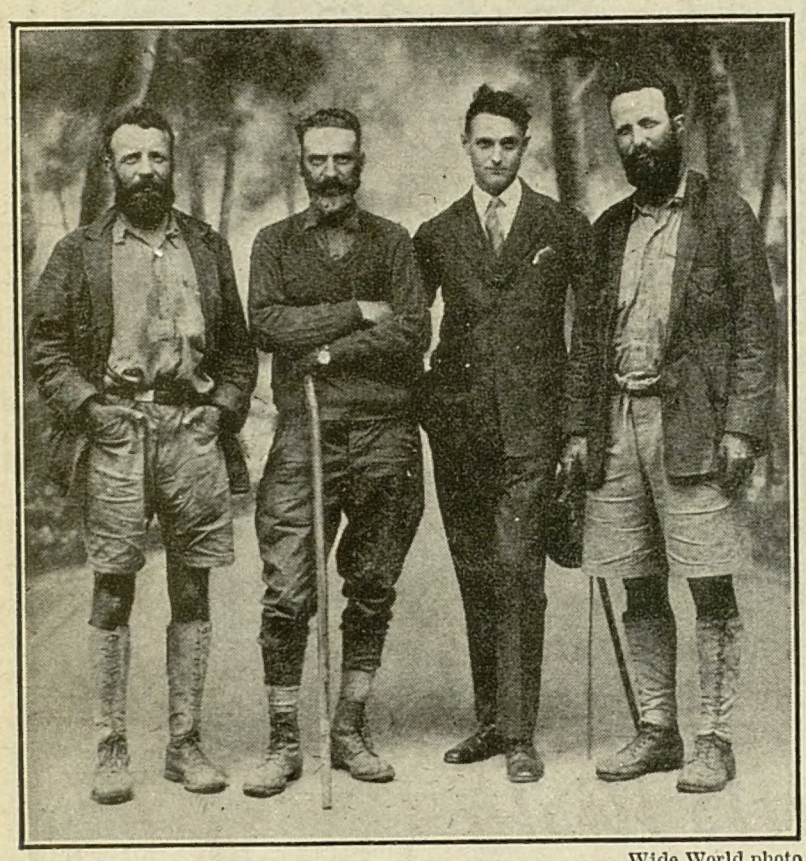
"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

CLOTHES

Dr. Eugene Fisk of the Life Extension Institute while examining people recently took occasion to weigh their clothes. It is Dr. Fisk's business



Wide World photo

Shorts versus longs. Reading from left to right: Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Suydam Cutting, R. B. Chamberlain, and Kermit Roosevelt. Chamberlain, as befits an American consul, is trousered conventionally. The Roosevelt party had just come out of the mountains of Tibet, where they wore shorts—and beards—for comfort.

to find out all he can about what makes us healthy or unhealthy and he thought clothes might have something to do with the matter.

In order to strike an average he weighed the clothes of a dozen women and a dozen men, choosing his subjects from a wide range of adult ages. He found that the average weight of the women's clothes was two pounds ten ounces, while the garments worn by the men averaged eight pounds six ounces. To men sweltering in midsummer heat and humidity it would seem that the girls have all the best of it.

The occasionally sterner sex is not so badly off in winter, when the extra weight helps to keep the warmth in and the cold out, and when, so we have observed, the women apparently wear even less than they do in summer, exposing themselves boldly to the blasts. It's a strange fact that women underdress for the cold months just as men overdress for the hot season.

But this talk is addressed principally to men. There is no doubt that, to add to the discomfort of too many and too heavy clothes, they wear them too tight in too many places. That is all right in winter. The aviator and the truck driver know that the way to keep warm is to prevent the wind from blowing through their clothes. They seal up at the neck, ankles, and wrists. This law of warmth accounts also for the rope around the middle of the gentleman on the coal truck.

When summer comes men don't take advantage of the obverse of this proposition so much as do women. Men are apt to keep their necks too tightly collared instead of boldly flaunting the Adam's apple to the breeze. Perhaps, like legs, it is an æsthetic matter.

Anyway, women go bare of throat and arm, and out of doors these days frequently from the nape of the neck to the middle vertebra and from above the knee to the ankle.

Perhaps this letting of a larger portion of the anatomy out to get the air might be too radical a step for men, but why shouldn't they go in for shorts, which are cool if not decorative? Knickers don't do the trick—they are even hotter than long trousers. At least shorts would give the men a chance to let their skin breathe more freely, and Dr. Fisk says that Dr. Welch of Johns Hopkins has long ago discovered that skin breathing is a mighty important thing.

In fact, Dr. Fisk says since women began giving the air to generous areas of their skin they've been doing better than men in the health tables—except that they have recently shown a tendency toward tuberculosis, which may be due to taking 'em off in winter as well as in summer, or to the craze for slimness.

But to get back to the men: we are not pessimistic. The men have made some progress. Collars are mostly loose and soft, vests are shed in summer, and shoes are low in cut if not in price. Even so the women have it on the men in the matter of comfort. They are more sensible about these things—and then they go and spoil the truth of this remark by wearing summer furs! All of which may go to show the truth of the remark that "no generalization is always true, not even this one."

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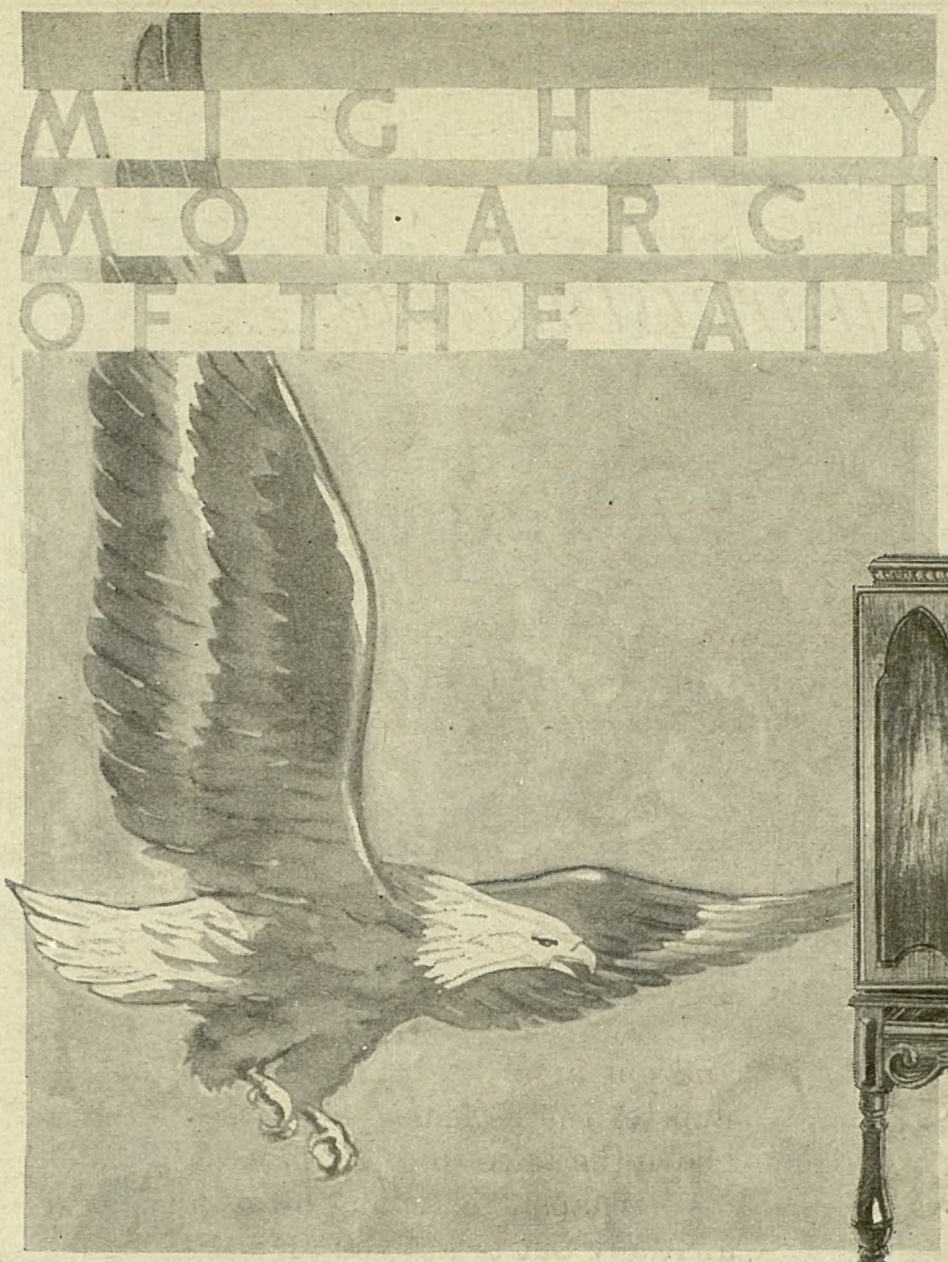
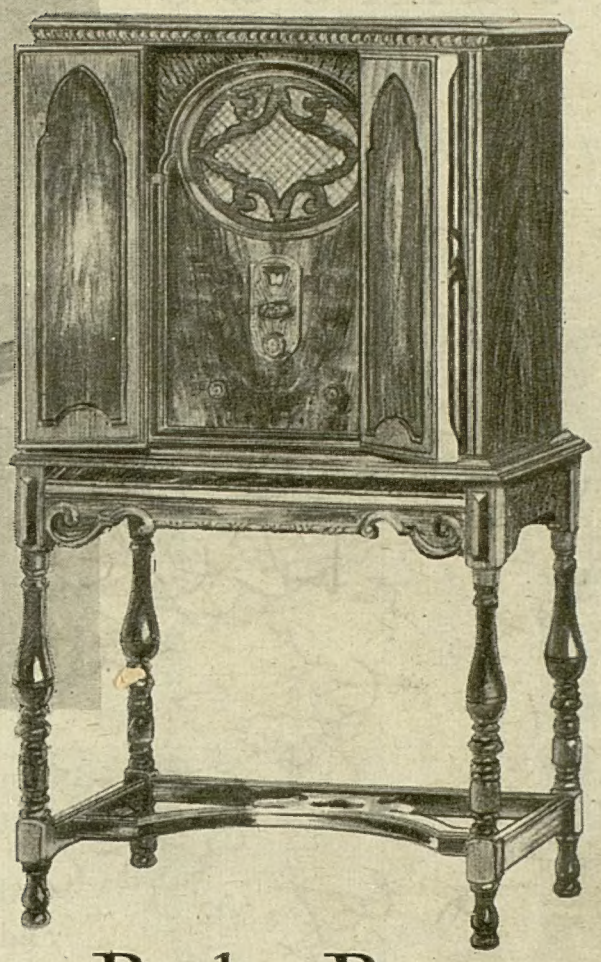


Model 92 . . . Power Detection and the *new* –45 tubes plus four tuned stages of radio frequency. Absolutely no hum and no oscillation at any wave length. Automatic sensitivity control gives uniform range and power all over the dial. Improved Majestic Super-Dynamic Speaker. Heavy, sturdy Majestic power unit, with positive voltage ballast. Jacobean period cabinet of American walnut. Doors of matched butt walnut with overlays on doors and interior panel of genuine imported Australian lacewood. Escutcheon plate, knobs and door pulls finished in genuine silver.



"Power Detection" . . a *True* Development in Radio Progress

THE overwhelming success of the new Majestic models is easily explained. They embody *permanent* and *necessary* improvements in radio design.

Two great problems were the target of Majestic research this year. One was *Noise*—the constant hum, squeal and whistle that bombarded old style radio. The other was *Unequal Sensitivity*—"fuzzy" reception on low wave lengths—lost range and power on high waves. *All* radio suffered from these troubles.

Majestic attacked these problems with all its great engineering, scientific and experimental resources. Majestic engineers developed the remarkable new feature —Power Detection—a complete solution of the many problems of the detector tube. They invented Automatic Sensitivity Control which gives uniform power and range on *all* wave lengths. Now the new Majestics are *wholly free* from *all* hindrance to natural musical reproduction.

When you hear these new instruments you will recognize the wisdom of adhering to the path of *true* progress in radio. No mere novelty nor "catch-phrase" design could produce the glorious tone that swells from the new Majestics. This year, the Monarch of the Air is mightier than ever—because Majestic embodies the sound engineering and the farseeing leadership that refuse compromise on any question of radio quality or design.

You cannot buy finer radio than Majestic—*no matter what price you pay.*

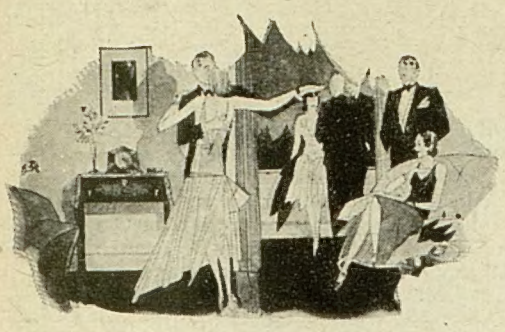
GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY, 5801 Dickens Avenue
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

TUNE IN . . . Majestic Theatre of the Air over Columbia and American Broadcasting Systems every Sunday night, 9 to 10 Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Headliners of the Stage and Screen.

TIME PAYMENTS . . . Time payments in the purchase of Majestic Receivers are financed through the Majestic Plan at lowest known rates.

Licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A. and R.F.L., also by Lektiphone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan License Associates.

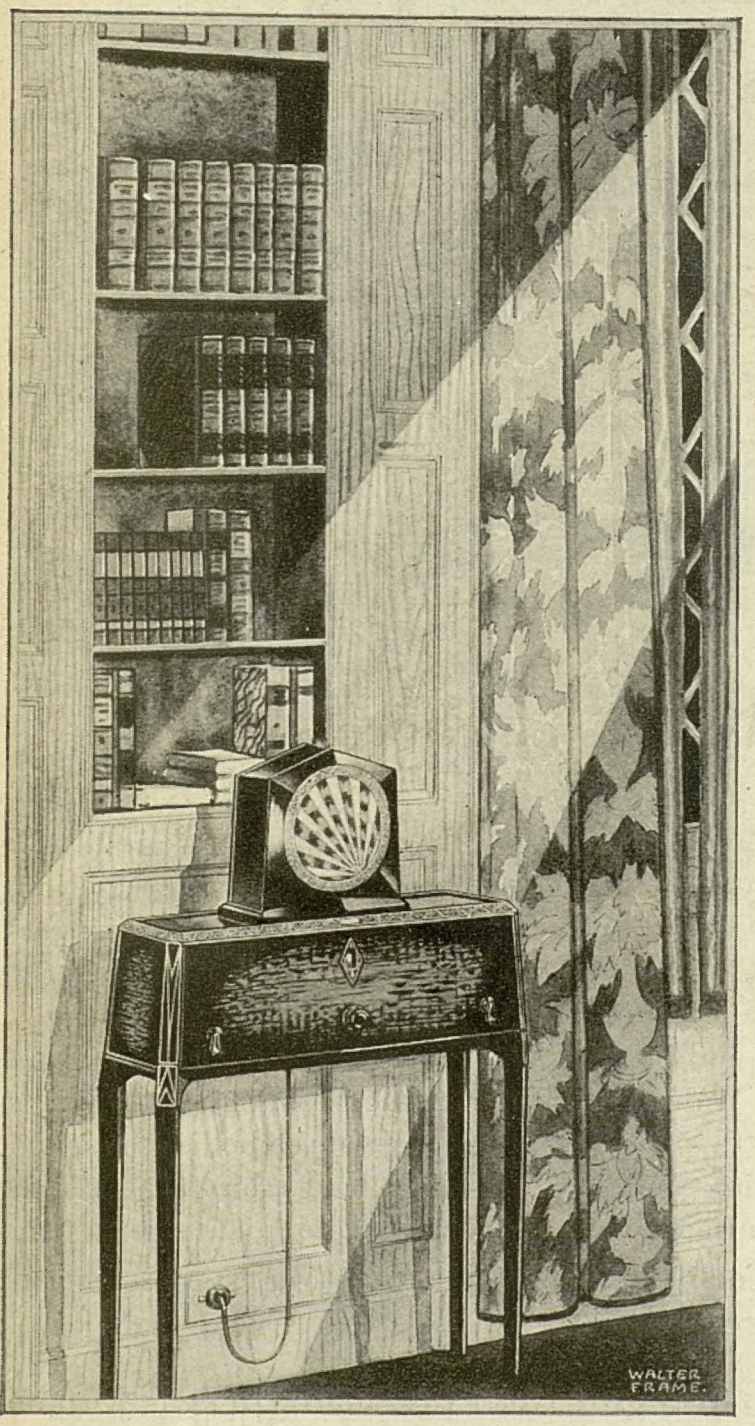
Majestic RADIO



It's unmistakable ...

the famous RCA quality

in this low-priced, compact console radio



RCA RADIOLA 33—Console type of tuned-radio-frequency receiver, for house current operation (A.C.). Cabinet of striking modern design. $77.50 (less Radiotrons).

RCA LOUDSPEAKER 100B—with the rich, mellow tone characteristic of the popular "100" type of reproducer. Designed to match Radiola 33. . $22.

Buy with confidence where you see this sign

RCA RADIOLA 33

There's no mistaking the famous RCA quality in the design and performance of the popular RCA Radiola 33—the low-priced, "all-electric," console radio receiver.

Your eyes and your ears tell you at once that this fine instrument carries the famous RCA trademark.

Only RCA with its great resources of scientific research and large-scale manufacturing could design so fine a Radiola at so attractive a price.

Stop in at any RCA Radiola Dealer's store—operate the "33" yourself—the remarkably realistic reproduction of music and the voice from nearby and distant broadcasting stations will amaze you.

When selecting a new radio set you will be assured of RCA quality throughout if the receiver is an RCA Radiola, equipped with RCA Radiotrons, and the reproducer is an RCA Loudspeaker.

◆ ◆ ◆

RCA Radiolas and Loudspeakers may be purchased through RCA Radiola Dealers on the convenient RCA Time Payment Plan.

RADIOLA DIVISION
RADIO-VICTOR CORPORATION OF AMERICA
NEW YORK CHICAGO ATLANTA DALLAS SAN FRANCISCO

RCA RADIOLA

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON

Knights of the Blue

Detail of a painting by Lieut. Henri Farre, an observer in the French air service.

A Story of the Lafayette Flying Corps, the Foreign Legion of the Air

By

CHARLES NORDHOFF
and
JAMES NORMAN HALL

Mr. Nordhoff (at the left), Californian by birth, served in France in the American Ambulance, 1916-17; then, joining the Foreign Legion's aviation section, he served in a pursuit squadron with a distinction that won him the Croix de Guerre with palm. Mr. Hall, born in Iowa, "joined up" in 1914 with Kitchener's First Hundred Thousand. Later he transferred to the French aviation. He was a prisoner of war from May, 1918, to the end. He says modestly that he received "as consolation prizes" the Legion d'Honneur, the Médaille Militaire, the Croix de Guerre with five palms, and the American Distinguished Service Cross.

THE victory of a Nieuport over a Fokker. The column of smoke shows that the German's gasoline tank has been set afire.

THIS is, in its essentials, a true story of adventures with the Lafayette Flying Corps—the outgrowth, in the war's later years, of the immortal Escadrille Lafayette. Though the narrator's name, Charles Selden, and his identity are fictitious, none the less his experiences are, as the authors say, "actual ones that happened either to us or to other members of the corps."

PART ONE

WHEN the United States entered the war I was not yet eighteen. My imagination had been fired by the accounts that I had read of the fighting airmen, and I was desperately afraid the war would end before I should be old enough to enlist.

While I was in this state of mind I was sent to the French consulate in San Francisco to do some business for my uncle, a planter in French Oceania. Imagine my amazed delight when the consul, to whom I had told my troubles, said, "You would like to fly, eh? Your parents wouldn't object to your enlisting?"

"Not a bit."

"How would you like to join the Lafayette Flying Corps?"

My heart seemed to skip a beat and I caught my breath. But it wasn't too good to be true, as my friend the consul shortly proved, and in due time I had crossed the continent and was on board the Rochambeau bound for France.

On the ship I met Gordon Forbes, a boy of my own age who was bound on the same mission as myself. He was traveling with M. Hérault, a French manufacturer, who was to introduce him to Dr. Gros, Vice President and Director for France of the Foreign Legion. M. Hérault took me also under his wing and, when we arrived,

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

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[KNIGHTS OF THE BLUE
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insisted that I accompany Gordon and himself to his home in Paris. There I met his daughter, Mme. de Thouars. She and Forbes were old friends.

The next day Forbes and I presented our credentials to Dr. Gros, signed our enlistment papers as recruits in the Foreign Legion, and were assigned to be transferred to aviation.

Of the days of training I haven't space to tell. During them we met three other Americans who had joined the Lafayette Flying Corps: Bill O'Connor, a red-headed Irishman from Boston, Jim Wilding from Virginia, and Tommy Slater from Philadelphia. Slater was then a cadaverous youth of twenty, pale as an invalid and hairless as a girl. All he cared to do was fly and fight.

Whenever we could, we ran into Paris to spend an evening with the Hérault's. On such a visit the talk turned to the chances of capture by the enemy and to possible means of escape. Mme. de Thouars said that in case either of us was captured, she would send us packages through the Red Cross. In each package sent she would place two tins of a kind of potted meat called *paté des chasseurs;* in one of the tins coiled saw blades, a compass, and maps of the frontier would be hidden.

Forbes was first to be assigned to a combat group, going to Spad 602, Groupe de Combat 31, where Slater had preceded him. I spent a lonesome week and then to my delight was assigned to Spad 597 of the same group.

In an hour's time I was on my way to the front. On the train for Châlons I met Robert Soubiran, a pilot with the Lafayette Flying Corps. He told me that Jim Wilding had been killed in combat and that my group was patrolling a hot spot in the Verdun sector. At Châlons I met Jules Flingot, chauffeur, an amusing character who had been sent down to drive me to the Sénard aërodrome. Jules, who always described himself as "pursuit pilot, flying a Fiat truck," made me welcome and gave me further news of my friends. Gordon Forbes had won a victory in his first combat and Tommy Slater was already becoming famous.

Jules made good his boast that he "flew" his truck, but we got in a jam of moving infantry and it was nearly 2 in the morning when we reached Sénard, to be greeted at the aërodrome by old Felix—as Jules called the orderly, who, not to disturb the sleeping pilots, whispered that I was to share a room with Sergeant Laguesse.

IT seemed to me I had no more than closed my eyes when I was roused by a joyous whoop. One of the pilots had awakened to discover that it was raining. That meant no work that day and everybody was happy. Presently I met my roommate Laguesse, a dark, wiry chap. I felt an instant liking and respect for him and was not surprised to observe on his tunic hanging on the wall the ribbons of the Médaille Militaire and the Croix de Guerre with four palms.

My first day at the squadron chanced to be one when all the pilots were at mess together. There were twelve noncommissioned officers in our mess, a gay, hearty crowd who made me feel at home at once. Laguesse introduced me all around while Felix was putting the food on the table.

Sergeant Fontana occupied the head of the table. He was a bluff ex-infantryman from southern France. On Fontana's right sat Marcantoni, a swarthy little Corsican whom everyone called "Napoleon." The other men nearest me were Adjutant Masson, Sergeant Volokoff, a Russian from the Foreign Legion, and Sergeant Golasse.

Golasse was the smallest man in the squadron—so short, in fact, that he had to have a special cushion made for the seat of his Spad so that his head could be brought up to the level of his windshield. He was a Parisian and very proud of the fact. What a contrast he made to Volokoff, who was six feet three, an aristocratic, strikingly handsome man and the only silent member of the mess! Volokoff had had the unusual distinction of winning the Legion of Honor in the infantry as a noncom.

Felix had just brought the dessert when an orderly from group headquarters appeared, went to the bulletin board, and tacked up the orders.

The pilots crowded around. The squadron was to furnish a patrol of eight planes to fly below the clouds, covering the sector on the east side of the salient as far south as St. Mihiel. But the order that set my pulse beating faster was another, reading as follows:

"High patrol—4,500 meters to 5,500 meters. Sector: Varennes-Étain. Sergeant Laguesse, Sergeant Volokoff, Corporal Selden."

Laguesse put his hand on my shoulder. "Good, Selden! I'm glad we're going out together for your first time over." He looked at his wrist watch. "One forty-five. We must be getting off."

OUR Spads were drawn up in beautiful alignment in front of the hangars. The mechanics already had the engines warmed up, and propellers were "idling over" at 350 revolutions. Everyone was eager to be off. The low patrol was to leave the field first. Captain Clermont was already in his bus. He tried out his controls, gave his motor full gas for a few seconds; the little plane quivered and pushed with all her strength against the chocks. Then he looked at his wrist watch and nodded to his mechanic. The chocks were jerked out; he taxied across the field and turned into the wind. The other pilots of his patrol followed in single file, and a moment later they were climbing swiftly toward their rendezvous over the village of Brizeaux.

The high patrol left immediately after, on the very stroke of 2. Laguesse led, then came Volokoff and I. We were to meet at 1,000 meters over the field.

I climbed steadily for half a minute, then turned back toward the aërodrome. Off to the northeast the planes of the low patrol were taking height over Brizeaux; they looked like a tiny swarm of gnats.

At a thousand meters a plane with a blue stripe running the length of the upper wings passed me, made a steep bank to the right, and headed north. That was Laguesse. Volokoff and I dropped in behind and we climbed toward the break in the clouds we had seen from below.

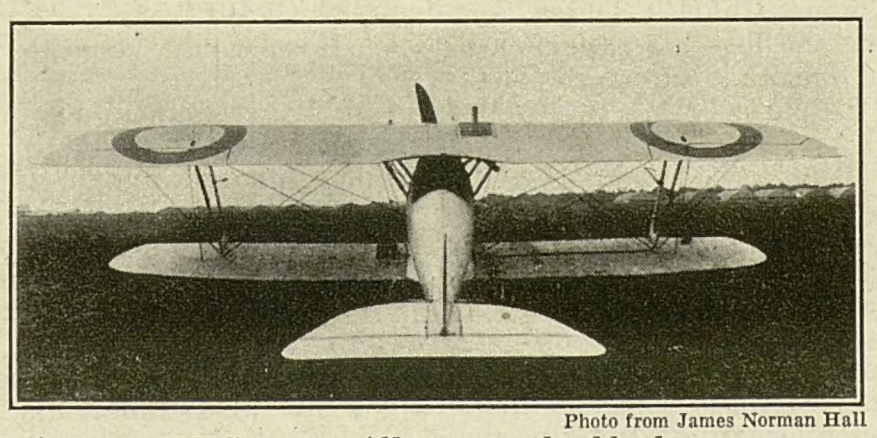


Photo from James Norman Hall

A captured German Albatross, the black crosses on its wings replaced with the French tricolor.

The opening seemed to have been made for our benefit, for it had considerably widened within a quarter of an hour; but the moment we had climbed through, it closed again, and we had below us an unbroken sea of clouds as far as the eye could reach in every direction. But now overhead was nothing but blue sky. For the moment I had quite forgotten that there was a war in progress; that there were such things as German aircraft—in fact, I had all but lost the sense of my own identity. Of a sudden Laguesse brought me back to present consciousness by rocking his plane horizontally. I knew what that meant: it was the patrol leader's signal: "Look out! Enemy planes!"

Volokoff and I were flying wing to wing and not more than thirty yards apart. He waved and pointed upward to the right. I looked but saw nothing. Laguesse made a bank to the left and started climbing. The dial of my altimeter began to move slowly: 2,500 meters, 2,800, 3,000, 3,200. I kept searching the sky, but still I saw only the great dome of blue, immaculate, lonely, seemingly empty. We turned northward again and held that course for a time. Soon we were at 5,000 meters and the floor of cloud was farther below us than it had been above when we had left the ground.

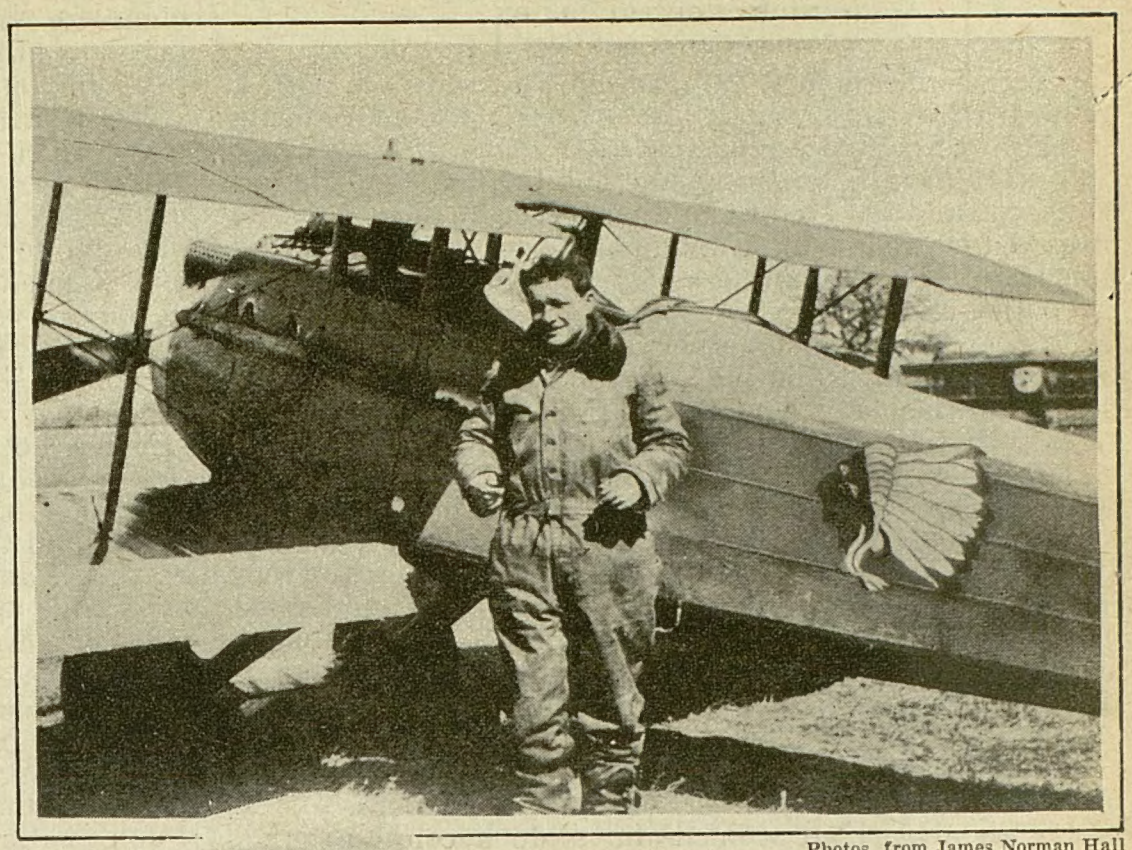
Still no sign of a Boche. I was getting exasperated,

and for a moment the suspicion crossed my mind that Laguesse and Volokoff were having a little game with me because I was a green pilot. But that was only for a moment. Of a sudden I saw that the air was filled with planes.

At the instant when I found myself surrounded I heard unmistakably the crackle of machine-gun fire. It is curious how different this sounds in the air when one's ears are deafened by altitude, the rush of wind, and the roar of the motor. Even when quite close it is only a faint crackle, but very distinct, each explosion impinging sharply on the eardrums.

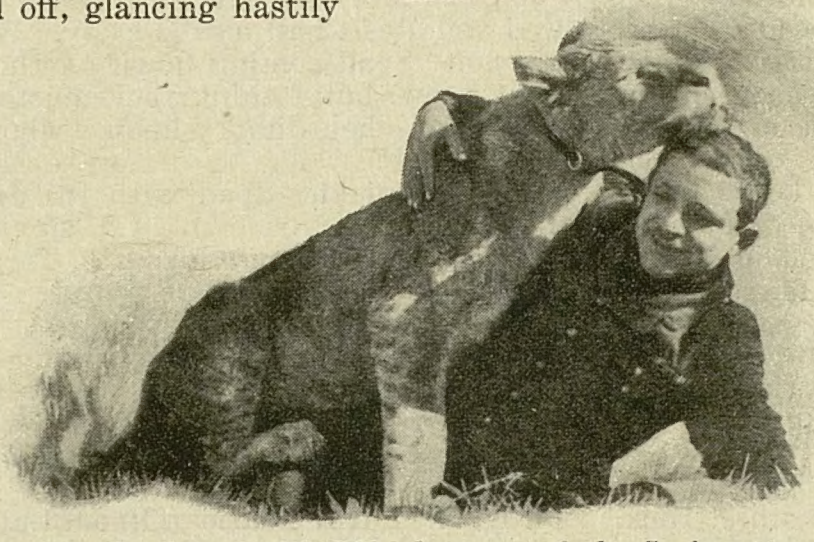
I turned my head over my shoulder, to breathe the acrid smoke of tracer bullets, and just then—whang! crash!—my windshield was shattered. I made a steep bank just in time to see the black crosses of a silver-bellied Albatross turned up horizontally about twenty yards distant, as though the German pilot merely wanted to display them to convince me that he was really a German.

Then as I leveled off, glancing hastily to the right, I saw, not ten meters below my altitude and flying in the same direction, a craft that looked enormous—larger than three of mine. It had staggered wings, and there was no doubt about the insignia on the fishlike tail: a large black cross. It was a two-seater, and so close that I could clearly see the pilot and the gunner in the back seat. The observer, whose back was toward me, was aiming two guns mounted on a single swivel on the circular tract surrounding his cockpit. He crouched down, firing at a steep angle at someone overhead whom I could not see, his tracers stabbing through the air in thin clear lines.



Photos from James Norman Hall

Lieut. Raoul Lufbery of the Lafayette Escadrille, and his Spad.



Lufbery with Whisky, one of the Lafayette Escadrille's lion-cub mascots.

Apparently neither the pilot nor the rear gunner saw me. Then I had a blurred glimpse of the tricolor *cocardes* of a Spad that passed me like a flash, going in the opposite direction; and in that same instant I saw another Spad appear directly under the two-seater, nose up vertically, and seem to hang there as though suspended by an invisible wire.

WHAT then happened is beyond the power of words to describe. A sheet of intense flame shot up from the two-seater, lapping like water around the wings and blown back along the body of the plane. The observer dropped his guns and I could all but see the expression of horror on his face as he turned. He ducked for a second with his arms around his head in an effort to protect himself; then without a moment's hesitation he climbed on his seat and threw himself off into space.

The huge plane veered up on one side, turned nose down, and disappeared beneath me. Five seconds later I was alone. There wasn't another plane to be seen.

The fight was over, of course, in much less time than it takes to tell of it. I don't believe twenty-five seconds elapsed between the time when I first heard the crackle of machine-gun fire and the second when the two-seater vanished beneath me. I banked steeply to the right and left; I flew in circles, looking in every direction—mystified, completely at a loss to know what had happened to everyone. And I was ashamed, too, because of my air-blindness. "Lord!" I thought, "I'll never make a pursuit pilot. I'll never find anything to pursue." What seemed most astonishing was that a huge German two-seater, wrapped in flame, could fall without my seeing how and where it fell. But I could still see, and smell too, the cloud of oily black smoke it had left behind, and the thin straight lines of smoke left by tracer bullets, crisscrossing in the air, now raveling out in the wind.

ALL this time I had been flying round and round, quite unconscious of direction or anything else except a feeling of bitter disappointment that I had been so helpless, so useless in my first air battle. I came out of my reverie with a start and looked at my clock. I saw that it was twenty-three minutes after 2. I didn't believe it and looked again. It seemed impossible that only half an hour before I had been walking out to the hangars with Laguesse.

We were to patrol the sector until 4 o'clock—an hour and a half to go. I didn't mind that, but I did mind having lost Laguesse and Volokoff and not knowing where I was. Thinking back over the direction we had taken from the aërodrome, the turns we had made, and the length of time we had been flying, I decided that I must be somewhere over the Argonne, so I turned eastward. But I was a bit uneasy, knowing that my reckoning was probably wrong. If it was, and I was farther to the east, then I might be flying into Germany. The floor of cloud still covered everything; there was not a break anywhere.

I throttled down my motor, just keeping flying speed, looking out sharply for Germans. But the sky was empty save for my plane. I had just convinced myself of this when directly in front of me a Spad materialized out of thin air and passed over me diagonally, upside down in an Immelmann turn, as though it were being swept along by a wind blowing at hurricane speed.

What a welcome sight those tricolor *cocardes* were! I turned at once to follow this airman and found that he was turning to have another look at me. We passed so close that I could see his plane insignia. On the side of the fuselage there was a red swastika and beside it the Indian-head insignia of the Lafayette Escadrille.

"What in the world is he doing at this part of the line?" I wondered. I had never seen, except when Tommy Slater was in the air, more precise or beautiful maneuvering than his. After a leisurely examination of my Spad, he waved his hand as though in farewell and started off in a northerly direction.

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[KNIGHTS OF THE BLUE
Continued from page nine]

But if he meant it to be farewell, I at least did not. I knew instinctively that he wasn't lost; the movements of his Spad convinced me that both of them knew what they were about. So I tagged along behind, very glad of company, and resolved to land wherever he did. He soon observed me following him and again waved his hand, as much as to say: "Coming along? All right; we'll finish the patrol together."

We flew high for another hour, eastward and then westward again, while the sun dropped toward the cloud floor. At last my companion tipped up and dove so steeply that I lost him for a moment; but I had my wits about me now and soon made him out, far below, descending in steep spirals. I followed, at first believing that he had sighted some Germans; but just before reaching the clouds he leveled out again and flew quietly on, winding here and there among deep ravines of mist now filled with blue and purple shadow in the light of the sinking sun. Suddenly he did a loop, and instead of pulling up in line of flight, he went on down and disappeared in the clouds.

I followed, of course, and thought I would never reach clear air again. When I did, what a contrast to the sunny air above! It seemed almost dark on the ground, but my eyes soon became accustomed to the gray light, and I had the good fortune to find my patrol companion almost at once. He was circling round as though waiting for me, and the moment I joined him he turned south, holding a steady course. Beneath us was a vast stretch of forest land, looking very gloomy in the fading light. I thought it likely that this was the forest of Villers-Cotterets, and that we would soon be landing at the aërodrome of the Escadrille Lafayette.

Then I had another of my many surprises on this day. I found another Spad flying alongside me, and the insignia on the fuselage was a black cat, spitting. I made a climbing turn to pass over it and the pilot's insignia was the long blue stripe of Laguesse. A moment later, looking down over the side, I saw the hangars of Sénard.

Cartier and Vigneau, the squadron mechanics, were waiting for me. I climbed down stiffly. Cartier was speaking, and for a moment I couldn't hear a word he said, my ears had been so deafened by changing altitudes.

". . . *comme une papillon!*" he was saying. "That's the way to land! I couldn't tell when your wheels touched the ground. Well, how's the little ship? Does she fly all right? Any trouble with—"

HE broke off abruptly, put his hands on his hips, and regarded me with pursed lips and a series of solemn nods.

"One wound stripe for the old combination," he said. "Well, you've seen a Boche, that's sure; at any rate he saw you."

Following his gaze I saw that the left shoulder of my combination suit had been cut through as neatly as though it had been done with a knife. I was about to tell him about my shattered windshield when he mounted the step and discovered it for himself; and he found that another bullet had ripped the fabric on the side of the fuselage.

"That bird was after you, Selden! What did you do to him, if it's fair to ask?"

"Cartier, don't say a word! I didn't even see him till after he fired, and I was so surprised that I didn't remember I had a gun!"

I was still talking with Cartier when someone slapped me on the shoulder. It was Laguesse.

"Now, then!" he said. "Give an account of yourself! Where have *you* been all this while? You might give me a cigarette while you're explaining. You owe me at least one for pulling that Boche off your back."

"Did you do that?"

"Of course! Didn't you see me?"

I decided that I might as well confess how very little I had seen. Laguesse listened quietly.

"Well," he said, "I don't know what kind of a *porte bonheur* you carry, but whatever it is, keep it. It's a good one." Then he laughed. "But don't worry. You'll soon get your eye in. I was just as blind when I first joined the squadron, and just as bewildered, too, in my first scrap."

THEN he told me what had happened. There were by no means so many planes in the fracas as I had imagined; only three German ships, in fact—the two-seater and two Albatross single-seaters; our own patrol of three, and a lone Spad that had joined up from the other side at the moment of the fight.

"They were at five thousand when I first spotted them," he went on, "heading southeast across the salient. They didn't seem to be in a hurry, and just after I signaled you they turned back north. That's why I turned west when we started to climb. It appeared that they had not spotted us, and I wanted to keep in the sun. I don't believe they saw us until we were nearly on their level and about half a mile away. Whether they spotted that lone Spad coming down on them from the east, I don't know, but I think they must have. Pity for the two-seater he didn't know who was flying that *coucou!*"

"Was that the Spad with the Indian head and the swastika?"

"Yes. Didn't you see that?"

"I saw the plane, but I didn't have time then to examine his insignia."

"Neither did those Germans. Did you ever see prettier work? Luf came up from behind, stood on his tail for two seconds, and fired one burst. Good-bye, Fritz! Poor devils! By the way, that's Luf's thirteenth victory."

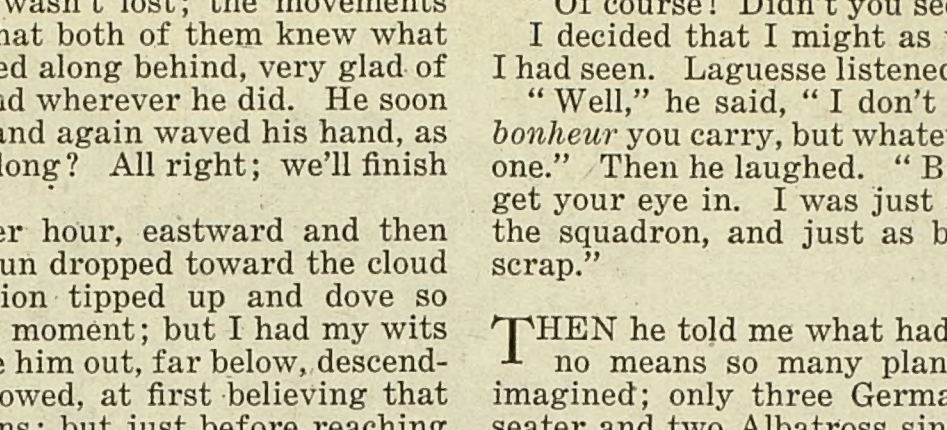
"Luf? You don't mean Raoul Lufbery, do you?"

"Now whom else could I mean? How many Lufberys are there in the French Air Service?"

"Why, I've been flying with him! I met him after I lost you and Volokoff."

"Well, that's nothing to your discredit. You couldn't have been with a better man. Hello! There's Luf now. He's a great friend of the captain's. That's how he happened to be down our way today: he was coming over for a visit. Hey, Luf!"

The next moment he was introducing me, and I felt as proud as Lucifer. There would be a story for my grandchildren if ever I had any—my first patrol and my first battle in company with Lieutenant Lufbery, the best pilot in the Lafayette Flying Corps and among the best in the entire French Air Service.



A map locating the scenes of all the incidents in this installment of Knights of the Blue.

Lufbery smiled and held out his hand. "Selden? Oh, yes, I've heard your friend O'Connor speak of you. So it was you I was flying with, was it?"

I thought that a very kind way to put it when I had been flying with him, hanging on to his tail. "But how in the world did you know where we were?" I asked.

He laughed. "Oh, I had all the clouds marked. You must always do that when you can't see the ground. That's a fine little ship of yours. She can climb! By the way, Laguesse, what happened to that Albatross you pried loose from Selden's tail?"

"He dove just after you bagged the two-seater."

"What became of Volokoff?" I asked.

Laguesse laughed nervously. "He was having a little

Photo from James Norman Hall

A German two-seater, captured. Third and sixth from the left are its pilot and his machine gunner.

private war with that other Albatross the last I saw of him. All I know is, he isn't back yet."

Just then Sergeant Fontana, who had been on the low patrol, joined us. Laguesse greeted him jovially. "Well, my ancient senatorial friend! You didn't— What is it, old man?" he added quietly.

"Marcantoni's gone. Oh, damn it to hell! What a beast of a war!" Fontana sat down on a gasoline tin and began to cry like a child.

No one spoke for a moment. The other pilots of the low patrol were coming down the field. Lufbery walked over and shook hands silently with Captain Clermont. They stood in a little group, looking helplessly at Sergeant Fontana as though all of them were wishing that they could cry like that.

"The poor little devil! Little Napoleon!—and we've been bunking together since—"

CAPTAIN CLERMONT nodded to us to come away. "Let him have it out alone," he said. "It will do him good. Luf, I've just heard about your two-seater. Bully for you, old man!"

Laguesse, Golasse, and I were walking behind.

"How did it happen, Golasse?"

"It was north of Brabant, over the Meuse. We met a gang of Albatrosses. Little Napoleon got it right at the start. He was killed—no doubt of that. Crashed in a wood near Dannevoux where the river makes that loop to the west. They were a mordant lot, that crowd!"

"Just the same, honors were even," Masson added. "The captain knocked one down. That Boche didn't know what hit him."

[Volokoff came in the next day. His Spad had been so badly shot up that he had been compelled to land near St. Ménehould.]

Dinner that evening was a very noisy one. Everyone talked at once; Golasse cracked his funniest jokes, and the squadron phonograph was never allowed to stop. I had never seen a more gallant or a less successful attempt to drown the eloquence of an empty chair.

After dinner I put on my bearskin coat and strolled across the field to the "bar." Each *groupe de combat* had an institution of this kind, maintained by the flying personnel. An orderly was to be found there until bedtime, ready to dispense various drinks as well as tea, hot chocolate, and sandwiches.

SEVERAL bridge games were in full swing when I entered the bar. In a corner, sitting by the stove, I saw Forbes. He beckoned to me and pointed to a chair.

"Well, how did you make out?" he said.

"Don't ask! I'm ashamed to tell you!"

Nevertheless, I did. When I had finished, he nodded.

"I know, I know," he remarked. "I was just the same at first, but you'll soon get the hang of it. And don't think you're the only one who can't see Germans. You know that Slater got an Albatross in flames today? Well, I was on the same patrol, and I didn't even know there had been a scrap! Neither did the other man, and he was the lieutenant leading us!

"We finished our patrol and landed, and our captain was slapping the lieutenant's back before he could climb down from his machine. 'Splendid!' he was saying. 'Got him in flames, eh? The confirmation came in twenty minutes ago; he fell behind our balloons directly in front of Abaucourt!' The lieutenant's mouth opened in astonishment. He thought there had been a mistake—told the captain we'd had no combat. Slater was on the ground by this time, and he came up to the captain with that cold-blooded little grin of his. You know how well he speaks French. He saluted. 'I was about to report to the lieutenant, sir,' he said quietly, 'that I took the liberty of leaving his patrol when I saw an Albatross directly below. I was afraid he might get away if I took time to speed up and signal the others, so I dove on him

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at once. I got him at the first burst, and saw the plane burning on the ground as I took altitude to rejoin the patrol.' The lieutenant and I were flabbergasted. When Slater was gone I heard the captain say: Mark my words; he will become famous. He's not the type that fights the Boches —he assassinates them!'"

The stars were all out and there was a sharp autumn chill in the air as I walked home to turn in. Laguesse was reading in bed by the light of a candle.

"A bit of excitement in the morning," he announced; "I suspect that the infantry's staging a raid. At any rate, four patrols from the group are to be on the job at daybreak. And you're elected—you and Golasse and I. Wish it would snow and keep on for forty days!"

I heard a rather unsteady step outside the door, then a husky tenor voice raised in song. It was Sergeant Golasse, and, as usual at this hour, he was in a mellow mood. He burst open our door without knocking. No more than five feet tall, hard as nails physically and spiritually, humorous, full of courage, and incapable of respect for anything, Golasse was the incarnation of the spirit of Montmartre.

"Made your wills?" he asked. "I would if I had anything to leave, or anyone to leave it to! But maybe you haven't heard the news?"

"You mean the *coup de main* tomorrow morning?" asked Laguesse.

"No, no! That's nothing! Our new neighbors over the way. The captain just got it from the Intelligence. No more cold meat, boys! Richthofen's gang has moved in! They've been sent down from Flanders for a rest! *Eh bien!* I hope they take it!"

Laguesse greeted this bit of news with a groan. "And just as we were settling down to a nice quiet winter!"

I FELL asleep with the anticipation—half painful, half pleasurable—of a morning of keen excitement, and it seemed that I had scarcely slept an hour when I felt a hand on my shoulder and opened my eyes to see old Felix. He roused Laguesse.

We crawled gloomily out of our blankets and pulled on uniforms and boots without a word. I felt more cheerful after a bowl of Felix's chocolate and the brisk five-minute walk to the hangar. Cartier was in the cockpit of my ship, opening and closing the throttle as he listened critically to the roaring engine. "She'll do!" he remarked dryly.

He helped me on with my combination and flying boots, and I thrust my hands into silk gloves, paper gloves, and fur-lined leather gauntlets. I crawled into the cockpit, wincing at the blast of cold air behind the whirling stick. Cartier helped me with the seat straps, then I leaned forward to load my Vickers. Last of all I handed down my goggles to be polished, and adjusted the elastic over my soft leather helmet, and pushed them up on my forehead.

Captain Clermont, whose patrol left later, was standing by Laguesse's Spad. He reached down to stroke his little fox terrier, glanced at his watch, and nodded to Laguesse. "*En l'air!*" his voice rang out cheerfully.

I was the last to take off, while the others circled overhead. Laguesse was circling at a thousand meters, with motor reduced. I saw Golasse fall in behind him on the left. In a moment, it seemed to me, I took my place beside Golasse. Laguesse's plane seemed to float upward magically as he gave her full throttle and began to climb toward the lines.

Far away over Germany, across the St. Mihiel salient, the sun was coming up. There was not a cloud in the sky, and no fog to veil the earth from us. We were at 5,000 meters when we reached the lines, and the landscape below, over which the Battle of Verdun had raged so long, was indescribably, appallingly desolate. Along one section of front directly below us, a furious barrage fire was under way, the exploding shells winking like fireflies. Golasse, twenty yards away, glanced across at me and pointed down. I knew I was witnessing the start of the raid Laguesse had foretold the night before.

As I craned my neck over the side I had a glimpse of two French ships directing barrage fire—informing the gunners by wireless. I didn't envy them their job. Our job was to stay above and drive off any German single-seaters that might appear.

Laguesse was throttled down, flying this way and that in great curves as he banked to scan the air below. I saw a patrol of Spads, and then another, hovering like gnats over the artillery machines, but for a long time there was not an enemy plane in sight.

An hour passed; I was so cold that I wondered whether I would be able to pull the trigger of my gun. Then, as Laguesse turned west for the tenth or eleventh time, I saw his Spad rock violently and plunge out of sight. I followed, but he was diving so fast that when I next sighted him he was far below. I opened the throttle a little; the wind screamed about me.

I knew, of course, that Laguesse had sighted enemy

Typical hangars of a pursuit escadrille at

From a wartime drawing in L'Illustration, Paris

front in the war's later years, when Charles Selden saw service.

planes, but it was not till that moment that I caught sight of them. The Caudron to the west had been attacked by a strong Albatross patrol—but, almost before the first exchange of shots, two patrols of Spads had attacked the Germans. Fifteen or twenty single-seaters were circling, diving, and banking in an indescribable mêlée. The other observation plane had edged off unnoticed toward the Meuse, and was being hotly attacked by a brace of Albatrosses detached from the patrol.

LAGUESSE was diving to the rescue, and glancing over my windshield as we rushed downward I now perceived another Spad ahead of us. The Caudron, a slow, awkward ship, was having a bad time of it, though the pilot maneuvered skillfully and the observer plied his gun this way and that. We were still a thousand yards away when the lone Spad, approaching unobserved, took a hand in the game.

The Spad swept over the two Germans into the sun, banked vertically, nosed down for an instant to let fly a short burst, rose in a beautiful climbing turn, and dropped like a thunderbolt, spitting smoke and fire. The first Albatross seemed to stagger in the air, fell off in a wing-slip, and went down slowly and aimlessly, like an autumn leaf. Flames enveloped the cockpit of the second German plane, and it fled earthward, trailing thick black smoke.

As the victorious Spad turned and passed within twenty yards of me to speed back to the dog fight west of us, I saw the black-horse insignia of Spad 602 and Tommy Slater's tombstones insignia on the upper wing. Laguesse turned sharply to the west.

With two short bursts and in a breath of time Slater had downed two Albatrosses, and during that moment the dog fight must have broken off as abruptly as it had begun. The Caudron, its work over for the morning, was moving back into our lines at a leisurely pace, and strain my eyes as I might, I could see neither Spad nor Albatross. Even Slater had disappeared, and save for our patrol of three the sky was empty.

AS we flew westward at about 2,000 meters, I made out two machines burning on the ground, but whether friends or enemies I did not know. Then: "Rauf!" My Spad staggered violently, as if shying at the deep racking roar, and at the same instant, ahead and a little to the right, a black mass appeared as if by magic—an inky sphere with scarlet flame at its heart.

Next moment the sickening odor of high explosive was in my nostrils. "Rauf! Rauf! Rauf!" The deep growling voices of the 105s spoke out on all sides of us, so close to me that twice I nearly lost control of my plane. Our propellers whirled through the dense smoke of their bursts, and at each explosion I hunched my shoulders instinctively and crouched lower in my frail seat. I felt deeply thankful when Laguesse banked, opened his throttle, and climbed back steeply to the east, to make one more turn toward the Meuse before heading for Sénard.

At 3,000 meters, with motors reduced, we flew eastward for ten minutes before Laguesse gave the signal that the patrol was over. He turned southwest and I was about to take a line of my own when I heard a faint short crackle of machine-gun fire. The flight commander's plane banked up sharply, wing-slipped, recovered itself, and nosed down easily for the distant aërodrome.

Golasse swept past me to the rear in a climbing turn. I circled, craning my neck, saw Golasse pull up and let drive a long burst while his Spad hung vertically and almost stationary. Then, far above us and speeding back into the German lines, I made out a small plane with a red nose and a silvery livid body. Golasse fell off, ranged alongside me, and signaled that pursuit was useless. Side by side we headed for Sénard.

We had lost Laguesse during the moment of circling, and Golasse and I coasted home happily. Upon approach-

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[KNIGHTS OF THE BLUE
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ing the field I saw Laguesse's blue-striped Spad gliding down to land. It leveled off at decreasing speed, and came to a halt while pygmy figures sprinted out from a near-by hangar. I halted my own plane within twenty yards of it, still standing with its motor idling. Laguesse's mechanic was fumbling at his safety belt and other men stood about, talking excitedly.

Golasse landed close alongside, and glancing that way, I saw Captain Clermont crossing the field at a trot. "*Le toubib! Le toubib!*" I heard him shout over his shoulder. This slang Arabic word for doctor was my first intimation that something was wrong. Then I heard Cartier's voice, brusque with emotion: "Get down—I'll taxi her to the hangar for you."

"What the devil's happened?" I inquired.

Cartier's reply was a burst of horribly picturesque profanity. Then, mastering his emotion,

"They got Laguesse—he's dying—two bullets through the chest."

The captain arrived, followed by the group medical officer, and when they had lowered Laguesse on to a stretcher, the doctor pronounced life extinct. Laguesse's mechanic shrugged his shoulders despairingly; he and the others ceased their anxious whispering and grimy hands went up to remove their caps. Golasse and I followed the little procession across the field.

"How did it happen?" the captain asked. Golasse told him. He was deeply moved. Laguesse had been one of the pillars of the squadron.

"It was like him," he said, "dying in his cockpit, to bring his plane home and land it like a feather! Never fear! We shall avenge you, André!"

Laguesse was to be buried next day, at a village not far off—Triaucourt, I think it was. Captain Clermont had wired his mother in Paris, who would be allowed to enter the *zone des armées* to attend the funeral of her son. His body lay in state that night in the squadron bureau—the coffin, a rough pine box hastily knocked together by the mechanics, draped with the tricolor, on which the pilot's decorations were displayed. His two mechanics, in full uniform and with fixed bayonets, stood guard, and during the night every flying man on the field came to pay his respects to the dead.

MME. LAGUESSE arrived toward noon next day. She came into our barrack on Captain Clermont's arm, giving me just time to put on my tunic and brush my hair. Then I heard a knock at the door of the tiny room I had shared with her son. She was slender, with gray hair and a firm, sweet, courageous face. She held out her hand to me, smiling as the captain murmured my name.

"You are the American friend André wrote me about," she said. "I hope you will come to see me on your next leave. You live in California, *n'est-ce-pas?* And your mother is living? Ah—it is easier for us mothers in France!"

She glanced down at Laguesse's cot, on which I had arranged his small belongings. She turned to us. "May I be alone for a moment," she asked with magnificent self-control, "here in André's room?"

The captain bowed, without trusting himself to speak, and walked into the corridor. As I followed, closing the door, I saw Mme. Laguesse kneel beside her son's rough cot and hide her face in her hands.

Captain Clermont and I waited for her in the mess room.

Photo from James Norman Hall

This photograph of a German balloon was taken from the plane attacking it.

"She is a widow," he told me, "who lost her other son at the retaking of Douaumont last year. War's a rotten thing for mothers!"

When Mme. Laguesse opened the door and rejoined us, her eyes were dry and she smiled.

"I want you to accept this, captain," she said; "it's only a cigarette case his father gave him long ago, but André was devoted to you and he would like you to have some little souvenir." She turned to me. "And you, M. Selden, will you accept this stick pin, and wear it sometimes, and think of the comrade who liked you so well?"

I could only bow, for I am not ashamed to say that I dared not speak. Mme. Laguesse's superb courage affected us as no other display of emotion could have done.

Presently the motor cars that were to take us to the village a few miles away drew up outside the door.

There was a short service in the church, and a long walk afterward, in the rain, to the soldiers' cemetery. I remember the feel of the rain on my bared head, and how we stood about the new grave while the guns along the salient boomed and muttered fitfully.

PASSING our squadron bureau on my way back to our barrack, I heard my name shouted joyfully, and was surprised to see Harvey McKail rush out to seize my hand. At Avord both Gordon and I had grown very fond of the little fair-haired chap from Illinois; now he had been sent up from the G. D. E. to replace Marcantoni. Captain Clermont was near by, and I introduced McKail to his new C. O.

"Yes," said the captain, with a friendly smile. "I asked them to send me another American. Show him the ropes, will you, Selden? I suppose you two would like to room together?"

McKail took Laguesse's place at dinner that night. Fontana, Volokoff, and Golasse drank long and deep, and when the meal was over the Russian fetched his guitar and a bottle of brandy. The guitar was a fine one, with a sweet resonant tone, true as a bell, and when Volokoff had tossed off three or four glasses of brandy, he leaned back with a far-away look in his eyes, and struck a series of minor chords that silenced the hilarious talk. He seemed to have forgotten our presence. Next moment his rich voice rang out in a strange song—some folk song of the steppes, I suppose.

There was a moment of silence, followed by a knock at the door.

Lieutenant de Chalais, our second in command, limped into the room, a jolly ex-cavalry officer with a game leg acquired in 1914. We sprang up to make a place for him. "I wish I could stop," he said. "Lucky beggars to have a comrade like Volokoff! I could sit here all night and listen. But I must hurry off. I came to tell you that the infantry wants the St. Juvin balloon shot down. I'm going to tackle it at daybreak, and I want another man. Who'll go?"

Every man in the room shouted at once, but Volokoff dominated the rest. "I'm your man, *mon lieutenant!* I'm the worst shot in the squadron, but I believe I could hit a balloon!"

Golasse burst into a twitter of laughter, and the officer grinned.

"Very well," he assented. "Good night, all of you."

The story of these Knights of the Blue will be continued in next week's Liberty.

"YOU good girl, and you work hard, but you fool," began Marta. "Yes?" asked Sally sweetly. "What have I done now?"

Sally of the C.O.S.

The Story of a Girl and a Gangster

By

WALTON GREEN

Pictures by LOU KIMMEL

THIS is the story of Miss Sally Waters of the Charity Organization Society and the big gangster of Clinton Street and the little doctor of Casualty Hospital. If you are a believer in the unalloyed goodness of doctors and in the unrelieved badness of gangsters and the unmitigated orthodoxy of Junior League girls, you had best lay it aside at once.

On this soft May morning, however, Miss Waters stood at the doorway of a very dirty tenement on Clinton Street in the city of New York and suffered a moment of indecision. The outdoor air was so clear and clean that it almost seemed to wash the unwashable streets. She hated to go inside to climb the three flights of rickety stairs to the misery that lay above.

When she finally pushed open the street door, the confined stench of the building—acrid, pungently sweet, and palpably human—met her in full face.

The first whiff was always the worst. Miss Sally wrinkled the delicately rounded tip of her nose and took a deep breath—which was the quickest way to get it over with. Then she resolutely closed the door behind her and mounted the stairs.

Half an hour later Sally descended the stairs. By now she was professionally inured to the air. After all, garlic and peasant sweat and primitive plumbing smell about the same the world over. But Sally was depressed for other reasons. Her clients were hopeless. Three months she had worked on them—and no real progress. The children still looked half starved, Giuseppe's cough was worse, and his wife was increasingly peevish and slatternly. And they were quarreling—fret-

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Continued from page fifteen]

fully and naggingly and inconclusively. Sally opened the street door and the outside air tasted like a dipperful of water from a cool, deep spring.

Enter now the big gangster. He was leaning against the railing of the half stoop as Sally came out, and he wore a blue chambray work shirt which showed his throat muscles handsomely, and a cigarette drooped in unattended Mexican fashion from the corners of his strong red lips, and the smoke curled lazily past his fine straight nose to his still finer eyes and made him squint with an air of preoccupation. He had wavy black hair that suggested Hollywood, and rumbly chest tones when he spoke that sounded like backstage at the Metropolitan. Together he was a fine big Sicilian type of animal, which was singular, for his family was "upper Italy" and looked with disdain upon the raffish brigandage of the south.

SALLY was unaffectedly glad to see him. It was a relief to talk to an Italian who was not a client and who was so obviously self-sufficient.

"Good morning, Louis," she said cordially.

Luigi acknowledged the greeting with a nod and without taking his hands from his trouser pockets.

"Seen you when you went up," he observed negligently, while the cigarette in the corner of his mouth wiggled up and down with each syllable. "The old lady says for you to come in the store—she's got somethin' for you about them wops upstairs."

Now, no small part of a C. O. S. visitor's work is among the relatives and neighbors of the clients. They are called "clients" in deference to the perverse susceptibilities of the indigent, who will take everything of charity except the label. Sally had learned this in her first week, just as she had learned never to address clients by their first names. With the unpauperized rest of her East Side world—with the friends or relatives from whom she sought advice or help—it might occasionally be otherwise. But with those to whom she gave, it was always "Mr." or "Mrs."

So it was that Sally addressed the big young man unconcernedly as Louis, and followed him into his mother's shop which lay next door. It was not Sally's first visit, for she had often drunk coffee and gossiped with the shrewd Italian woman and her tall son. Luigi pushed open the door and preceded Sally, as became an Italian who knew his place and that of women.

The overhead bell jangled furiously on its spring and died away in a series of minor tinkles as the door swung to.

The shop was a curious combination of Italy and New York. American canned goods and packaged stuff filled the shelves and vied with spaghetti and Lucca oil and tough, round loaves of wheat bread; and on the counters were great glass fish bowls full of pickles and dried fish, while the dustily translucent window dimly displayed cheeses hung in nets and with long-drawn-out necks like gourds.

"Lay off'n it, Midge," panted Luigi; "don't croak

From the back room waddled the Widow Marta—a strong, squat figure of a woman without visible shape. Her hair was dead black and strongly tinged with gray, and her leathery brown skin was seamed like an old woman's. Her eyebrows were coarse and harsh and forbidding. But her eyes were the eyes of a bold gypsy of twenty—untamed black and fiery willed and altogether superb. Unless you looked in her eyes you would put her down at sixty. As a matter of fact she was not yet forty. Also, she was a power in the district and an authority on the affairs of her neighbors.

"GOOD morning, Mees Sally. You come back room—I geev you coffee."

She turned and waddled back through the curtain, leaving Sally and Luigi to follow. Unlike most of her kind, Marta seldom smiled. She had the habit of command and she met life sternly.

"You seet." Marta waved to the small table covered with pale green oilcloth. Then she fetched a modern percolator from the gas stove and poured two cups of very black coffee for herself and her guest. Luigi lounged

le guy. Come on—we gotta blow."

in the doorway. His mother frowned and snapped at him in Italian. He grinned broadly and disappeared through another door that evidently led to the cellar.

"I senda him for da vino," growled Marta, seating herself. "He talka too much. You lika da honey?"

SALLY stirred a generous spoonful of buckwheat honey into her coffee and drank. It was very strong and she had come to love its bitter taste. Once she had thought this due to chicory, but she had long since learned that it was only the burnt-roast method of treating the bean. Also she had learned to bide her time and let Marta do the leading. Sally fished in her pocketbook and produced a crumpled packet of cigarettes. Marta frowned again in obvious disapprobation, but said nothing. Sally smiled faintly and sipped her coffee.

"You good girl, mees, and you work hard, but you fool," began Marta.

"Yes?" asked Sally sweetly. "What have I done now, Mrs. Marchetti?"

"You senda Pasqualina upstairs three bottle milk every day and she no giva da kids; she sella da milk."

"Oh," breathed Sally despairingly. "And the way I've worked over that woman!"

"An' you geev her seex, seven—how much dollar a week—I dunno?"

"Yes—but it's all carefully budgeted, Mrs. Marchetti. What I mean—the office has very strict rules, you see, and I calculate just how much bread and spaghetti and vegetables and everything they have to have, and then I give her the money and she gives me vouchers—a receipt, you know—a writing for it."

"Yah—all right. But why you geev it Pasqualina? Why you not geev it Giuseppe, the husband? You know Italian husband he always big boss. You geev woman, you maka da trouble. You see?"

"Oh!" said Sally, chastened. "I never thought of that."

The Widow Marta grunted in dismissal of the subject and let her fine eyes rove appraisingly over the girl. Presently she spoke, and without the least amelioration of tone.

"Why you no marry? You getta olt soon, mees."

"Nonsense," replied Sally, slightly taken aback, but taking care not to show it; "I'm not twenty yet."

"Too olt. You better get marry." The woman dropped leathery lids over her great soft eyes and stirred her coffee. "You lika my Luigi? You lika marry heem?"

SALLY was definitely startled. The blood surged to her face and she began to laugh. Then she was ashamed of herself, for the Widow Marta was evidently serious.

"He must be crazy," said Sally coldly, although she felt panicky at the pit of her stomach.

"Yah—that's what I tella heem. He crazy to wanta you. You good girl maybe, but beeg fool. He make da beeg money pretty soon now—we sella much vino and he starta da cutting plant for da weesky. He getta strong young Italia girl. You no good for heem. You tella heem that?"

"You bet I'll tell him that," said Miss Sally inelegantly but with decision. Of all the weird and preposterous situations! And this nice big Louis that she had condescended to and joked with and drunk coffee with. How could he possibly—had she ever given him the slightest leeway to assume—who in the world did he think she was—didn't he know her background—had he dared to think she was flirting with him?

At this point Miss Sally experienced a faint twinge of conscience: she had an uneasy feeling that it might be difficult to establish the dividing line between being nice to a man and flirting with him. Certainly she had been nice to Louis—especially after he had so offhandedly mauled up the taxi driver who had been insolent to her; a trifle nicer perhaps than she would have been to someone less big and splendidly sulky and darkly romantic-looking. But that she had encouraged him—ridiculous! She—Sally Waters—with a common East Side gangster—it was too absurd!

Now, the real trouble was with Sally herself—with her eyes, which were wide and brown-gray and full of pleading eagerness; and with her nose, which was slightly uptilted and subtly rounded at the tip and altogether devastating when she was excited, which was not infrequently; and with her hair, which was wavy but not curly, and which had fascinating two-tone overlays of straw color on the soberer browns beneath; and with her mouth, which was mobile and modern and quick to show shades of feeling; and with the open, eager way she carried her head—a little forward and inquiringly.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SALLY OF THE C. O. S.
Continued from page seventeen]

The real trouble was that Sally had no idea of the elemental force of her own feminine equipment. She was accustomed to spend freely from her beauty and personality. That is all very well—and indeed almost necessary—in the world of Park Avenue, which is surfeited with the good looks of clean young women. But it is perilously definitive in Rivington Street. There a smile goes a long way and a look may lead to the altar, or elsewhere—as the case may be. Perhaps Sally should have known this, for she was not unsophisticated. But she didn't. And perhaps, anyway, she could not have helped it, for she was not artful in hiding her likes and dislikes. She was quite lovely and very honest and wholly ardent.

She had devoted her blithe young self to improving the condition of the New York poor. She had been improving the condition of the poor for nearly a year now; but lest this observation connote the amateur social worker, we may state at once that Sally was not an amateur. To the contrary, she was paid a salary of $100 a month—and she earned it. Furthermore, she needed it, which after all is the touchstone of true professionalism.

Sally needed it because she was determined upon an independent economic career. Now, there are plenty of plain young women who share this determination, for it takes little character to work hard if you are plain and an orphan; the world will see to it for you. Sally was an orphan and lived with her aunt and uncle who were decidedly not poor, and she was still beholden to them for the three Bs of her life—which is to say bed, board, and bath—but she was not a plain girl, as we have seen. For all of which reasons it may be set to her credit that she already earned her own cigarette and pin money, which was little, and her dress allowance, which was a lot.

Sally left the Widow Marta's cheese shop with something akin to precipitation. She knew Luigi would come upstairs from the wine cellar at any moment, and she had no mind to face mother and son together. She had had a taste of the family's talent for Latin directness, and she preferred not to precipitate a further demonstration.

The moment Sally was clear of the building and in the bright, sunny street, she felt better. In fact, she felt much better—she felt actually set up. After all, it was not her fault and it was exciting to have the famous Luigi get this way about her—because famous he was for ten blocks in each direction. And she began to regret that she had not waited for him, just to see if he would look any different now that she knew—and then she caught herself up and blushed a little and walked on quickly to her next visit. For that is the way of any maid toward any man—be he coal heaver or prince—and provided that he does not doormat himself.

SALLY'S next visit was to the family of Joe Strada. Joe, who was ordinarily a barber, had unpleasant varicose ulcers on his legs which confined him to the two rooms in which he and his wife and four children lived. For six months Joe had been unable to work at his trade. Lately, indeed, he had borrowed a little two-gallon still and was making earnest efforts to eke out the rent by recooking small quantities of denatured alcohol over a gas burner—a proceeding which Sally viewed with the careless tolerance of one who lived and had her being among the drinking classes.

But Joe couldn't move about or stand up much because his legs were bad. Once a week Sally had to come and fetch him to the clinic for treatment. Go by himself he would not, because he was of the peasant type that regards a hospital as a place where one goes to die.

And so Sally wheedled the wretched man into a taxi as usual and took him ten blocks uptown to the Casualty Hospital.

She could have taken him to a nearer clinic, but she gave most of her trade, so to speak, to the Casualty, because one of her uptown friends and slaves worked there each day as a visiting surgeon.

Sally dumped her patient on a bench in the out-patient department and proceeded to do her stuff. Her stuff consisted in getting immediate attention when by rights she should have waited her turn for an hour or more. Sally had a positive genius for getting things without seeming to ask for them. Now she smiled her way through the squalid mob that pressed about the head nurse's desk, and managed to look brightly pathetic. Sally was almost invincible when she looked brightly pathetic.

The harassed head nurse looked up savagely ready to bite mere internes or ambulance surgeons, saw Sally, and beamed.

"Morning, Miss Waters. You're just in time—Dr. Tolley's all ready for you, I'm sure. Take your man right in. Wait a minute—here's his card."

"Oh, thank you so much, Miss Sumner."

Sally took the sheaf of history cards, beckoned to Joe, and walked down the corridor to one of the small examination rooms.

DR. TOLLEY, who was dressing a minor injury on a boy's neck, tore off a strip of surgeon's plaster with pointed irritation, and flicked a sour eye at Sally.

"Nurse had no business to send you in till I rang, Miss Waters," said the little doctor. He had known Sally and been bullied by her for three years, but at the hospital he was inclined to be stern and formal.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, Stephen!" exclaimed Sally, and her gray eyes were big with assumed meekness. "I'll go right out again."

"No, you won't," observed Dr. Tolley bitterly; "you'll stand there and look pathetic until you get what you want. Just a minute now."

Dr. Tolley laid a gauze pad on the boy's neck, strapped it with adhesive, and dismissed him.

"Come again Friday, Benny." He wheeled on his white-enameled stool and addressed Sally's patient, "All right, Joe, let's see your leg."

The little doctor worked with concentrated speed and economy of effort. His hands and fingers moved with extraordinary dexterity and decision. When he wanted to cut, he cut so quickly that the job was done and the lancet clattering on the glass-topped table before the patient had time to organize his objections. Dr. Tolley never coddled, and he dominated every one and every situation—except, of course, the Sally situation, which had clean baffled him this long time past.

Sally watched him, fascinated by his technique as she always was. He was absurdly young and boyish-looking behind his serious spectacles, but his eyes were deep-seeing and full of mocking command. She wondered again why she could never quite bring herself to marry him. Was it his self-centered devotion to his work? Or his notorious harshness of manner—downright rudeness at times—even to her, whom she well knew he wanted above everything? Did she mistrust his inner tenderness? No, not with those deft fingers that were so sternly gentle as only a surgeon's or a mother's can be. Was it his small stature? Surely not. But at this thought an imp of perversity tempted Miss Sally.

"I'm sorry you're so cross this morning, Stephen, because I wanted to ask your advice," she began sweetly.

"Advice—huh! More likely you want something—want me to go half across the city to see one of your beastly cases, eh? Who is it now?"

Sally giggled.

"As a matter of fact, I do wish you'd run down to Clinton Street and look at Giuseppe Marteli for me. His cough hangs on and I'm sure he's got T. B. and his wife won't hear of his going to the hospital. Could you, Stephen? This afternoon, perhaps? Here's the address."

"Oh, I suppose so," grumbled Dr. Tolley. "Pretty

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

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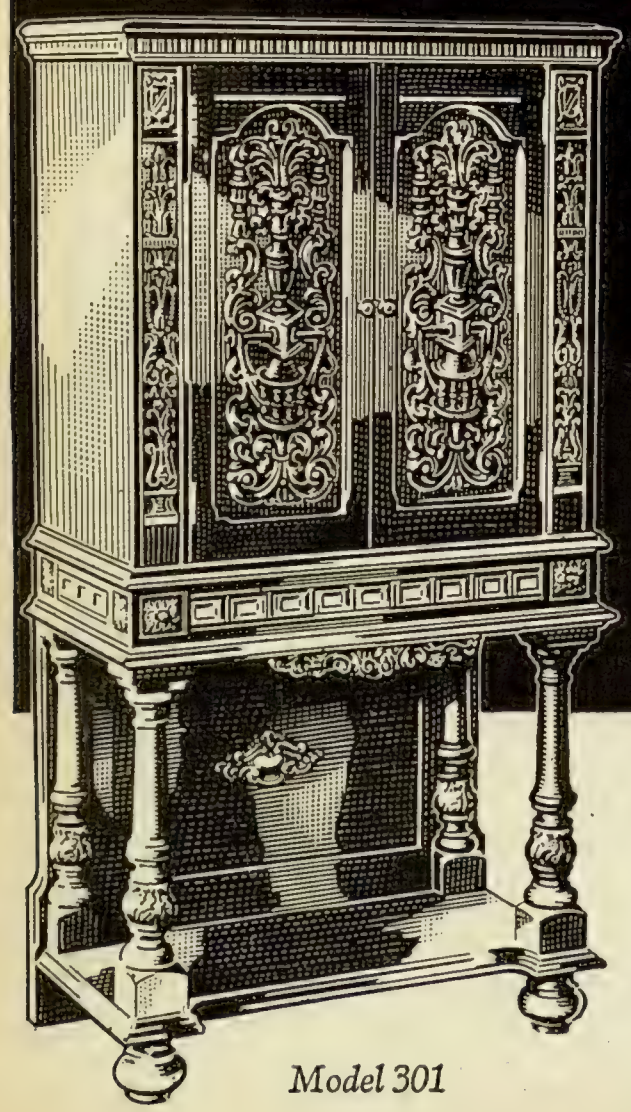

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

soon I won't have a paying patient left. All right, Joe, you come back next week. You come alone, eh? Not come along Miss Waters, eh?"

"I come Mees Watairs," said Joe firmly.

"Well, get out now — wait outside."

Joe shuffled out smiling.

"All right, Sally, what's your trouble?"

"No trouble, Stephen. I just thought —I've known you so long—and I can't tell Aunt Emma—she wouldn't understand. I—I—"

"What's the matter?" interrupted the little surgeon brusquely. "Got a pain? Think you got appendix—or a tumor or something? Let's have it."

"Don't be an idiot!" Sally was exasperated. "I haven't got a pain at all. I've got a great big beautiful beau that wants to marry me—so there!"

The doctor subsided and looked sulky.

"Well, what do you come to me for? Want me to mix you up something to poison him with? Great pleasure, I'm sure."

"Please be serious a minute, Steve. I—I—well, you see, it's this way. I don't quite know what to do. I have to go by there nearly every day, and he's always waiting for me, and he's a bootlegger, too, but an awfully nice one."

"Always knew you'd marry into money," said the doctor bitterly. "When did this cur have the effrontery to propose to you? I'd like—"

"He isn't a cur. And he didn't—his mother did. She keeps a cheese shop. She says I'm not good enough for Luigi. She says I'm a fool." Sally was thoroughly enjoying herself.

"More power to the old lady," said Dr. Tolley reverently. And then, seriously:

"Look here, Sally, if you've been up to your old tricks of turning the heads of everything in trousers that comes near you—why, that's your lookout. I can't give you advice. I can tell you that you're a thoughtless little fool, but it won't do any good. Aren't you at all ashamed of attracting a degenerate East Side lout?"

"He isn't a lout," retorted Sally with spirit. "He used to be a gangster, but he's stopping. And he could just about break you in two pieces, Stephen Tolley."

"Eh?" demanded the little doctor, turning red and becoming ominously quiet. He was deeply hurt. He wheeled about on his stool and stared out of the window, and when he finally spoke it was in an entirely unaccustomed and courteous manner.

"Who is this man, Miss Sally?" he asked gently.

Sally was contrite.

"Oh, Stephen, I was just teasing. His name is Louis Marchetti—but it's all nonsense—he's scarcely ever spoken to me, really. I—I talk to his mother about clients —sometimes I drink coffee with them. He never said anything. It was his mother."

Dr. Tolley's lip curled and his normal manner reasserted itself.

"BUT, Stephen—the ambulance man told me there was a pair of those horrible brass knuckles lying by him in the street."

"I see. Big tough gangster and East Side sheik makes love to beautiful society girl through mother. Hah, hah!"

IT was Sally's turn to be offended.

"Not at all. It's just his old-world way."

"Old-world fiddlesticks. I've heard of this guy. He's never been west of Broadway or north of Fourteenth Street, and he's as tough as they come."

"I think I'll go now," said Sally with dignity.

"Fine!" said the doctor heartily, pressing his bell for the next patient. But when she was gone he looked out of the window again for some time, and drummed on the top of the sterilizer with preoccupied finger tips.

Ridiculous, of course, to fear that a girl of Sally Waters' class and type would lose her head—she was much too level-minded, for all her lovely demureness—but then, again, nowadays you never could tell—these over-educated modern girls did the most unbelievably atavistic things—married prize fighters and what not. Liked to play with fire—all of 'em did—high and low—best and worst—the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady. That was it—sisters under the skin—and any big romantic-looking brute could give them a thrill.

But Sally—beautiful, clean-minded, earnest-thinking little Sally—impossible. Still, he'd better look into it. No use speaking to her uncle—rich old idiot—he'd do more harm than good. The little doctor sighed and swung round on his stool and tackled his next patient.

He had a chance to look into it—and that very afternoon. Outwardly grumbling but inwardly happy because he was sacrificing his precious time to Sally's machinations, he had gone to the address she had given him. Gone to the address and found that Giuseppe Marteli had nothing worse than a chronic bronchitis and an incurable

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SALLY OF THE C. O. S.
Continued from page twenty-one]

propensity for malingering at the expense of the C. O. S. And after he had given the man a bad five minutes he walked down the three flights of rickety stairs and out of the door and straight into Sally, who had issued precipitately from the Widow Marta's shop next door.

Sally was very red and there were tears of rage in her fine eyes, and she looked as nearly disheveled as it is possible for a girl to look in a business suit and a glove-fitting hat.

"Oh," she gasped with glad relief. "It's Stephen! Where did you come from?"

Dr. Tolley looked at her keenly and answered her question with another:

"Want a ride uptown? Get in."

Sally sank back on the seat and covered her face with her hands. Still the little doctor said nothing. Finally she pulled her hat straight, bit her lip, and laughed. It was a hard little laugh.

"You're right, Stephen, I'm a fool. When I got back to the office after lunch I found a message that Mrs. Marchetti wanted to see me at once, and I went right down to the shop and she wasn't there at all, and he was—and—and—"

"And he tried to make love to you and mauled you up," finished the doctor coldly. But he, too, was breathing hard.

"Yes—he—oh, I don't know. He told me what his mother had, and then grabbed at me and I slapped his face as hard as I could and he laughed and held me very tight and I told him I'd kill him—oh, I was ridiculous, I suppose, but I felt so helpless—and I just wouldn't scream. And he kept on laughing—but he wasn't really horrid, Stephen. You know what I mean—he was really nice in his way. He—he could have kissed me all he wanted, but he didn't. He—he said he wouldn't kiss me unless I asked him to," she finished in a faint voice and shivered slightly.

"Yes?" Stephen's voice sounded flat, and the veins stood out on his forehead. "Where do you want to go now?"

"I—I've got to stop at the office for my evening report. Oh, Stephen—what shall I do? I'll have to get transferred from the Corlears district. I'm sure to run into him down here. I just can't see him—and I'm so sorry for him, because he's really very nice and he cares for me. And he didn't try to kiss me—don't you see, Stephen?"

"HERE'S your office," said Stephen with pointed non-responsiveness. Sally got out of the cab without a word and meekly climbed the stairs to the dingy office of the Corlears district. She felt spiritually tired and bruised. Stephen had not been his usual rude but slavishly obedient self. She was a little frightened.

As for Stephen, he was in one of his cold and quiet furies. Ordinarily Dr. Tolley was about as scientifically dispassionate as they make them—and they make these young doctors pretty dispassionate these days. Toward the motives and reactions of others he could be as cool and analytical as you please. But with himself it was another matter. He had, as we have seen, a temper.

At all events, it was something less than twenty minutes later that Dr. Tolley dismissed his taxi and strode into the shop of the Widow Marta.

"I want to see Louis Marchetti," he announced curtly.

Marta nodded and passed through the curtain. Presently appeared Luigi, large and black, an unlighted cigarette dangling in the corner of his lips.

"Louis—that's me. What c'n I do for yer?"

"You can cease annoying Miss Waters. If you ever so much as speak to her again, I'll have you put behind the bars where you belong."

"Humph," observed Louis reflectively, but his black eyes were wicked. "Where do you horn in on this? An' who in hell are you anyway?"

"I'm Dr. Tolley, and I'm a friend of Miss Waters, and that's enough."

"An' then some," agreed Louis, suddenly becoming amused and distinctly speaking down to Stephen. "Oh, I get yer now. You're the little croaker she's allus talkin' to me muther about, huh, huh. Well, doc, an' wot's the matter wid me bein' a friend o' her'n, too?"

HE lighted his cigarette, lounged comfortably against the counter, and regarded Stephen with a far-away and meditative stare. The wicked glint had quite left his eye. Stephen considered him with astonishment. Was it possible the brute intended to argue the point?

"You certainly can't be thinking of marrying this lady," snapped Stephen, and wished he could have unsaid it.

"An' w'y not?" retorted Luigi pacifically. "I'm making good money, an' I got a side racket that'll make a helluva lot more. This frail —she's some dumb an' she don't make maybe more'n twenty—twenty-five berries a week—but she's a hard worker an' she's straight an' on the up an' up. Wot's the matter with me marryin' her? 'Course I dunno where she come from an' all that, an' me muther says I hadn't orter take no sech chance. But I says this is a free country and it's my business who I marries, see?"

"You're crazy. You—you—" For once in his life Dr. Tolley's rage was so profound that he became incoherent. He could not even swear. The veins stood out on his forehead and he found himself trembling like a hysterical woman. Luigi watched him narrowly, and a new thought seemed to cross his mind.

"Wot's bitin' yer, doc?" he asked carelessly, but his eyes bored through the drifting cigarette smoke to the smaller man's face. "Wot's bitin' yer? You soft on her too?"

"That's none of your damned business!" snapped Stephen.

"T'hell it ain't! Ain't you just been tellin' me my business?"

"That's quite different. I warn you once more to leave Miss Waters alone. If you don't—I'll have you put away."

Stephen turned and yanked open the little door with the jangly overhead bell. Luigi shifted his big bulk slowly to the other elbow and spat without disturbing the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

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Why I am joining LIBERTY magazine

by James O'Shaughnessy

. . . . formerly executive secretary of the American Association of Advertising Agencies

LIBERTY MAGAZINE has asked me to become its business manager and I have accepted. In identifying myself completely with LIBERTY I feel that I am joining another great national undertaking in advertising—an undertaking of proportions so large as to satisfy any man's highest ambitions.

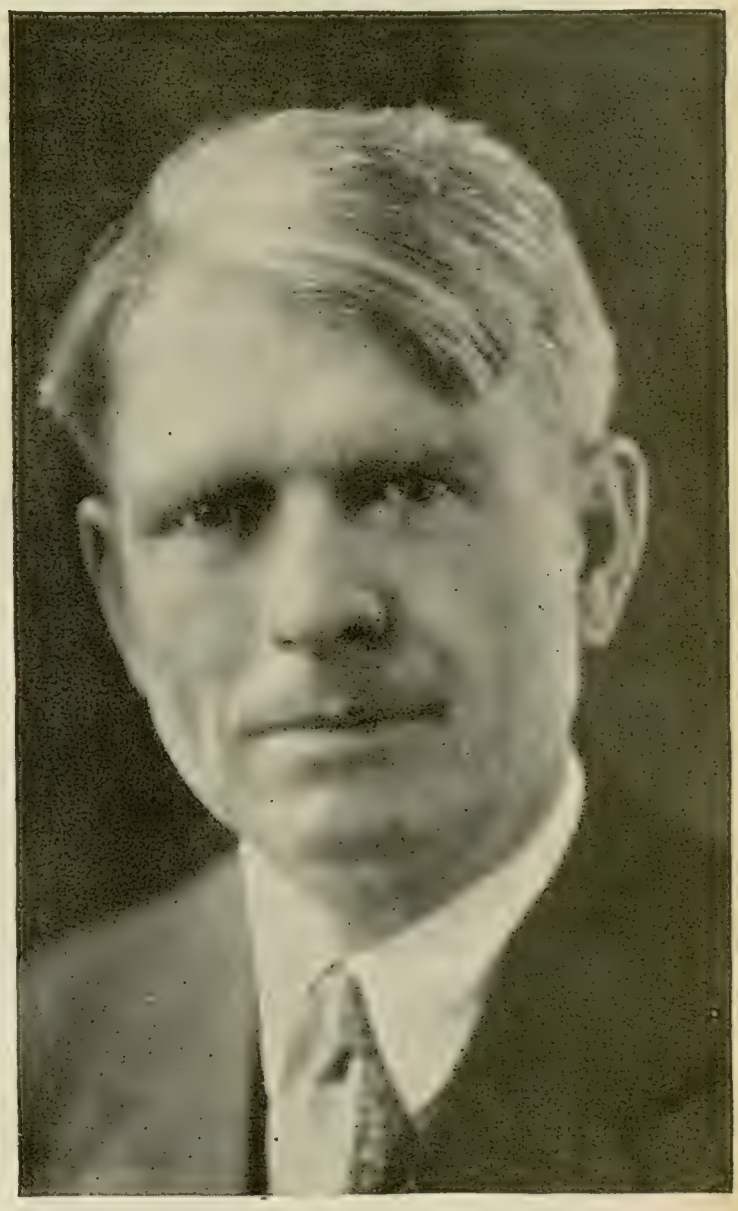
I have previously been associated with the company which owns LIBERTY. The growth of The Chicago Tribune under the present management has been a superb, outstanding event in the history of publishing. Its publishing activities have been extended to include vast holdings of timberlands, a fleet of ships, paper mills in this country and in Canada, a leading newspaper syndicate, a great radio station, European and oceanic editions.

I have seen this same management enter a crowded New York newspaper field with a new idea in American journalism. In one decade this idea has been developed into one of the most prosperous newspapers in the world, with the largest newspaper circulation in America.

I have watched the giant strides LIBERTY has taken. With the brains, energy and resources that are behind it, I foresee its great future. I believe LIBERTY is now one of the greatest advertising forces ever developed. And it has just begun.

Advertising is confined to its channels and is shaped by its media. Advertising can grow only with the growth of its media. Because of the large volume advertising has attained, it needs better access to the public than ever before.

The next outstanding service to advertising is an enlarged and improved media, fitting into markets with better economies. LIBERTY offers along the course of true economy a needed service to all publishing and advertising generally. LIBERTY is a new power come into advertising. I am glad to have a part in directing this force toward increasing the effectiveness of advertising.



JAMES O'SHAUGHNESSY, new business manager of LIBERTY, was for many years executive secretary of the American Association of Advertising Agencies. The Four A's was begun under his management and direction, and became the source of knowledge and guidance for advertising practice throughout the world.

Mr. O'Shaughnessy was born in St. Catherine, Mo., near the birthplace of General Pershing. He taught school and studied law, before starting, in St. Joseph, Mo., a varied newspaper career. From St. Joseph the young reporter went to Chicago where he worked as reporter, war correspondent, special writer, editor, and advertising manager, serving at different times most of the Chicago papers.

His advertising experience began at the age of twelve when he wrote copy for his father's shoe store. As a youth he got further experience as advance agent and interpreter for Pawnee Bill's wild west show touring Holland.

For several years Mr. O'Shaughnessy was with the Gundlach Advertising Agency in Chicago. Then he organized the O'Shaughnessy Advertising Company, which he gave up, at considerable personal sacrifice, to take over the important work of the Four A's.

Last year Mr. O'Shaughnessy resigned from the Four A's to become advertising counselor. He represented LIBERTY, as well as his former organization. He will now give his entire time to LIBERTY.

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[SALLY OF THE C. O. S.
Continued from page twenty-two]

cigarette in the corner of his mouth. The wicked look had crept back into his black eyes.

"I'm the last man in this burg you'd orter have said that to, you little — — —," he remarked almost casually, and turned on his heel.

Dr. Stephen walked uptown. He walked in order to regain his composure. Not only was he deeply disturbed about Sally, but he was wounded in self-esteem. It was a new and trying experience for him to be unable to dominate a situation. And this situation, he thought ruefully, he had distinctly failed to dominate.

At Tompkins Square—he had gone straight up Avenue B from Clinton Street—he turned west. It was quite dark by now, but he would have time to look in at the hospital before going to dinner. He continued on to the hospital, quite unaware that a taxi was tailing him—moving a block or so ahead, then waiting until he had passed and moving ahead again.

Midway of the block between Avenue A and First Avenue the taxi stopped and discharged three passengers. Dr. Tolley walked unnoticing past the group and got about three paces away. That was as far as he did get. The last thing that he noticed as his fourth rib caved in under the square-toed boot of one of his assailants was the darkly glowing face of Louis Marchetti. Then a piece of iron pipe caught him a glancing blow above the ear and he lost track of the proceedings.

"Lay off'n it, Midge," panted Luigi; "don't croak de guy. Come on—we gotta blow."

The three men reëntered their taxi and drove away. Twenty minutes later the little doctor entered the Casualty Hospital—on a stretcher. Just before they slapped the gas cone over his face he came to for a bit. Also his indomitable little brain had reached a lightning decision.

"Hit-and-run taxi—couldn't get the number," he whispered, and breathed gratefully and deeply of the anæsthetic.

DR. STEPHEN was in the hospital nearly three weeks. He had taken a bad beating, but one so scientifically administered that he suffered no permanent injury. Pretty well cut up, of course, and with a couple of bad scalp scars that made his unruly hair still more intractable. Also he would need four peg teeth—thanks to Midget Meyer's practiced boot.

Sally was assiduous in her devotion. But also she seemed thoughtful and distrait, which caused no end of worry to the little man who loved her so hard and so perversely. A dozen times it was on the tip of his tongue to tell her what had happened, and as many times he forbore, in the sheer shamed pride of the physically small man—forbore and swore to himself that he'd play it out in the underworld way. Forbore to squawk—and grinned instead through his broken mouth, just to see how much she would stand.

And Sally took it perfectly and was very sweet and tender—almost impersonally tender as it seemed at times. And she told him that she had got herself transferred to the Gramercy district, but that Louis had found her there too. And that he was very persistent, but curiously humble and respectful and almost perplexed in his bearing. And the little doctor determined to get well very quickly.

Two weeks later he was out. Three weeks after that he felt himself again, albeit still a bit tender in the midriff section. Two more weeks and he was exercising an hour each day at the Racquet Club. Also he was in frequent touch with a French friend of his who had worked in the Deuxième Bureau and picked up some of the less orthodox tricks of that celebrated organization. After this it only remained to visit a few pawnshops near the water front, and then Dr. Tolley was ready.

IT was about 9 o'clock of a pleasant summer night when Dr. Tolley alighted from the Second Avenue El at Grand Street and walked north a couple of blocks to Delancey Street. The little doctor proceeded east on that broad and brightly lighted thoroughfare, keeping a careful eye about him, especially to his rear. For six evenings now he had scouted the neighborhood, coming and going by a different route each night, and he was reasonably familiar with the terrain. Also he was thoroughly familiar with the customary nightly movements of his friend, Mr. Luigi Marchetti. He knew that Louis usually spent the early evening hours in a pool room on Essex Street. This pool room had a telephone, and the Widow Marta's shop had not.

Near the corner of Delancey and Essex, Dr. Stephen entered a cigar store and used the telephone. He had long since memorized the number of the pool room. Now he called the number and spoke in a furry voice which he had no difficulty in making sound reasonably tough.

"Say, is Louis Marchetti there? Yeah? Tell him his mother says come on over—there's a guy wants ten gallon of white."

Dr. Tolley replaced the receiver with careful preoccupation, picked up his black bag, and proceeded east again on Delancey Street. He walked at a leisurely pace, whistling tonelessly and contentedly to himself through his new peg teeth. Stephen felt the anticipatory joy that follows careful preparation. He was always

careful in preparation—unless he had lost his temper.

He turned the northwest corner of Clinton, walked past Marta's dimly lighted window, and ascended the half stoop of the adjoining tenement. He pushed the door half open and set his bag against the jamb—all set in his pose of having come from a visit to Giuseppe upstairs. Then he produced a cigarette and placed it between his lips, but did not light it. Lastly he removed his spectacles, polished them thoughtfully on his handkerchief, and dropped them in the satchel.

Down the street from the north came presently Louis Marchetti, walking with an exaggerated swagger that suggested liquor. The doctor noted with satisfaction that no pedestrians were in sight and that the street lamp in front of Marta's was conveniently at his back and in the face of the approaching Louis. When Louis was twenty paces away, Dr. Stephen lighted his cigarette ostentatiously, thrust both hands momentarily into his pockets, drew them forth, picked up his bag, and stepped smartly down to the sidewalk.

"Hello, Louis," he said amiably.

Louis halted and peered uncertainly at the silhouetted figure with the bag. Then he made his man and laughed in obvious relief.

"Fer the love uv Gawd—it's the little croaker. Wot's your—"

STEPHEN'S knee rose and his leg shot out with the wicked stiff-legged kick of the Foreign Legion. The big man's words ended in a retching grunt of agony, and his body jackknifed to a level with his waist. Stephen let go with the other leg, dropped his bag, and brought both brass-knuckled hands into play on the gangster's unprotected face. The man's head crashed glancingly against the lamp-post, and his body pitched to the sidewalk with convincing finality.

"Hum," grumbled the little doctor to himself, "not so good—don't want any depressed fractures." He stripped off his dusters and tossed them toward the crumpled figure in approved underworld fashion. Then he picked up his bag and walked smartly back to Delancey Street. The whole action had not lasted ten seconds. He was still puffing contentedly at his cigarette when he reëntered the cigar store and stepped into the telephone booth. He called up his own hospital.

"Send the wagon to 268 Clinton," he said curtly and hung up. Then he hailed a taxi and drove to the hospital himself. He had intended to go about his business, but he was a little worried about the lamp-post business.

The first person he saw when he entered the hospital was Miss Sally Waters. He turned red.

"Why—what are you doing here at this time of night?"

"Oh," said Sally wearily, "I often come at night. I'm so rushed all day. But why are *you* here, Stephen? This isn't your visiting time."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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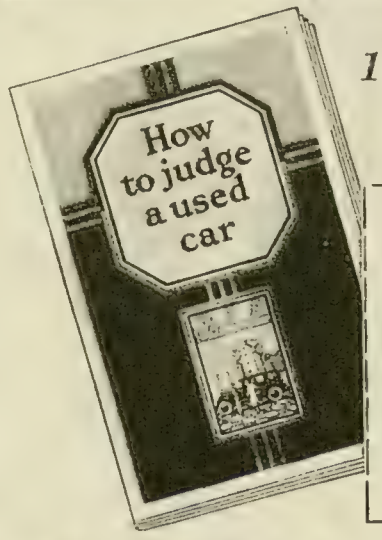

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For use after shaving

[Continued from page twenty-five]
SALLY OF THE C. O. S.

"Er—no. Fact is—I left my bag this afternoon."

"Why—but what's that in your hand?"

"Oh—er—my other bag," tried the doctor uncomfortably. "In the Emergency Ward—I'll see you later."

He actually hurried away from Sally, which was such an extraordinary thing that Sally stood and watched his disappearing back with something close to bewilderment. Then she went perplexedly upstairs to her client.

Stephen entered the Emergency Ward with a slightly guilty feeling. Sally had upset him because that had been outside of his plan.

An interne came up.

"Howdy, Dr. Tolley. Just in time if you want to see a nice case of gangster carving."

"Eh?" demanded Stephen. "Where's Dr. Holcomb? Isn't he on now?"

"Yes, doctor, but he's working on a woman with a gunshot wound. Never mind, I guess this bird will last till Dr. Holcomb's ready for him."

"Oh, well," said Stephen magnanimously, "I'll have a look at him. Wait till I scrub up."

THEY slid Louis from the stretcher to the operating table. He was fully conscious as Stephen bent over him, and a look of amazement and awe crept into the one big black eye that was still visible.

"Who carved you, Louis?" demanded the blithe interne.

"Carved nuthin'," murmured Louis. "Taxicab hit me."

The interne chuckled.

"X ray his head, doctor?" he asked hopefully.

"Yes, later," replied Stephen while his deft fingers undid the ambulance dressings. "Umh! Well, Louis, I guess we'll give you a little ether and put fifty or sixty stitches into you," he pronounced affably.

Louis' eye glared balefully.

"How do I know you won't croak me?" he whispered.

"You don't," replied Dr. Stephen coldly.

The baleful look faded and a gleam of quizzical admiration took its place.

"All right, doc, you win," he growled through mangled lips. "Shoot the works, and I'll—"

The cone descended mercifully and Stephen went to work.

Half an hour later he came out to the entrance hall of the hospital, whistling tonelessly and contentedly through his teeth. Miss Sally Waters sat by the door. There was no escape.

"What's this I hear about Louis Marchetti being badly hurt?" she demanded anxiously.

"Not badly. He'll be O. K. in a few weeks."

"How did it happen?"

"Taxicab," said Stephen promptly. Sally was regarding him narrowly. She had recently been hearing queer talk among the Italians about Dr. Tolley's own accident.

"But, Stephen—the ambulance man told me there was a pair of those horrible brass knuckles lying by him in the street."

"Shouldn't wonder, Sally. Lots of 'em around," said Stephen imperturbably.

Sally still regarded him narrowly, and there was a queer light of comprehension in the lovely gray-brown eyes.

"Stephen Tolley—was it the same taxicab that hit you?"

"Shouldn't wonder, Sally. Lots of 'em around."

Sally was weeping softly.

"Oh, how could you—how could both of you? And I can't—I simply couldn't bear it!"

"Bear what?" demanded Stephen stonily.

"I couldn't bear being called Sally Tolley. It—it sounds too utterly absurd—like—like some kind of medicine."

"Nonsense," said Stephen. "You'll get used to it."

"And poor, dear Louis. What ever will become of him?"

"Poor, dear fiddlesticks!" snapped Dr. Tolley. "I've already asked him to the wedding."

THE END

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON

155 YEARS AGO TODAY. August 10, 1774. Redcoat enforcement officers fire on colonists attempting to smuggle into the country goods which had been forbidden by unwise acts of the English Parliament.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE FORD FACTORY when Workman No. 7,826 took time off to sneeze.

UMSLOPOGAAS K. UGUG, now exploring darkest America, finds the trouble with Americans is that they conduct their lives as though the doctor had given them six months to live.

THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER. (A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.)

HEAD CANNON, to be worn under hat, firing backward automatically when citizen is clouted over head with blackjack. *(Idea by C. D. Murray, Catawba Sanatorium, Virginia.)*

Drinking on the

The Experiences of a Passenger on the Leviathan

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

IT sure was a swell little trip. We had quarts of fun. We drank all day and far into the night. We woke up early, without headaches, and got to drinking again, naturally, pleasantly, humorously. We had lots of liquor and little sleep. And the next time I go to Europe I'm going on the Leviathan again.

But the funniest part of the trip came after the trip was ended. It was in a couple of Associated Press dispatches, one dated Washington, D. C., June 27, the other New York, the same day.

The first said solemnly that Mr. Seymour Lowman, in charge of prohibition enforcement, had read in the papers that the Leviathan was very, very wet sailing from New York to Cherbourg and Southampton, and that he was going to investigate.

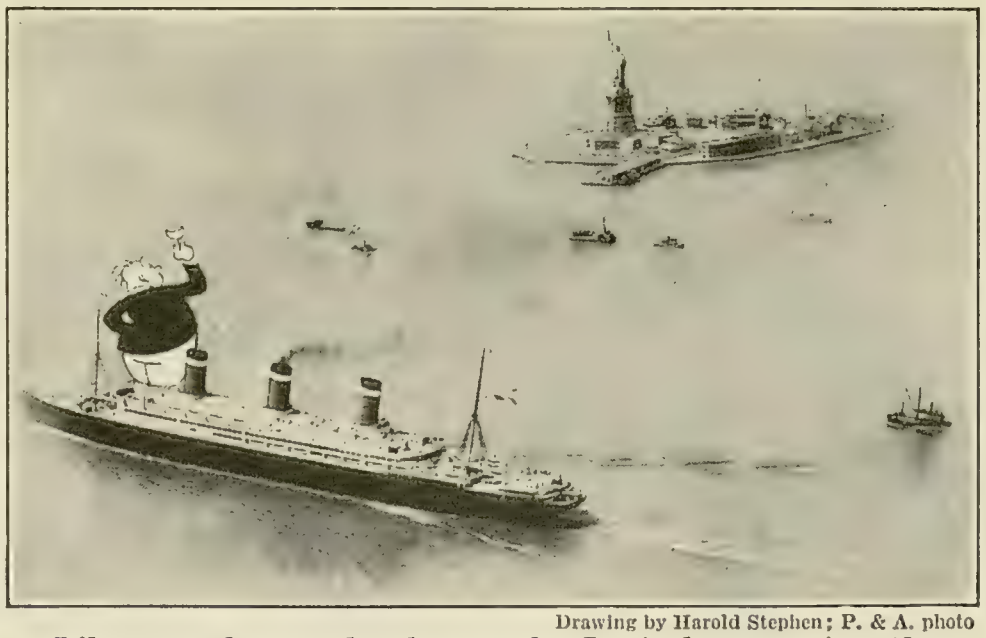
The second said that Joseph E. Sheedy, executive vice president of the company operating the Leviathan, denied that liquor was being served aboard that vessel on its eastward voyages.

All the passengers who left New York June 12 on the great steamer will get a giggle out of these two dispatches. And a lot of pleasant memories will come back into their minds, memories of friendships sealed over an uncorked bottle, memories of highballs and tall stories, memories of dry Martinis and drier wine on a "dry" ship, memories of fine days and nights and fine liquors and fine companions.

Let Mr. Lowman investigate the reports. We investigated the liquor. Let Mr. Sheedy deny everything. We denied ourselves nothing. We drank so much on the way over that we drank up all the ship's supplies, and had to break open the private stock we had carried aboard with us.

So far as I know, not a drink was sold in American waters—and I don't mean bottled waters either.

We left New York at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon, with thousands of people standing on the pier watching us, pitying us, calling us camels, wishing us *bon vintage*, letting us understand there was no speak-easy aboard, and tantalizing us with the sight of bottles of bootleg gin and whisky.



Drawing by Harold Stephen; P. & A. photo

Liberty, afloat and ashore: the Leviathan passing the Statue on Bedloe's Island.

Most everybody, meaning the passengers, was under the impression, at that time anyway, that the Leviathan sailed dry one way and wet the other. We had been reading the dispatches from Washington and New York, and actually believing them.

We were a sorry-looking crowd, the majority of us, pacing the deck, watching the tall buildings of Manhattan lower and fade, thinking of six days without a drink, wishing we had taken a Cunarder or a French liner.

I thought of the Berengaria and the eighty-year-old brandy I had encountered there. I thought of the De Grasse and its wonderful wines.

"And the beer on the Berengaria," I exclaimed half aloud; "beer that never knew a needle!"

Mr. M., who later became one of my best friends, sighed dolefully and tapped his hip pocket.

"If the worst comes to the worst," he said, "I have something with me. My doctor prescribed it for seasickness, but it's good for thirst too."

"I have a couple of quarts of good old Jersey lightning," I answered. "It's good to the last drop—"

"But it drops you hard. This stuff I've got—"

NOT a very good beginning for a beautiful friendship, was it? Yet it's the nature of Americans to brag about their own liquor. My bootlegger may be just as honest as yours. He may sell better stuff. But if I boast about him to you, you feel bitter. Or you want to tell me about your man.

We watched the airplane take off the mail. The pilot made nine attempts before he succeeded. Nine times the ship's photographer snapped the plane as it groped for the sack of mail. Nine times he swore. Then he asked himself what was the use of wasting another plate.

So when the pilot tried the tenth time, and succeeded, there wasn't a plate in the photographer's camera. "Too bad," said Mr. M. "Let's have a drink."

We went down to dinner. We listened to a woman near us talking to a steward. She was an elderly woman, thin and severe and anti-saloonish looking.

"Steward," she demanded in a thin but raucous voice, "is this ship wet or dry?"

Mr. M. and I listened patiently for the steward's reply.

"I don't know, madam," he said after some hesitation.

"You don't know? What do you mean by that?"

She spoke like an irritated school-teacher.

"I haven't heard yet," the steward answered with a little smile. "But if it's dry, madam, you come to me."

Mr. M. and I smiled at each other. The withered lady smiled at the steward. It wasn't going to be such a dry voyage after all.

After dinner Mr. M. and I went to my stateroom. We ordered ginger ale and ice. We mixed the applejack with the ginger ale, and added ice to suit. And we sat

Atlantic

Drawing by Harold Stephen; P. & A. photo

Thousands of people standing on the pier called us camels, wished us "bon vintage," let us understand there was no speak-easy aboard, and tantalized us with the sight of bottles.

and talked. Mr. M. told funny stories. He was full of them. He was a Tammany man. He had visited Ireland the year before, and was now on his way to Germany, Austria, France, and perhaps Egypt.

"They sell good beer in Dublin," he said. "But I didn't stay in Dublin all the time. I was out Wexford way one time and walked into a saloon. The beer was warm and I asked for some ice. The bartender threw back his head and roared.

"'Man dear,' he said, 'who ever heard of ice in the summer?'"

I told him how I had stumped all the French waiters in a hotel at Nice by asking for a gin rickey, and then related how I had to call for the ingredients and mix the drink myself, with a silent semicircle of garçons looking on almost reverently.

WE talked of the wines of France, the beer of Germany and Austria; of the green whisky of Czecho-Slovakia; of Holland gin and Russian vodka and Swedish punch.

And we discussed our applejack too.

As we left for the smoking room we could see white-coated stewards hastening down corridors and alleys carrying trays of White Rock and ginger ale, and glasses, and little bowls of ice.

The smoking room was rather crowded, and flasks were passed openly for the most part—though I did see one man placing his flask between his feet, and a woman holding a bottle in her lap, concealed by her napkin.

"Habits are hard to break," observed Mr. M. "You can always spot an American by the way he handles his flask."

We ordered more ginger ale and ice, and drank to each other, and listened to the talk around us. It was all talk of booze, American and European.

"There isn't a man or woman on this ship," said Mr. M., "who can think of anything but liquor right now. That's because we're still prohibition. If the ship stays dry that's all you'll hear until you get to France. And you'll see sights on this ship—mama! We'll have parties in our rooms. The boys and girls will get together and drink and sing all night. And there'll be Paris divorces galore after we land. I know. I went across on this ship once when it was supposed to be dry. Talk about debauchery! Well, let's try some of my stuff. I get it right off the boat and have it analyzed. Has it got a kick? Mama!"

We went to bed some time after midnight, arm in arm.

Mr. M. paused in the doorway to look at the few groups still in the smoking room.

"One hundred per cent Americans?" he said. "One hundred proof, what I mean. Most Americans don't deserve good liquor. It's like throwing pearls before swine to serve them real stuff. Who's to blame? Who gave us prohibition? Say, the American stomach has become so hard-boiled from drinking prohibition hooch that a sip of mild Rhine wine will turn it inside out."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DRINKING ON THE ATLANTIC]
[Continued from page twenty-nine]

The night steward happened to be lingering in the corridor as I went toward my cabin.

"Are we going to be wet or dry?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, "this ship never has been dry. I've known passengers to bring their own. Sometimes we've carried as many as 250 cases of private stock from New York. You leave it in the care of the steward and he doles it out to you as you want it. What you can't drink you leave with the steward. Even when the boat was supposed to be dryest they broke out champagne at dinner."

I slept late that morning, and woke without a headache. Jersey applejack is all right, if you know how to handle it. It's hard cider frozen. They freeze it and throw away the ice. What's left is applejack. Alcohol won't freeze.

Mr. M.'s stuff must have been pretty fair too, because I wasn't blind or anything.

As soon as I entered the dining room for lunch my steward told me the bar was open and I could have whatever I wanted.

"How come?" I asked. I wasn't unduly excited. Now that I could have it, it didn't mean so much.

"Why," the steward said, "it seems there are a lot of people from California this trip who said they came only because they understood the ship was going to be wet going east. I'm told they made a holler."

"Have we busted out the medical supplies?" someone asked.

"I don't know," the steward answered.

"Bring me a scotch and soda," one of my table mates directed.

"Some port wine for me," said another.

"A dry Martini," I ordered, and my companions stared at me as though they had never heard of such a drink.

Mr. M. didn't appear at lunch. He explained later that his stomach was unused to Jersey applejack.

P. & A. photo

A camera study of the Leviathan at night, all lit up.

FROM then on everybody drank—and didn't talk about it.

And yet conditions were not ideal. The champagne was not always properly iced, and the supply gave out too quickly. There were only port and sherry. The olives in the Martinis were too big. They displaced too much liquor. There was only French vermouth—no Italian vermouth whatsoever. There was no beer. None at all. No ale. No stout. The brandy was only liqueur brandy. And the gin and whisky were no better than you can get in New York. The crème de menthe wasn't so bad, but the stems on the glasses were quite short, and one's hands became chilled holding the glass to the lips.

Mr. M. and I got the last bottle of champagne, and opened it on the last night out. We were a party of four by this time and one bottle of champagne wouldn't do for four. So we made a champagne cup. We dumped the wine into a pitcher, added White Rock and brandy and liqueurs and sliced pineapples and oranges and apples.

It didn't have quite the right taste, so I emptied a little applejack into it—with exceeding good results.

And after dinner we had applejack and ginger ale—all the ship's liquor having been consumed.

It was one continuous party after that first arid day and night. Nobody got drunk. Nobody was even tipsy. We had cocktails before lunch. We had highballs in the afternoon. We had wine with our dinner. Every night some one of us bought champagne. After dinner we had highballs, or rum, or crème de menthe. We went to bed late. We awoke early, full of pep, full of good nature, ready and willing to walk miles around the deck, or to play golf or tennis on the broad decks. It was calm all the way across. The ship vibrated a little, but never pitched or rolled. There wasn't one of us sick for a moment. Nor was there one of us thirsty.

THE only thing we wanted when the tender took us ashore at Cherbourg was beer. We went into the bar in the custom house and had it. It was Strasbourg beer, but it wasn't too bad at that. We didn't take much of it because the train was ready—and we knew we could get whatever we wanted on the train. Our party drank cocktails before luncheon, and wine during it. But there were lots of Americans who ordered port wine as an apéritif. Believe it or not!

Let Mr. Lowman investigate if he wishes. What can he do?

There is no law forbidding the sale of liquor by American ships on the high seas. All transoceanic shipping is wet today, and you can get a drink on any vessel flying the American flag.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not writing this for Mr. Lowman's benefit. I'm not telling things out of school. I'm not trying to be a reformer. I'm only trying to point out to Americans that they may have as good a time on an American ship as they can on an English or French or German or Italian or Belgian or Dutch or Scandinavian vessel.

On October 6, 1922, Attorney General Harry M. Daugherty—no relation of mine, by the way—declared it was unlawful for foreign ships to carry liquor within American territorial waters, and that it was unlawful for Yankee ships to carry liquor in any waters.

The British didn't like that at all. They went to law, and as a result the United States Supreme Court voiced one of the first of many seemingly inconsistent decisions under the Volstead régime. It held that American ships could carry liquor on the high seas, but that foreign vessels could not carry liquor while in American waters for any purpose. Friendly nations immediately protested, calling the decision an unprecedented interference with their rights and powers. Italy has laws that compel her ships to serve wine to the crews. Uncle Sam tried to evade the issue by permitting the ship's doctor to prescribe medicinal wine to any member of the crew—knowing, of course, that the doctor would prescribe it for all the crew.

Later the United States signed a treaty with England whereby British vessels could carry liquor into American waters, provided they adopted the amusing pretext of locking up the booze some three miles out. A similar treaty was signed by the United States and Norway.

Private American firms hastened to take advantage of the absence of legislation specifically denying American vessels the right to carry liquor on the high seas. And so all Yankee ships, other than those of the shipping board, proceeded to carry liquor. Of course no shipping board vessel has ever been dry, except legally. The shipping board vessels were legally dry—and Uncle Sam had to get rid of them. The government confessed it couldn't compete with wet foreign ships. So it hauled down the Stars and Stripes and got off the ocean.

We had a marvelous chance after the war. We had power and prestige and money and ships. America could easily have made herself mistress of the seas. But she didn't.

She passed laws compelling American shipowners to provide expensive comforts and luxuries for the sailors. This gave Americans a higher overhead than foreigners faced.

That wasn't enough. Presently we began to harass passengers with our noble prohibition experiment, and before long the politicians on the shipping board had bad news to tell the taxpayers: the actual cost of competing with foreign ships.

SLOWLY the shipping board fleet dwindled. Some vessels were sold, far below cost. Thousands of new ships were left to rot at anchorage. Finally eleven ocean liners were left —six of them, including the Leviathan—fit for transporting passengers to Europe. These eleven ships were costly too—and so they were sold. P. W. Chapman & Co. of New York got them for $16,082,000. Soon there were public rumors that the ships were to be wet. The new owners denied it; pending a ruling on their status, they were to be dry.

Then in April, when it appeared in the newspapers that the Leviathan's first round trip under th new flag had been "mildly wet", both ways, the owners announced that on east-bound trips she would be dry—except as passengers took along private stock, or as any bootlegger aboard eluded the captain's vigilance. Only medical stores would be carried, and only with the captain's approval would the ship's doctor give liquor prescriptions.

However, I was not ailing. The ship's doctor did not prescribe for me. I never saw the doctor. And I had all the booze I wanted.

The new owners decided to give the passengers their money's worth, but also to cut wages and—possibly—to decrease the personnel. There were but two stewards serving drinks in the winter garden, two in the social hall, and two in the smoking room.

Many a time a fast-drinking crowd was delayed because one steward was serving another crowd and the other steward had gone to the bar to fill an order.

Yet there was a full set of stewards in the dining room, and the best food one ever ate. We had a steward named James White who was always looking

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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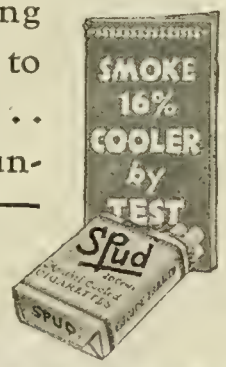

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HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA

PROHIBITION! It's the burning question of our day! . . . Argued over, condemned, upheld, cursed and blessed wherever people gather throughout our land . . . CANADA'S experience with drink and drinkers is of interest to every American. Frederick Palmer, noted writer, has analyzed the Canadian situation. Whether you're Wet, Dry or Damp, you'll enjoy Palmer's story. Read it

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK!

[DRINKING ON THE ATLANTIC
Continued from page thirty-one]

after our comfort, and the head steward in our section, a chap named Clarke, would suggest wonderful dinners every evening—beginning with caviar and lobster. The wine steward also was our pal.

The Leviathan, now that it sells liquor going and coming, I can recommend to you without reservations. Yet few people, comparatively, use it. There were scarcely 600 first-class passengers aboard on the trip east, and about half that number on the return trip. If you want statistics, here are some.

In 1927 there were 485,700 east-bound travelers. The United States Lines carried but 37,126 of them. In 1928, 503,900 persons went from New York to Europe, the American liners carrying 33,591. Why do you suppose so few people crossed on American ships?

The Transatlantic Conference knows. This organization—at 8 Bridge Street, New York City—consists of one representative from each of the steamship companies in the European run. It regulates sailing dates, allocates ports, fixes the minimum and maximum fares and freight rates, acts somewhat in the manner of the Interstate Commerce Commission in respect to the railroads.

The foreigners on this board, outnumbering the Americans about seven to one, proved their knowledge of just how valuable liquor is as an inducement to ticket buyers—and their sportsmanship—by allowing the Leviathan a differential of 15 per cent in rates. Or they did before the vessel went wet.

The Leviathan and the Majestic of the White Star Line are similar in accommodations, speed, luxury, and service. The conference fixed a minimum fare of $300 for a cabin on each liner, and a maximum of $3,540. But the Leviathan was allowed to charge 15 per cent less for its cabins than the Majestic. Thus a cabin that would cost you $1,000 on the Majestic would set you back only $850 on the Leviathan.

P. & A. photo

Main dining saloon of the Leviathan.

PERHAPS you went across on the Leviathan when it was dry—supposedly dry. Then you know what usually happened, especially on the last night out before the ship entered New York harbor.

You remember seeing hundreds of Americans in possession of liquor purchased in French or British ports. Of course you were merely an onlooker. It was the last night to drink. There was no place for the serving of drinks, so the revelers drank in their staterooms, in the corridors, on the decks. They didn't want to throw anything overboard. They wanted to drink it all. Men and women forgot conventions, forgot breeding, forgot everything, even their husbands and wives. There were singing and fighting and petting. Men and women fell asleep on deck, bottle in hand. The stewards carried drunken men and women into their rooms and dumped them there—that was all they could do. But the drinking went on, until the last sad bottle was emptied.

Some time ago a group of W. C. T. U. delegates sailed on the Leviathan, bound for a conference in Stockholm. They noticed a steady parade of stewards, bearing cracked ice and ginger ale, marching into a stateroom near theirs, and one of the dry ladies complained to the captain.

"I'm afraid there's nothing I can do," the captain said. "A man can drink in his stateroom on this ship precisely as he can in his home. I have no power either to kick in his cabin door to find out if he is drinking or to seize his liquor if I find that he is drunk."

There were many ways in which liquor found its way on to the dry Leviathan. Passengers could bring it aboard in their luggage, or have Southampton or Cherbourg liquor dealers send it in packages marked "antiques," or "French lace," or "English curios." Members of the crew sometimes brought it aboard. In New York bootleggers would put it in trunks and suitcases and leave it where it would be safe. Some of the stewards would help the bootlegger, and get a commission on whatever they sold.

Friends of the passengers would come aboard and hold wild parties in the cabins before the boat sailed—especially when the ship was scheduled to sail at midnight. Everybody got drunk at these farewell parties—and sometimes the guests went ashore with booze the stewards had brought over from England or France. Sometimes a man or woman got so drunk they didn't wake up in time to get off the ship.

I SAW none of these drunken parties on the Leviathan, either going to France or returning. Perhaps that was because the ship was wet. We all drank thoroughly and delightfully—and publicly.

We drank on the train going to Paris. We drank in Paris. We sat in the Café de la Paix, out on the sidewalk under the trees, and looked for Frenchmen, and didn't see them. There seemed to be nobody around the Place de l'Opéra but Americans. Newsboys walked up and down before the tables crying, "New York and Chicago papers. Where you from?" All the voices one heard were American voices, east, south, west, and north. Paris? It might have been New Orleans—except you couldn't get an "angel's wing."

I may remark in passing that I did some serious drinking in Paris. I left my applejack—what remained of it—at the home of a friend, and he told me about Calvados, which seems to be a sublimated applejack. You drink Calvados straight, and you feel it immediately. It goes buzzing to the head. It is stronger than Jersey juice, but to my mind not so pleasant.

I was introduced to the American drink of Paris, too, incidentally. It is called "the iron workers' cocktail." You take a whisky glass full of Armagnac—which is something similar to Cognac only more potent. You gulp it down, and follow it with a glass of French beer. What a wallop!

I had some "Ole's" in a Montparnasse dive. I don't know what it is. After the third drink you don't care what it is.

I had champagne cocktails. I had a drink called—and rightly—"the broken leg." I had everything that visitors to Paris are given by their resident friends. I arrived in Paris on Tuesday night, about 10:30. I left the city Thursday morning on the 10:30 boat train. During the interim I had two hours' sleep.

Yet when the tender brought us to the Leviathan that afternoon I felt fresh and invigorated. I had left Mr. M. in the Ritz bar in Paris, and the others of our group had gone to Zelli's. But I was content to be back on the Leviathan and on the way to New York.

In New York we have a sort of etiquette about drinking. We go to a friend's home, or he comes to ours, and the first thing the host says—it is almost a ritual—is, "I'll buy a drink." We take what we are offered. We smack our lips, or try our best to smack them. We say, "This is sure good stuff. What is it? Where'd you get it?" Nobody ever thinks of refusing a drink. That would be a grave discourtesy, an actual insult. We praise each other's bootleggers, and it doesn't matter whether we're sincere or not. If we recover the next day we are

thankful. If we don't—well, we didn't expect to anyway.

There is a sort of etiquette too in Paris and London to be observed by American travelers visiting friends. We put ourselves in our friends' hands. "You know the ropes, Buck," we say. "You name it." We drink what our friends think best for us. We drink where they say.

But on the boat there is neither any sort of drinking etiquette nor any ceremonial. And one makes friends of those who drink as he does.

Seymour Lowman, Asst. Secretary of the Treasury and chief enforcer of prohibition.

We started drinking beer at our table on the return trip. But the beer gave out before the voyage was half over. Likewise the ale and the stout. So we drank what liquor was left. We decided the Leviathan ought to send a questionnaire to each prospective passenger before taking his money.

The questions would be skillfully devised to bring out the passenger's liquor preferences, his holding capacity, and his reaction to various drinks. Thus if a man admitted he could drink but two bottles of beer or two snifters of rye before breaking out into Frankie and Johnny, he could be refused passage, and some good old tanker who could sit and drink all night would be given his cabin. By using such a questionnaire, the ship would always have on hand enough liquor to supply each passenger—and only the good drinkers would be allowed to drink.

P. & A. photos

Com. H. A. Cunningham, the Leviathan's captain.

ON the homeward journey there were five men at our table, and one of them, a New York lawyer, Mr. J., began by saying that alcohol was bad for the system!

I asked if he had read Dr. Lubbock's new book. He had never heard of Dr. Lubbock. Well, neither had I, but I quoted him anyway. I proved by him that alcohol, taken in moderate quantities, was extremely beneficial for man and beast. I impressed the lawyer so much he agreed to drink some of my champagne. From then on, one of us was buying champagne most of the time. Later I intrigued Mr. J. into sampling gin rickeys, rum toddies, whisky sours, dry Martinis, and other thirst appeasers. And he became a first-rate drinking companion.

Joseph E. Sheedy, executive vice president United States Lines, Inc.

This crowd of Americans, however, was a poor drinking crowd. The steward explained this. He said that, like most Americans, these people had spent so much time drinking in Europe that they weren't enthusiastic about it any more. They had become accustomed to having whatever they wanted. Their memories of speak-easies and bootleggers had become blunted. Booze wasn't any treat to them now.

THE wine steward complained one night that he had sold only three highballs and two bottles of wine in the dining room.

I wondered what these people would do on the last night. I remembered the last night on the De Grasse, with everybody sitting up until the bar closed, and then going soberly—well, more or less soberly—to their rooms to pack and sleep.

I remembered several heavy drinkers on that boat—drunk every night, loud-mouthed, disorderly — one of them crying out again and again that his father had wanted him to be a doctor but he had wanted to become a writer, and he was sorry now, because if he were a doctor he could prescribe whisky for himself all the time.

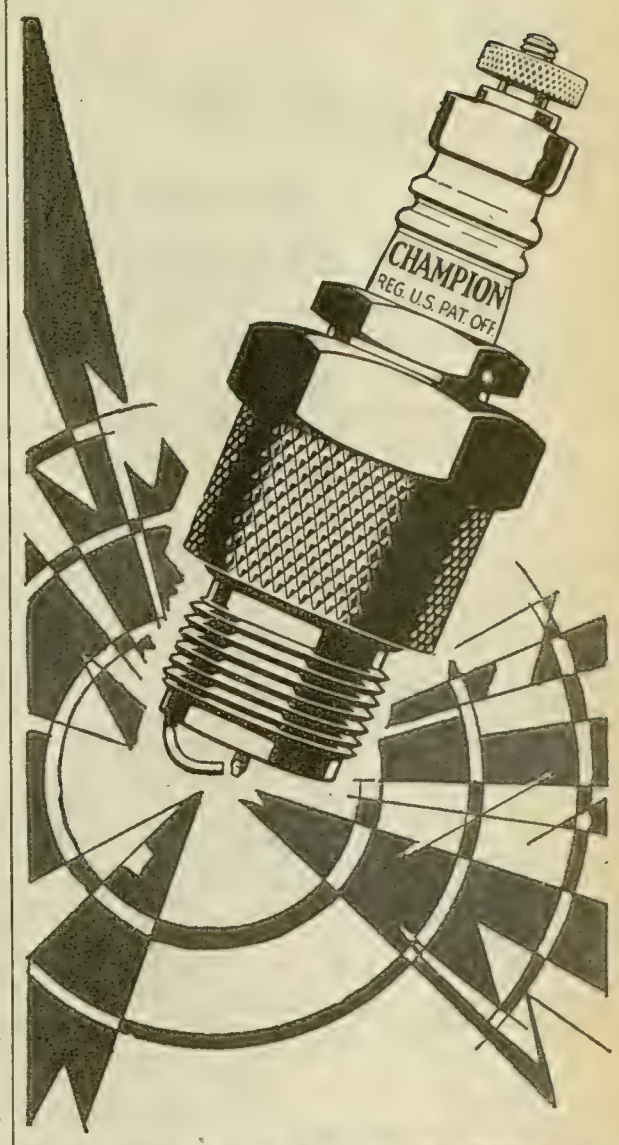
There had been no loud drunks on the Leviathan's eastward passage. I wondered if I would see any on its voyage west—especially on the last night. I didn't.

There was plenty of champagne at the captain's dinner—a colorful thing, with everybody wearing funny paper caps and tossing balloons and blowing whistles—and plenty of brandy and liqueurs afterwards. But not a soul did I see reeling toward his stateroom.

We played cards in the smoking room every night after the movies and the dance. We talked. We listened or bid while the auction was going on. We drank. We ate sandwiches served on a large platter. We ate pretzels. But nobody got drunk. Liquor was the least important thing on board. Even when the beer ran out nobody complained. Not much, anyway.

We didn't drink half so much as we did going to Cherbourg. We didn't think of it so much. We went in more for golf and tennis and the other deck games. We walked more. We stayed out on deck and looked at the moon and the stars—something we hadn't thought of doing on the voyage over.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



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Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

[DRINKING ON THE ATLANTIC Continued from page thirty-three]

It was hard to believe. Here were some 300 Americans going back to God's country, and they weren't trying to drink the ship dry before it landed. What was the matter? There were no parties in the rooms. There were no stewards hurrying down the corridor with trays full of cocktails. There were only some 300 people having a wonderful time on an American ship.

"But on the last night afloat," I said to myself, "this will change—when these people realize they are within a few hours of New York gin and bootleg whisky, there's bound to be a change."

So I drank—when I thought of drinking—and waited.

I didn't get up to the smoking room that last night, the night of June 25, until nearly midnight. I had been walking the promenade deck with Mr. J., and he was so interesting, and so interested in what he was saying, that neither of us thought of having night-caps.

WE parted way down on D deck, and I was about to go to my stateroom and pack when I remembered the smoking room. I wasn't going to miss the sight of the debauchery I expected to find.

I went hurriedly up the stairs. I saw no one but the stewards. They seemed sleepy. The ship was deserted.

That, I thought, meant that everybody but Mr. J. and me were at wassail. I went forward along the carpeted corridor on C deck, up the stairs to B deck, and up another flight to A deck.

Still nobody in sight. And no sounds of revelry.

I entered the smoking room, and the silence smote me painfully. The place was empty, I thought. No, there was a little group of people in one corner. They had been drinking champagne. I recognized a friend in the group and he invited me over.

"I'll buy a drink," I said.

"No, thanks," said my friend.

"No, thanks," said all the others in chorus.

WE sat talking until perhaps twenty minutes after 12, talking about a man who had broken down in his Ford automobile somewhere in Arabia and who had lost his letter of credit—worth $250.

At 12:20 I said, "Let's have a night-cap."

"No, thanks," said my friend.

"No, thanks," said the others in chorus.

And so we all got up and yawned and went downstairs to our rooms.

The customs inspector found a flask in one of my bags the next morning, but he didn't care whether it was empty or full. I had forgotten it was there.

I put it in a bureau drawer when I arrived home. I still don't know whether it's empty or full. It doesn't matter.

THE END

Next Week

HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA

Frederick Palmer

The first article of a series on liquor control and prohibition across the border.

By

FREDERICK PALMER

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the geographic name of the Holy Land?
2—After the Vice President, who is first in line of succession to the Presidency?
3—What is a hydrometer?
4—What nations are called the A B C Powers?
5—How many players on a cricket team?
6—What is *carte blanche?*
7—What is common to the names Luzon, Mindoro, and Mindanao?
8—What is a posthumous child?
9—What was Elysium, in classical mythology?
10—What explosive was invented by Alfred Bernhard Nobel, donor of the Noble prizes?
11—With what is the name Gobelin identified?
12—Who was Paul Laurence Dunbar?
13—According to the Bible, who commanded the sun to stand still?
14—What is the capital of Alaska?
15—What United States President served two nonconsecutive terms?
16—What famous soprano was called the Swedish Nightingale?
17—Who is the only Negro member of Congress?
18—What bodies of water are connected by the Suez Canal?
19—What is the salary of a member of the President's Cabinet?
20—How many senators comprise the United States Senate?

(Answers will be found on page seventy)

Two Kinds of Love

Menjou's First Talkie and Dolores del Rio in Evangeline

A Page of Movie Reviews by

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

WHEN the chatter drama captured Hollywood, three movie musketeers made a last desperate stand. The three were Emil Jannings, Lon Chaney, and Adolphe Menjou. Jannings went back to Germany. Chaney still is belligerently silent. The microphones trapped Menjou.

The first articulate film of the suave Frenchman from Pittsburgh is Fashions in Love, which was called The Concert when it was a spoken play by Hermann Bahr played by the late Leo Ditrichstein.

Fashions in Love is the story of an amorous concert pianist who is adored by all women and understood by one—his wife. His wife ministers to his needs and guards him like a child. That is, until the adulations stir him once too often into running away with a little blonde to a mountain cabin. Just as the pianist is beginning to realize anew all the discomforts of a grand passion, the wife and the blonde's husband arrive. What happens then you will have to see for yourself.

The comedy is rather neatly directed by Victor Schertzinger, even if it was rushed through in twelve days. The film first was intended for Herr Jannings, but the German balked. So the urbane Mr. Menjou was hurried into the part.

I can remember when The Concert was looked upon as pretty sophisticated and not a little shady. Its infidelities are far from shocking in these callous days.

Menjou chatters in French (perhaps to discredit the whispers that he was only a shadow Parisian and couldn't speak a word) and he even sings a little theme song.

All in all, Fashions in Love is a smart little screen comedy of the Lubitsch type.

★ ★ ★

"This is the forest primeval—the murmuring pines and the hemlocks," wrote Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, as every old-fashioned schoolboy knows. Director Edwin Carewe has remade the old poetic tragedy of the Acadian lovers, Evangeline and Gabriel, torn apart on their wedding day by brutal British soldiers and cast friendless upon distant American shores. The quest of the banished sweethearts for each other ran through the years—and here it runs through almost two hours of celluloid reproduction.

Dolores del Rio has a typical Lillian Gish rôle in Evangeline, possessor of that immortal affection that "hopes and endures and is patient." She would never be my personal choice for the Acadian girl—and here she appears too heavy on the emotional agony and too light on lending human light and shade to the part.

Director Carewe interprets Evangeline in a series of pretty pictures. But, for all that, Evangeline grows monotonous as the agony piles up. If you like to see the simple verses of your childhood translated to the screen, here is a chance to glimpse a conscientious example. Carewe built and burned the town of Grand Pré and he transported his company to Louisiana for the lower Mississippi scenes.

Miss Del Rio sings during the progress of Evangeline, but otherwise the film is silent. The theme song, by the way, was authored partly by Al Jolson. There isn't a single mammy reference in it.

From left to right are Miriam Seegar, Adolphe Menjou, and Fay Compton in Fashions in Love.

Roland Drew and Dolores del Rio in one of the scenes from the film version of Longfellow's Evangeline.

THE short films have gone talkie, along with the features. Of the many briefer subjects, we recommend Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy in their short comedies (Metro-Goldwyn). These boys are funny a good deal of the time. The rowdy Mack Sennett comedies have acquired a rough bass voice and still pack a loaded slapstick punch. They lack their old mellow satire upon modes and manners, but now the bathing girls talk! Recommended likewise: the Pathé Sportlight, too little on view in big city theaters. Also Walter Futter's entertaining Screen Oddities, ditto. And any and all talking and sound newsreels.

The Hoover administration ought to do something about the animated reels designed to make audiences sing.

Do you know that—

Exteriors for the John McCormack film will be made in Ireland, but John will do his singing at the Fox Hollywood studios? . . . A shake-up has taken place in Our Gang—the kids have grown too big for their parts?

Traffic Jam and

The Story of a Short Course in Courting

By

FAITH BALDWIN

who at the age of six wrote The Deserted Wife, a play, and has since added to her list poetry, short stories, and novels—one coming this fall—but nothing about the war work she did at Camp Upton. She flies with her aviator husband when not busy with her four children—two of them twins.

Pictures by HUBERT MATHIEU

Jane appeared at that moment.

JOHN LAWRENCE HAMILTON was a very good-looking young man. He was as good-looking as female radio listeners imagine their favorite orchestra leader on the air to be. He came of fine and supercilious stock. He had several degrees from American universities and two from European. He was tallish, thirtyish, and darkish. He had no living relatives nearer than cousins and aunts and he was a purist.

That is to say, he loathed slang in all its manifestations. He refused to read modern novels. He eschewed the society of beautiful young women, for he had found to his sorrow that if, by chance, he became attracted by lovely hair, a charming figure, or a pair of gorgeous eyes, the attraction took wings as soon as the possessor of any or all of these graces opened her delightful scarlet mouth.

He had written several articles on the horrors of *argot* and one erudite book. He lived in a small brick house near lower Fifth Avenue and spent most of his indoors time in a large library filled with the choicest collection of sedate and sonorous writers which money can buy.

As Mr. Hamilton was exceptionally eligible he received a great many social invitations. These he refused. He preferred the company of pedantic professors—and elderly ladies who still existed in an age of innocence and whose precise speech, dispensed with fragrant tea, pleased his very sensitive and accurate ear.

Outdoors he was less alarming than indoors. Having a certain amount of original sin or something, being, that is, no more than mortal, he sublimated his energy in violent exercise. He drove a fast car; he wielded a racquet; he swung a golf club; he swam like Leander; and he was an excellent amateur boxer.

When I say he refused to read modern novels I mean he refused to read them for entertainment. Now and then he read them for instruction and slight profit, as a few months ago he was asked by an old classmate of his, the present editor of a very select magazine, to review an occasional work of fiction for the periodical. This he did. And how!

Not long ago a mysterious young woman wrote a small and dashing book entitled Among We Girls. The book purported to be a series of dialogues between young females in different strata of society. Their manners, or lack of manners, their methods, their bait, their varying techniques were in this little tome unblushingly set forth.

The book created a small sensation and much hearty laughter. It sold and sold and sold and the publishers waxed fat. And the critics were superlatively kind.

"As an ironic, yet not malicious, commentary upon American girlhood," wrote the ponderable Mason of the Planet, "this book is unsurpassed. It is witty; it is daring; it is shrewd and wise and sound. It shows great common sense upon the part of the anonymous author that she prefers her name be withheld from the public. Otherwise she is apt to be shot at sunrise. All the men in the United States will rise up and call her blessed for having so brilliantly exposed the native machinations of her own adroit sex to them. What the women think of her is another matter.

"I strongly advise that you buy and read Among We Girls. Particularly, I recommend to your attention the very clever tabulation of approach, gambit, follow through, or what have you which runs through the book—from Park Avenue to the department-store bargain basement—from back stage to Back Bay. The methods vary but little—innocence, to arrest the attention; sophistication, when that attention has been arrested, to give pause; helplessness, to arouse the protec-

Applesauce

Miss Jarvis turned on her pupil with some suspicion.

tive sense; flattery—or as the author terms it, 'applesauce'—to inculcate the necessary superiority complex; and—but read the book yourself, and if you are a man—be warned."

THIS important volume was referred to Mr. Hamilton for review. He, therefore, sat down in his library one cool spring evening and proceeded to read it. That is to say, he attempted to read it, but so many of the terms were alien to him that in order to read it adequately and intelligently he would have been forced to look in a glossary and glossary there was none. But he ploughed doggedly through the small, pert volume and then tossed it aside and sat down to his typewriter.

"This book," wrote Mr. Hamilton in part, "is magnificently unimportant. It is a book for morons. To purchase it is a waste of money; to peruse it, a waste of time. It is silly, cheap, tawdry, and idiotic. The syntax is atrocious, the liberal use of slang phrases offensive. The unknown author would have us believe that the entire young female population of the United States converses—if such a term may be used—in a jargon utterly unintelligible to sane and normal people.

"As to her theme—if the book can be said to possess a theme—it is quite ludicrous and deals with the 'catching' or conquest of men by young women in various walks of life. That any man not an utter idiot could be ensnared by such obvious and tinsel methods is supremely ridiculous."

And more to that effect.

THE review was published, and with it a large full-page photograph of the reviewer, plus a little account of his ancestry, his life, his work, his degrees. And after that happened, the battle began.

The periodical was a weekly, an austere and stern and very intelligent weekly, and the letters of agreement and disagreement began to pour in. Mr. Hamilton himself was excessively puzzled, and as he was quite incapable of answering the majority of these indignant letters he contented himself with allowing his elderly secretary to send out a printed form in reply.

One afternoon on a soft spring day he was driving up Fifth Avenue in his extremely good-looking open roadster, with a vague idea of getting out of town as fast as was Whalenly possible and spending the evening on the country roads.

Came the dawn of a traffic jam. Mr. Hamilton sat idle at his wheel and gazed up Fifth Avenue watching the lights. A taxicab, halted beside him, was so close as to permit but an inch or two between the two cars. This did not distress Mr. Hamilton; he was accustomed to traffic. He did not look to right nor to left.

Now, in that taxicab there sat a superlative girl. She looked about seventeen years old. She was irreproachably clad in a jaunty tweed coat and skirt, in a crêpe de chine blouse, all in a cool shade of beige. From beneath a tight, small, off-the-forehead hat there appeared short and curling tendrils of red-brown hair. And the eyes she fastened upon Mr. Hamilton's stern, handsome profile were also red-brown, the color of prewar sherry. She had a small and slightly impertinent nose, a skin of basic strawberries and cream, and a red and laughing mouth, lip-sticked into astonishing scarlet. She also had a small and incautious dimple near that mouth.

"Holy stepfather of Peruvian catfish!" said the superlative girl, or something very like it.

She timed it to a hair's breadth. She opened the door; she stepped out; she did a sort of undignified scramble, displaying what were possibly the prettiest legs in six

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TRAFFIC JAM AND APPLESAUCE
Continued from page thirty-seven]

counties, and she projected herself into the vacant seat beside Mr. Hamilton just as, in obedience to the lights, his car shot forward.

So did her deserted taxi. The taxi driver had observed nothing, but as he, too, mechanically shifted his gears, preparatory to making a permitted turn, he chanced to gaze down on the seat beside him and saw that it contained a lonely dollar bill. He twisted his bull neck to observe his passenger and saw that she was not among those present. He scratched his head. His meter showed the sum of thirty-five cents owing. He laboriously subtracted this from one dollar, and snapping up his metal flag to a bright and conspicuous position, went contentedly on his way.

Now and again in the course of that day's work he wondered what had become of his fare.

"She couldn't have fallen through or out," mused the taxi driver, "and she didn't hop off to gyp me—she left the buck. . . . Well, damifino!" concluded Mr. Markowitz philosophically.

TO return to the superlative girl at the moment of her descent upon Mr. Hamilton's sage-green upholstery.

"Pretty nifty landing," she observed, and complacently rearranged her scant beige skirt.

Mr. Hamilton was much taken aback. Wild thoughts of bobbed-hair bandits, Chicago gunmen, Rothstein, and hold-ups flashed through his mind. He kept on driving automatically.

"Well, Big Boy," said his companion amiably, "thanks for the buggy ride. You see, I had to leave my taxi in a hurry and you looked sort of lonesome."

This nauseating speech was made through the medium of an entirely beautiful voice. Mr. Hamilton looked—and looked again. Rarely, if ever, had he observed so pretty a girl save from the safer side of the footlights. On the third look he decided that she was extremely young.

"May I ask to what mischance I am indebted?" he began, but his passenger interrupted with a gurgle of girlish mirth.

"Tie that outside," she instructed him, "and speak English."

"I was not aware—" he began, disconcerted and nearly crossing on the wrong light.

"Hey, watch your step!" she warned him, and went on. "It's this way, Cyril. I was riding in a taxicab on the way to Grand Central Station. I threw my good eye on my purse and discovered that I didn't have any jack. It wouldn't look so good if I landed in the hoosegow, so I took a chance and hopped off—just like Lindy. Lafayette, we are here."

After a moment Mr. Hamilton gathered that the young lady had come out without money or else had been robbed en route, and that she had, therefore, at risk of life and limb, cheated an honest taxi man out of his legitimate fare, and selected Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Hamilton's car as the next best means of locomotion.

He remarked feebly, "I see . . ." and the young lady turned on him with sudden indignation.

"You don't see at all. Here you sit disapproving of me with a face a yard long—not a bad-looking face, when normal," she said, eying it critically, "in fact, one of the best. Smile. Just once. It won't hurt you, Hubert. Give the little girl a great big grin. Look human. With a pan like that they'd elect you first assistant to the late Tony Comstock. Look here, have you ever been a young girl stranded in a big city with a powder puff and a lip stick and nothing to hock?"

Despite herself—he thought—a little note of anxious and wistful inquiry had crept into this flippant and almost unintelligible speech.

He answered, therefore, with genuine concern:

She timed it to a hair's breadth and projected

"Where are you going? . . . I mean—if you'll allow me to lend you . . . . ?"

"You're a good egg," said the lady gratefully, and Mr. Hamilton shuddered to the core of his being. "But nix on that lending stuff. I wasn't born yesterday. Look here, what are you doing today, if anything? I mean, where are you headed for—if anywhere?"

"WHY," said Mr. Hamilton, "I was going out along the Westchester roads . . ."

"Three rousing cheers," cried the lady. "Let's go! I was headed that way myself before some cross-eyed son-of-a-sea cook nicked me for a ten spot in that blasted hat shop. As long as you're going my way you might as well take me, for," said the lady pensively, "if I don't get back to school tonight there'll be hell to pay, and then some."

Long since they had passed Forty-second Street. Still driving, Mr. Hamilton made bold to inquire:

"School?"

But, of course! Seventeen at the most. One of these flappers he had read about. He began to grow interested. After all, this encounter had not been of his seeking, but as long as it had happened he might as well make the most of it and study the species at close range.

erself into the vacant seat beside Mr. Hamilton.

"School," said the lady cheerfully. "Miss Jarvis'. It's at Westcourt, Connecticut. I've overstayed my week-end—you know, I had to have dental work done," she explained and grinned broadly, exposing a set of absolutely perfect teeth as far as Mr. Hamilton could judge, "so I came down to town and had me a time. Boy!" She sighed reminiscently. "And how! I was supposed to stay with the family, but Miss Jarvis won't know for some time yet that they sailed for Europe a couple of weeks ago. That's why I couldn't ask you to drive me to the ancestral mansion so's I could touch the poppa for a little more jack. Look here—you've nothing on your mind but your hair—drive me to Westcourt like a good boy, and remember before you consent that virtue is its own reward. I hate walking and I don't roller skate."

FROM things he'd read—the more recent being Among We Girls—Mr. Hamilton dimly comprehended that this last speech was delivered in the nature of a warning.

"You're perfectly safe with me," he assured her grimly.

"Oh, don't say that!" cried the girl in sorrowful bitterness. "Any man with your profile hasn't any right to be safe!"

Against his will he smiled.

"Migod!" breathed the unknown devoutly, "your name isn't John Gilbert, is it?"

"John, certainly," said Hamilton. "John Lawrence Hamilton—at your service—but not Gilbert."

He spoke with courtesy. She said aloud, "He doesn't know who Gilbert is!" and relapsed into an amazed silence.

"Oh, yes, he does," responded Mr. Hamilton with a gleam of annoyance. "He is a cinema actor, and, I believe, very popular."

She looked at him with reverence and awe.

"A cinema actor!" she repeated weakly, and added, "Accent on the *sin!*"

"Now," said Hamilton after they had negotiated the worst of the traffic, "suppose you tell me your name?"

"If I do, you won't believe me."

"Why not?"

"It's Smith," said the lady demurely. "Jane Smith. I've been trying to change it ever since I was fourteen."

"That is to say, for two years?"

"More or less," Jane replied casually, "just among we girls."

HAMILTON shuddered.

"Do they instruct in English at Miss Jarvis'?" he wanted to know.

"Oh, English"—she made a light, flowing gesture, and snapped her slender, ungloved fingers—"what's that?"

"What, indeed?" he marveled. "By the way, have you read it?"

"Says which?"

"Read Among We Girls?" he pronounced with distaste.

Miss Smith squealed slightly.

"Of course I've read it," she said scornfully; "everyone has."

"And did you like it?" he pursued.

"It's a knock-out!" she cried with enthusiasm.

He shook his head.

"I'm not as young as I used to be," he told her regretfully, "for I found it exceedingly stupid."

"You mean you couldn't see it for dust?" she translated.

"Well, no—on second thoughts," he replied, considerably astonished, "that's just what I *do* mean!"

"Then for Pete's sake why didn't you say so in the first place? How old are you, anyway, grandpop?"

"Thirty-one," he admitted rather unhappily.

"Run away and sell your papers somewhere else," she chided him; "you don't look a day over twenty-six. Here, take off your hat." And she reached up and snatched the expensive felt from his brow.

"You see?" he asked her, smiling and indicating the silver which brushed his temples.

"Makes you look very distinguished," she pronounced. "One of those Older Men. You know. I've always been keen on Older Men. Pretty hot stuff, sometimes," she added dreamily, "specially the married and misunderstood kind."

"I'm not married," Hamilton assured her, "neither am I misunderstood. Do you mean to tell me," he demanded with genuine indignation, "that a girl of your age—er—er—amuses herself with married men?"

"Whaddye mean—amuse?"

"Flirts, then," he interpreted, somewhat crimson.

"Flirts!" She laughed outright. "Boy, you're back in the times of the gracious queen. Sure I give 'em a whirl—a man's still a man even if he's hogtied, isn't he?" she demanded.

"Hogtied?"

"Well, married, then! For weeping audibly—haven't you learned to talk yet or are you still in the bowwow, choo-choo stage?" she demanded irritably.

She searched in her hand bag and, producing a cigarette case and lighter, asked pleasantly:

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[TRAFFIC JAM AND APPLESAUCE
Continued from page thirty-nine]

"Join me in a blindfold test?"

"What?"

"Beautiful," she mused sorrowfully, "but dumb. Very dumb. Likewise deaf. What I mean to say, Egbert, is this—will you have a cigarette or must you be excused for not smoking?"

"Thanks," said Hamilton; "I'll have one, if you don't mind."

"Why should I mind?" she asked in astonishment. "Here, I'll light it for you. Wet or dry?" she concluded, but as he glanced at her in puzzled bewilderment she laughed aloud, and lighting two cigarettes at one and the same time, stuck one of them between his lips.

"There. Draw on that and you'll feel better. Baby! I don't care if we never get to Connecticut!"

They passed Yonkers and presently a more unfrequented road and Hamilton was able to give less attention to his driving and more to Jane. She lay back against the leather, smoking furiously and with great contentment. He asked, amazed:

"Do they permit you to smoke at Miss Jarvis'?"

—"Be your age," she responded kindly. "Of course not. But what does that signify in a great big beautiful world?"

After a while he inquired parentally:

"I suppose you know that you are taking a great risk to—to precipitate yourself upon a complete stranger in this fashion?"

Jane looked at him with limpid eyes.

"I knew I could trust you," she sighed innocently.

Mr. Hamilton despite himself felt a slight throb of pleasure.

DURING that ride into the country he learned a good deal about boarding schools and boarding-school pupils in general. He inquired very seriously about curriculum and other affairs which appeared Greek to Miss Smith. But about herself she was not reticent. She was born, she said, of wealthy but dishonest parents, and had gone through three schools already in three years—by advice of the faculty. He learned that she hated clams, liked oysters and Bacardi, adored musical comedies and O'Neill, and that her favorite authors were Hugh Walpole, Ethel M. Dell, and the unknown gentleman who wrote the Arabian Nights. Green, she said, was her best evening color, and beige and blue her daytime choice. She disliked reptile shoes and hand bags, loved dogs and horses, had played polo at Aiken during a short boarding-school session in that pleasant town, could negotiate the swan dive and the jackknife, liked Vienna better than Paris, and had never learned to spell.

Twice, so interested he became, they took the wrong turning. And some time before they reached Westcourt the long summer dusk had closed in.

"Johnnie," said Jane seriously, "I'm so hungry that my stomach is asking if my throat is cut. Let's stop and snatch a little food. I suppose you can pay for it? If not, leave your watch for security, because ladies must eat."

"Won't Miss Jarvis worry?"

"Possibly. What of it? Worry's good for the figure. But I'm thin enough. It's all right to eat cigarettes to preserve the girlish form and schoolgirl complexion, but I crave a tenderloin and some hashed in cream."

Presently they drew up to a rather nice white Connecticut inn set back from the road. An excellent jazz orchestra was tuning up as they parked their car and went in. As Hamilton busied himself about getting a table Jane went to the dressing room and proceeded to do things with her lip stick and powder puff. After which she drew considerable money out of her purse and thoughtfully cached it in her stocking top. "I don't think he'll see it," she mused, "the dear innocent—not that far up!"

Then, procuring some change, she proceeded to telephone.

Returning to the dining room she found he had secured a table on the dance floor and after they ordered she looked at him commandingly.

"You're the cream in my coffee," she told him to the strains of that popular classic.

"I'm afraid," he said, smiling, "you think rather sour cream?"

"Bravo!" she applauded. "No, honestly, I think you're pretty sweet. Just on the turn, maybe. Come on, let's hoof."

"But I don't—"

"Of course you do; I'll help you. It's just walking to music, with a kick thrown in for good measure," she told him.

AND presently he found himself circling the shining floor with Jane close, very close, in his arms. A rather pleasant sensation, he discovered to his amazement.

"Oh," said Jane in a small voice, "you've deceived me. You've done me wrong, Clarence, you dance beautifully."

Returning to their table, she evidenced a schoolgirl appetite which she interrupted or enhanced at intervals by jumping up and demanding, "Just once around—my coffee's too hot to drink."

It was 10 o'clock before he drove her up to the wide front doors of Miss Jarvis' school.

"I—I'd like to see you again," he said as he got out and stood there beside her in a wide circle of light.

"Well," said Jane gayly, "calling days are Sundays and Wednesdays at three o'clock. Just ask for me and send up your card." She stopped and surveyed him. "Really, Johnnie," she breathed, a little agitated, "you're a knock-out and you have the makings of a real human being if you'd ever get wise to yourself."

She reached up suddenly, after a cautious look around her, and pulled his tall head down to hers. Standing on tiptoe she kissed him—a fleeting and—he could have sworn—unexperienced kiss. "Thanks," she said, as she had said earlier, "thanks for the buggy ride," and disappeared into the wide portals of the institution of learning.

Hamilton stood there, dazed, yet extraordinarily lighthearted.

He didn't go home that night. The next day was Wednesday. He returned to the inn, sent a bell boy out for a toothbrush and a clean collar, and spent the night in a scented chintz bedroom.

So this was the American Flapper!

"Too young," warned Hamilton's heart with a slight sigh, "far too young for you. . . ."

The next day at 3 he sent up his card by a parlor maid and asked to see Miss Jane Smith.

Miss Smith received him in the library. She wore a dark blue serge dress and white collars and cuffs. She looked younger than ever and prettier. Her short hair was brushed severely and her mouth was guiltless of rouge. Yet it was red enough to set a man's heart beating.

"So soon?" asked Miss Smith, smiling.

"I—I didn't want to drive back last night," he told her, "and I thought I'd call to inquire if you had recovered from our trip."

"I'm all here," she told him.

She sat in a high-backed chair in the corner of the attractive and quiet library. Outside the windows girls strolled in twos and threes, looked in casually and giggled, and passed on. Mr. Hamilton began to feel a little nervous.

"Do—do we have to talk with all that audience back stage?" he inquired.

"I'm afraid so," said Miss Smith and grinned at him cheerfully. "You can't even hold my hand," she said.

"I didn't mean . . ."

"But don't you want to?"

"You're darned tooting I do!" Mr. Hamilton responded earnestly, the same being a phrase he had picked

up from Miss Smith on the previous day.

Miss Smith chuckled. Then she said tentatively:

"I think I could arrange a series of Saturday dental appointments."

And so it happened that every Saturday for three Saturdays Mr. John Lawrence Hamilton met Miss Jane Smith at a hotel not far from Grand Central Station, and met her as all boarding-school girls are met—under the clock—and took her for luncheon, and then to a frivolous matinee, and found to his amazement that his delicate ear was becoming blunted and only his eyes recorded—and so pleasurably—his opinion of Miss Smith and her conversation, because slang in so scarlet a mouth, uttered with so bewitching an eye-accompaniment became, even to the purist, the most enticing form of speech possible. And slang was expressive—very. . . .

ON the third Saturday she stayed over for dinner—how she had managed that he didn't know—and as it lacked a couple of hours to train time she proposed that instead of sitting through part of a motion picture or staring at each other in the lobby of a hotel, she go home with him to his house where they could talk quietly.

"But, Jane," he protested feebly, "that isn't done. I mean—"

"Oh, I know what you mean!" She looked at him in indignation and annoyance. "Johnnie, when will you wake up? Look here, don't you trust yourself with me?"

"Of course I do!" he answered with equal indignation, although in one sense, he didn't—quite.

"Well, don't you trust *me?*" she inquired impishly.

Mr. Hamilton blushed and led her to a taxicab. A little later they were seated in his library enjoying a cigarette and a liqueur to the wild amazement and horror of the austere man-servant who had been with Mr. Hamilton for years.

On the desk she touched the typewriter thoughtfully, and picked up from a small near-by bookstand a copy of Among We Girls.

"Still your pet hate?" she wanted to know.

"Well, it's hardly literature," he defended himself.

"But it's life," said Jane quite seriously.

"Perhaps," he admitted. "I didn't think that human beings conversed in that stenographic jargon. You've convinced me that they do. But I still contend that a nice girl doesn't make use of the methods indicated by the author to . . ."

"Get her man? And are there any?"

"Are there any *what?* Jane, you have a mind like a grasshopper!"

"Check. Are there any nice girls?" she demanded.

"One, anyway," he answered, smiling. She looked so pretty and so desirable against the background of his severe book-laden walls. And a spring

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

what a whale of a difference just a few *strides* make . . .

Yes . . .

and what a whale of a difference just a few **cents** *make*

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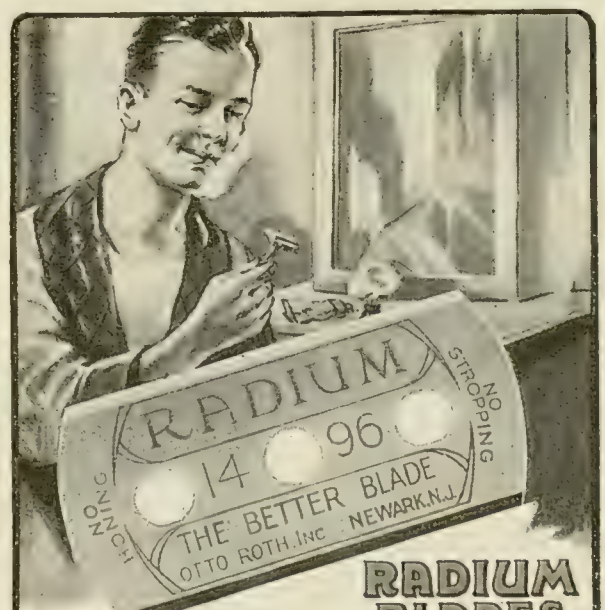

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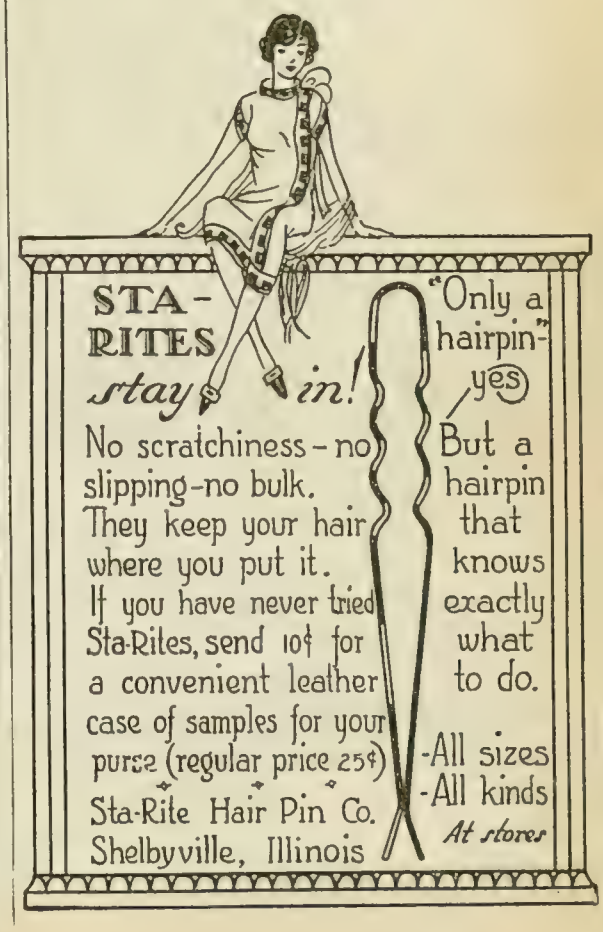


[TRAFFIC JAM AND APPLESAUCE
Continued from page forty-one]

wind sang of summer at the window. This house was on a city street, yet he could have sworn he smelled lilacs and the silver perfume of a new moon.

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning you," he agreed.

After a while she said in a small voice:

"But I'm not so very nice after all—if you only knew . . ."

Of course, thought Hamilton, there were other men. Boys, certainly. College youngsters. And he'd heard of necking parties. The term was disgusting. If she were going to confess—he didn't want her to. He said violently:

"I don't want to know. Look here, Jane, I'm going to get a taxi and take you to the station. You've no business being here!"

"Well," she said docilely and rose. But somehow he rose, too, and somehow she was in his arms.

After a minute he let her go, and with her went all his precise and measured speech:

"I'm crazy about you," said John Lawrence Hamilton, "and you're nothing but a kid, and I've no right to . . . Get out of here, Jane Smith!" he ordered sternly, "and get out quick!"

He hadn't called the taxi. He hadn't done anything. But Miss Smith turned and walked from the room and down the stairs. He heard her go and he made no move to stop her. He was thirty-one. And she was a school kid.

A day or so later one of the smarter New York weeklies appeared, and in it there was a little sketch entitled Profile of a Purist.

In the ordinary course of events Mr. Hamilton would not have seen it, but his friend, the editor of the sterner weekly, sent it around to him by messenger and on the marked page he had put a large question mark in blue pencil.

There was no doubt of the sparkling malice of the sketch. No doubt of the person at whom it was aimed. It was devoted to Mr. Hamilton's criticism of Among We Girls and to a criticism of Mr. Hamilton himself. It described with bitter fidelity his physical characteristics, his pedantry, his ignorance, as the author put it, of his own existence. And only one person in the world, thought Hamilton blankly, knew as much about him as the unsigned author of the article.

TODAY was not Sunday nor yet Wednesday. He flung himself into his car and managed to arrive—with a ticket—at Westcourt in the shortest possible time. He drove in a rage. She had had no right! When he arrived at Westcourt he demanded Miss Smith, and he demanded her at once. The parlor maid showed him into the deserted library and informed him that Miss Smith was in class. This infuriated him all the more. In class! She was in a class by herself, he told himself grimly.

He'd forgiven her her featherbrain. He'd forgiven her her hideous murdering of the English language. He'd forgiven her everything because he was crazy about her, but he couldn't forgive her her dishonesty. She'd told him that nowadays girls had a code—a code of honor. Well, he didn't believe it any more.

Miss Jarvis appeared, a handsome gray-haired woman, and made herself known.

"Mr. Hamilton?" asked Miss Jarvis inquiringly. "You wish to see . . . ?"

"One of your pupils, madam," he interrupted with set teeth, "a Miss Smith—Jane Smith!"

Miss Jarvis looked bewildered.

"Pupil?"

Jane appeared at that moment, blue-serged and demure. At the sight of Mr. Hamilton she had the grace to blush.

Miss Jarvis turned on her pupil with some suspicion.

"Jane?" she inquired, but Jane said hastily, "It's all right, Aunt Nita—Mr. Hamilton has come to see me on business."

"Oh," said Miss Jarvis, and swept out after a gracious word or two.

"Look here," said Hamilton hoarsely. "I've read that rotten article. I suppose you meant me to. Nice prig you've made me out. I'll be the laughingstock of New York!"

"Johnnie," said Jane, "I wrote it after—after I'd seen you that first time. Later, I tried to stop it. *Please* believe me, Johnnie."

There were actually tears in her eyes. She said, after a moment of heavy silence:

"That review. It made me so—so mad. I—I—wrote Among We Girls, Johnnie. I couldn't sign my name, but I wrote it. And your review! I—I saw you that day my taxi was parked beside your car. I knew you from your pictures, so—I did what I did. I had plenty of money, Johnnie . . ."

HE was staring at her, unable to frame a sentence of blasting scorn, when a little girl with blonde hair dashed in.

"Oh," said the little girl, "I'm sorry, Miss Smith."

"That's all right, Eva. What is it?" asked Jane.

"Nothing—just about my theme in English B," said Eva, staring with whole-hearted admiration at Mr. Hamilton.

"I'll see you after the ten-o'clock period tomorrow," said Jane. "Come to my room."

And Eva with a backward glance of adoration at Miss Smith departed.

"Who," said Mr. Hamilton viciously, "who the hell are you, anyway?"

"I—" replied Jane meekly, "I'm Miss Jarvis' niece. I teach English here. I graduated from Smith two years ago. I—I never was expelled from any school. I haven't any parents—only Aunt Nita."

He gawped. No other word expressed it.

"I can't help looking young," said Jane. "I'm twenty-four. I—I really do teach English, Johnnie, rather well. I really can speak it. I wrote that ridiculous book because—well, it's a true book," cried Jane defiantly. "Girls do talk that way. Girls do get their men that way. Of course, I couldn't let my name go on the book. No one knows I wrote it except the publishers and an editor or two, and Aunt Nita. She disapproved, of course. I suppose she thinks you're from the publishers. . . . Johnnie, please forgive me? I was just angry and a little hurt. You did call me such names!"

"You've certainly made a fool of me," he acknowledged briefly.

"I meant to!" she cried. "I meant to make you realize— Oh, what difference does it make!" said Jane. "You've had your revenge, haven't you?"

"I don't quite see that," he told her shortly.

After all, she lived up to the code she had preached to him, a code of honesty.

"But don't you see," she cried, "that I've fallen in love with you!"

He looked at her wet brown eyes and at her shaking red mouth and he saw. And he reached out his arms and took her in them and kissed her very soundly. And she laughed a little and cried a little, and he said after an interval:

"I suppose I'll have to forgive you. You see, I love you so much. You've converted me to a lot of things. But you must admit that you didn't follow the methods of your funny little girls in your funny little book."

"No, of course I didn't!" said Jane, wide-eyed but smiling secretly.

But he didn't notice. He was saying rapturously:

"We'll be married as soon as school is over. How simply absurd to think of you teaching school, you ridiculous darling person! And we'll go abroad. You'll like Oxford, Jane. We'll go to Oxford."

"I'll like it very much," she told him happily.

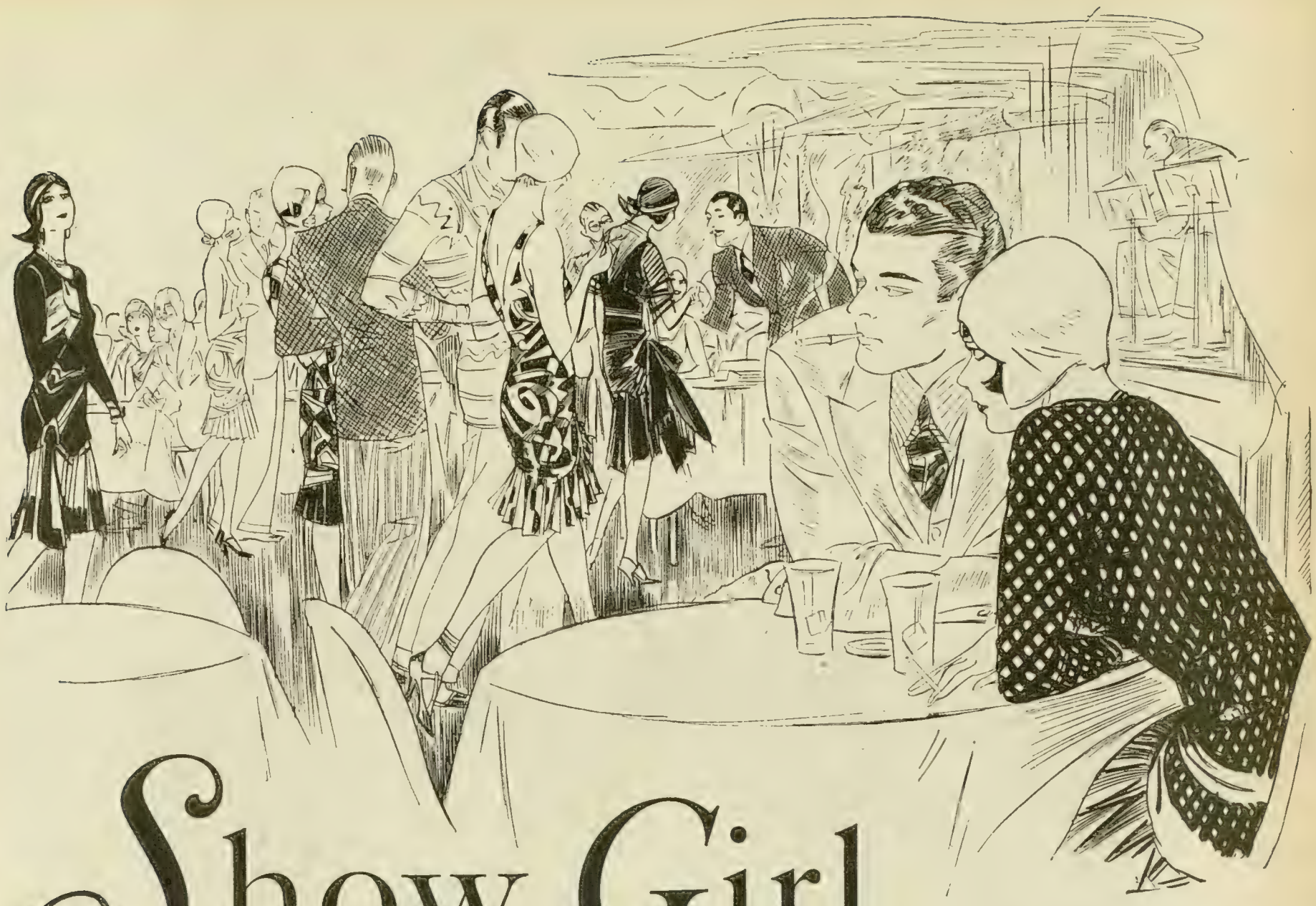
Mr. Hamilton, purist, looked down at her anxiously.

"That doesn't sound like you, Jane," he said seriously. "It isn't like you at all. Are you sure you love me? *Do* you love me, darling? Will you marry me?"

"And how!" replied Jane devoutly.

"That's better," said Mr. Hamilton.

THE END



JIMMY and I had a table where we could watch all the stars and the near stars and the former stars.

Show Girl in Hollywood

A New DIXIE DUGAN Adventure

By

J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by J. H. STREIBEL

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT: Dixie Dugan is in Hollywood, down to her last ten dollars. Colossal Films didn't take up her optional contract. In the meantime, however, she has passed some pleasant times with Kirk King, a producer; Fritz Buelow, Colossal director; Mickey, a song writer; and has made up with her sweetheart, Jimmy Doyle, a scenario writer. Unknown to Dixie, an old admirer, Jack Milton, is interested in a big movie merger.

PART EIGHT

READY FOR THE BALLYHOO

HELLO, diary. No news for you today. No work from Colossal. No jobs. Nothing but a letter from Le Dernier Chic wanting to know when I'm going to pay for those dresses. Now if I knew that, diary, wouldn't I be smart? They'll all be coming down on me as soon as they hear Colossal didn't take up my option. As soon as I came out here all the shops were crawling into my lap. Sure, honey, we want you to have anything you want. We know you're going to be a big star and we want you to be with us. You don't have to pay for it now. It's all right. Well that was just dandy, diary. And I went plumb loco. Oh, well, they can't hang you. I only hope they don't come in here and start seizing things. I wouldn't even have a coat of tan.

Mickey sent me a cute new song yesterday. A new theme song for a comedy called Chiropractic Papa. He's been awfully cute, diary, taking me out to dinner and trying to get me a job. Although why you wanta work in this madhouse, he says, I don't know. And I says to him, you get me wrong, Mickey. When I came out here I wanted to work for fame; now I just want a job for eats. He's doing swell out here. And he's sore as the devil. He's been eating his heart out to get back to Times Square. So the last few weeks he wrote the worst stuff he could think of. And believe it or not, it went over with a yip! So they took up his option and now he's got to stay here nine more months. Here's Chiropractic Papa, diary. The verse starts like this:

Sufficient I've been getting-oh
Of many kinds of petting-oh—
I've tried it græco-roman style and other ways galore.
I've had the gay and ginful kind
The sinuous and sinful kind
But none could neck
Enough to wreck
My cool esprit de corps;
But, oh, the thrill
That warmed my chill
Platonic pneumogastric
When my matter-of-fact-ic
Chiropractic

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page forty-three]

Papa got gymnastic
I entertained emotions no girl should be denied,
Though many times a bridesmaid, but never yet a bride.

And here's the chorus:

Oh, chiropractic papa!
I love your sinful digits,
For when they steal along my keel
I get conniption figits.
Chiropractic papa!
Take me for your own,
And you may play my vertebræ
Just like a zyllaphone

Dear Diary: Lunch today with Jimmy at the Montmartre. Sidewalks outside door lined up with tourists saying ah! and ooh! There goes Dolores del Rio. There goes Marion Davies. But I didn't hear the excited mob yell, there goes Dixie Dugan! Well, they will, damn 'em.

Jimmy and I had a table over in the corner where we could watch all the stars and the near stars and the former stars waving at each other or snubbing each other. Each one trying to be the most popular. And the little baby stars bouncing in and out in Deauville sandals, tennis socks, and batik skirts with panties to match — Alice White and Sue Carol and Sally O'Neill and Nancy Carroll and Lupe Velez—there's a hot little bimbo, diary—and, of course Gary Cooper and Conrad Nagle and Alan Hale, who looks like a big iceman we used to have, and George Bancroft with that permanent wave curl on the back of his neck—I could like him in a big way. And not very far away a round table of Colossal supervisors and directors. Jimmy used to lunch with them, but now they got a new writer from the East. They always fete 'em before they give 'em the works, Jimmy says. The condemned man ate a hearty breakfast. I asked Jimmy if he was still doing Eskimo songs for the Rin-tin-tin epic. And he said, no, they had put him on Sinning Lovers doing dialogue for the Babylonian sequence.

Just then Lola Krunch, one of the big local movie chatterers, stopped at the table and spoke to Jimmy. He introduced me and she introduced a woman who was with her. Well, diary, I nearly fell off my chair. Who do you think it was? Hedda Natchova. And I used to be so nutty about her. What a knock-out she was. Only a few years ago, too. I often wondered what became of her.

WE chattered a while, but I was so rattled I don't know what we said. After they passed on Jimmy said, you're going to, of course. I says going where? What? When? To Natchova's house for tea Saturday. Didn't you hear Krunch say she wanted me to come? You get the idea, don't you? And I says, no, being still dizzy, and he says, that's too easy. Natchova's trying to stage a comeback and Krunch thinks I'm in pretty over at Colossal and can do something for her. I suspect Krunch is nicking the lady. That's part of her racket. So she's staging a tea and there's still enough glamour in the Natchova name to make anything she does stand up in the gossip column. It's kind of sad, you know. Five years ago she would have started a panic if she walked in here, and look at her over there now bowing and smiling to everybody. I bet her face aches. Anyway, we'll have tea with her Saturday. Her house will give you a kick. It's as big as Madison Square Garden and just about as homy.

Can you wait till Saturday, diary? I can't hardly. This will be the first really big mansion in Beverly Hills that I've had a chance to get into. We really ought to know how it looks, diary. We might want to take it over some day.

There was a letter wanting to know when I'm going to pay for those dresses.

. . . . .

I'VE just come back from tea at Hedda Natchova's house, and I'm going to try and put it all down, diary, as near as I can remember it.

First there's the house, diary. Enorm! That's all, just enorm. Sits away back in the middle of huge grounds. There was a butler at the door and a maid to take care of your things upstairs and then you come down the marble staircase into a huge living room with a fire burning at one end. You can get sunkist plenty outdoors here in California and still freeze to death in the house. Jimmy was to take me but he got tied up in another one of those damn conferences and couldn't get away. So he called me and told me to go alone.

Natchova was very sweet to me. She didn't remember who I was, but that didn't matter. She didn't seem to know hardly anybody that was there. And they didn't pay any more attention to her. They just sat or stood and speared the cocktails off the trays as they went by. I asked one of the girls who they were. And she said well that dark-haired egg over there is a gag man on the Christie lot. I don't remember his name. And the little blonde is Myra Kelly. She's in the quickies on Poverty Row. But I don't place any of the others. And I says what are they doing here? She says what are you doing? What am I doing? What are we all doing? We're drinking drinks and putting away the tidbits. We'll lap them up until they stop circulating and then we'll go places and do things. Want to meet anybody? And I says sure. And she says well go ahead. Nobody will mind. And if you don't meet them they won't mind either.

So I stood around, first one foot then another, while a couple of dozen girls and men dashed in, grabbed a flock of drinks, and hurried out. Everybody talked to everybody else, but hardly anybody talked to the hostess. She wandered around smiling bravely and trying to find out as delicately as possible the names of those she was entertaining. I guess I must have looked as bewildered as she was, because when it grew dark and there were only a few people left around a tray which they took forcibly away from the Filipino, she came over and sat down beside me. Away off in the corner we could hear a struggle going on over the last of the cocktails and then some doors slammed and it got very quiet.

You'll pardon me, says she very softly, if I don't remember your name. It's Dixie Dugan. A sweet name, says she. Who are you with, Dixie? So I lied bravely. I'm with the Colossal. I've got a five-year contract. Yes, says she, they'd like you. You're young and pretty.

I'll never be as pretty as you were —or are, I mean, catching myself quickly, but not quick enough. So I rattled on. You're beautiful and the way you can act. You used to tear me to pieces. I'm just a little punk alongside of you. It's sweet of you to say that, Dixie. And I says, well, it's true. But I suppose you're awfully tired of having people tell you how wonderful you were—are, I mean. And she took my hand and said, were, Dixie, leave it were.

Then I didn't know what to say so I said, well, you've got a swell lay-out here. I mean you've certainly got a beautiful place. Wonder if I'll ever have a place like this? And she says, sure, you will. You may have this one. And I says, don't be silly. Even if I ever did make enough money to buy a place like this I couldn't keep it up. And she says, that won't stop you. It didn't stop me. I don't know why I'm talking to you like this. I guess it's the drinks. Or maybe it's because I'm just so tired of lying to everybody. And there's something about you sitting here—young and pretty and full of confidence—that reminds me of myself at your age. God, it all looked grand. And it was, too.

YOU know, I used to pretend I didn't hear them in theaters and restaurants and on the street saying, Ooh! There goes Hedda Natchova! Isn't she stunning! But just the same I heard every word of it and I loved it. Now they say, Look! She looks sort of familiar. Who is that? And somebody will say, that's Natchova and then somebody else will say, well, well, I often wondered what became of her. That's how fast you go up and go down in this business.

But you're beautiful, I says, and you can act. Why, compared to all these little squirts that are starring now—why, there just isn't any comparison. And she says, listen, Dixie, they've got one thing I haven't got—youth. They've got young necks and young legs and young eyes. And nice slim, soft, young bodies. And you can't fool the camera when it comes to those things. And that's what they want out here in this business. Youth. Young flesh. And they feed it into the machine and out comes thousands of feet of young eyes and young legs and young bodies. Reels and reels of it.

And that's what people want to see. Men go there and watch them hungrily all evening and then go home and close their eyes when they kiss their wives. And women go there and watch them, too, but they're looking for those first lines around the eyes, or if their arms are getting fat. And aren't they happy when they find what they're looking for! Beginning to look her age, isn't she? And did you notice how fat she was getting in that last picture? Well, she hasn't anything I didn't have. Just lucky, that's all. And I says, Miss Natchova —and she says, you can call me Hedda

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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I must have looked as bewildered as she was, because she came over and sat down beside me.

[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page forty-five]

—and I says, but listen, Hedda, what's all this old stuff? You're still young. And she says I'm thirty-two and in this business if you're over thirty you're older than God. If you're a woman. Men get away with murder. Men always had all the luck. Oh, well, with all this talking stuff coming in I may get a break yet. Lola Krunch was bringing a New York playwright here this afternoon who was going to do a screen play for me with dialog. I had stage experience, you know. He's over at the Colossal lot. I don't remember his name. But he didn't show up. Plenty of others did, though.

Say, didn't I meet him with you at the Montmartre? Sure I did. And I says, do you mean Jimmy Doyle? And she says, Doyle, that's the name. Do you think he could do something for me? And I thought to myself, Jimmy has all he can do doing something for himself.

AND I couldn't help thinking what a cockeyed business this was—where playwrights are doing sound effects for dog stories and former stars are trying to use these same playwrights to help them come back. Everybody lying to everybody else. And then I remembered the lie I told her. So I says listen, Jimmy can't do anything for you. He's just hanging on over there now by his eyebrows. And I told you I had a contract, too. But I'm just a liar. They didn't take up my option, and I haven't got anything.

And Hedda says, you mustn't worry about a little lie. It's all make believe out here and make believe is lying. You see this house. Looks grand, doesn't it? It's a big lie. I could take you through it and show you forty guest rooms that haven't any guests. I locked them up long ago. Couldn't afford the help to keep them dusted.

Come here, I'll show you something. See that big swimming pool? You couldn't swim in it. There isn't any water. There hasn't been ever since the pump in the filter broke down. I can't afford to get it fixed. But I tell everybody I'm installing a new ultra-violet filter. Laugh that off. Why did I have tea today? Because Krunch said she'd bring somebody here who could help me. Another lie. Why do I let all these other people come here to eat and drink and run? Because I'd go mad in this big place all alone. Why don't I sell it and get out then? 'Cause everybody would say poor Natchova had to sell her house. I guess she's all through. Well, we sure had some swell parties up there. Say, are you going over to Lily Whooziz' tonight? She's throwing a big party to celebrate her first starring picture. Oh, everybody'll be there.

I guess you better run along home, Dixie. I'll have Michael take you in the car. Don't mind if he goes rather slow. The tires are not so good.

So that's how I came home, diary. In the big Rolls-Royce with the very thin tires. And I don't know whether it was the cocktails or the swimming pool full of dead leaves or the gloom of that big empty shell of a house on Beverly Hills, but whatever it was I had a lump in my throat all the way home.

. . . . .

(Office of Jack Milton, broker, 67 Wall Street.)

MILTON: Miss Leff? Busy?

MISS LEFF: No, Mr. Milton.

MILTON: Take a few letters, and then see about getting me some transportation to the coast.

MISS LEFF: The coast?

MILTON: Yes, I am going to Hollywood. What would you like for me to bring back to you?

MISS LEFF: Jack Gilbert.

MILTON: If I can't get him, would Novarro do?

MISS LEFF: Did you hear that Hollywood story about the young fellow who told his girl, maybe I can't kiss you like Gilbert, or hug you like Novarro—have you heard it?

MILTON: No, what is it?

MISS LEFF: Well, don't stop me if you've heard it—I want to tell it, anyway—he said to his girl maybe I can't kiss you like Gilbert, or hug you like Novarro, but I can bite you like Rin-tin-tin.

MILTON: Ha! ha! take a note to Goldman, Goldman & O'Brien: "Confirming our understanding on Saturday will leave for coast latter part of week to make preliminary survey of physical properties of list of companies involved. Very truly yours, MILTON.

"P. S. I took five in that bunker—not six."

MISS LEFF: How did you come out Saturday?

MILTON: Oh, the boys got so busy talking about this movie merger they almost spoiled the game, but we all did pretty well after we decided to chuck the discussion and hold it in the shower room. Goldman and I were two down at the turn, but we trimmed them coming back.

MISS LEFF: That's good.

MILTON: Then we had our shower and Scotch and while we were having a rub, we merged Loew, Fox, Colossal, and United Artists.

MISS LEFF: I thought Radio was coming in on it.

MILTON: Fineman didn't get back from the fight out in Chicago—he's got a sweetie out there—so that's why we decided to take in Colossal instead of Radio. If you have a few dollars, you better pick up some of that Colossal common. We'll probably split it up three for one of the new stuff. And, by the way, when you wire to Hollywood for hotel reservation, ask our office out there if they know which outfit Miss Dixie Dugan is working for.

MISS LEFF *(archly)*: As if you didn't know.

MILTON *(confused)*: Ask them anyway, and take a memo to Dillon of Dillon & Fishback: "For your information, the equity and assets as at date of last public statement showed the consolidated balance sheet of Colossal Film Corporation and subsidiary companies, after giving effect to current financing, as prepared by independent auditors, net tangible assets of approximately $71,053,000, an amount equivalent to $5,921 for each $1,000 of notes due April 1st, 1930, and net current assets of $18,743,000.

Very truly yours, MILTON.

"P. S. Do you know where I could pick up a half dozen cases of Bushmill?"

November 5.

Miss Nita Dugan,
439 Flatbush Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

NITA DARLING:

Remember old man Schmalz who ran the del around the corner, and how he used to say, efry day I find more py Jimminy Chrismus oudt? Well, me and Schmalz, especially since I came out here to this land of the leaping lispies. You know, when I first hopped here from New York I sat down in a nest of headlines; Dixie Dugan this and Dixie Dugan that, with pictures taken before and after, and all the movie chatterers telling me I was the cream in their coffee and to button up my overcoat and eat an apple every day. Well, that didn't last. Pretty soon all I got was silence and very little of that.

I was telling Jimmy the other day. What to do I says, what to do—I'm that flabbergasted. And Jimmy says, you've got to come out of your dugout, you're hiding your light under a bushel. Ever hear of the fellow who went away out into the woods and started making mouse traps? Sure, I says, and I always thought he was a sap. Well, sap or no sap, says Jimmy, he became the head man in the mouse-trap industry with branch offices all over the world—and why? I never knew why, I says, just imagine! I don't know why either, says Jimmy, but that's my story and I'm stuck with it. How about a kiss?

So after a while I sort of remembered something and said, we were talking about a mouse trap, or were we? Yes, said Jimmy, and what I started to say before I was so rudely interrupted was this—the fellow who made better mouse traps in the middle of the woods and the world beat a path to his door wasn't doing his stuff in Hollywood. He could make them right on the corner of Hollywood and Highland and nobody would ever find it out unless he had a press agent. So then I said, well, put your arms around me and we'll think it over. And after a while we came to a conclusion, which I think was pretty cute of Jimmy.

You'll have to get some publicity, says Jimmy. People out here don't know you're alive unless they read about you in the local papers. Take Max Reinhardt. Known only in Europe, Asia, Africa, and all points in America east of Mulholland Drive. But he had never had his face in the Montmartre or his name in the Hollywood Daily Citizen, so of course he couldn't amount to anything out here. And he was really on his way back to Salzburg when he got off at Pasadena. And take Morris Gest. No, I says, it's your turn. I took Max Reinhardt.

Well, anyway, says Jimmy, the point is the same—you've got to get some publicity. Get acquainted all over again with the gals in the verb and adjective business out here. Throw a little party for them and the boy friends. What will I use for money? I says. I'm flatter than that. I'll help you, says Jimmy, the darling, and I'll help you get them there, too. I don't know just how I'll do it but I will. It needn't be a big party, just a little get-together and that'll break the ice again. After that, if you cultivate the right ones in the right way you'll find yourself breaking into the local journals of opinion with sufficient regularity to impress such studio executives as can read—and you'd be surprised how many of them can.

So that's on, Nita. Jimmy is taking care of the invitations and is going to help me with the party which I am going to throw up here in my one-room apartment with kitchenette. Refreshments will consist of Scotch and sandwiches, gin and sandwiches, Scotch and gin and, for those who like to talk, just plain Scotch. X marks the spot. Wish you were here.

DIXIE.

Dixie's party produced a number of interesting surprises and a startling climax, which will be told next week.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Even Euclid Doesn't Know

The minister was recounting to his family the tragedy of the excursion boat which upset at the dock, saying that 500 of the excursionists were providentially saved.

"Please, papa," inquired his little daughter, "how many were providentially drowned?"—Mrs. E. Burnham, 813 N. Division St., Appleton, Wis.

A Young Scot

Donald caught his hand in a vase. Father maneuvered and twisted, but the chubby fist refused to budge. Father sternly said:

"Donnie, straighten out your hand and make it small."

The lad replied: "I can't, daddy; I got a penny in it."—(Miss) Mae Whitacre, 137 Oak St., Binghamton, N. Y.

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Vox

Theology and Politics

CHICAGO, ILL.—If you paid the ninny that wrote "The Amazing Pacifist Mind," mark it up as loss and not profit.

He's all right about his fighting policy, but when it comes to ministers and churches he's off his base.

If politics and personal character are not cared for by the minister *from his pulpit*, who on earth is going to do it? Where will things right and wrong be proclaimed if not from the mouth of the minister?

Theology is of no value unless practiced. Under his scheme who will practice it?

If the minister asks for love of fellow men and "peace on earth, good will to men," is it to be supposed that the minister is out of his territory? Well, he isn't, for Christ said those very things and he also said, be temperate.

Because of a lot of saps who don't know when they are well off and haven't enough guts to give up one personal pleasure for the good of the country, are we to hamper our ministers by saying they are out of their territory in aiding the enforcement of something that is a boon—if the American public would only realize it?—*A Minister's Son.*

What You Need Is a Cyclone Trainer

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I read that article by Hugh Fullerton, "A Baseball Marathon—How the Longest Game Was Played."

Well, now that Hugh has told us about the longest game, tell him to tell us about the shortest one. He might cook up something to match that yarn about the two Kansas teams that were playing, when a cyclone wandered their way. It carried the umpire off, and everybody thought that was great.

But then the twister turned its attention to the men on the teams, and picked 'em up and scattered 'em, and then it wrecked the grand stand, and people thought it might be better to call the game off.

What I'm planning now is to hire a hurricane to pick on the invading team, and leave our home team alone.—*Mike.*

But He Got at Adam through Eve

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Yon Yonson seems to be having trouble with his Bible. I see he wrote: "Vox Pop contributors refer to the womenfolks as angels, but where in the Bible is a female angel mentioned?"

Inform Yon that, in most instances, the sex of the angels was not specified. One thing was certain, though—the devil was definitely a man.—*Vo-de-o-oo-oo.*

Slaves Only Work When You Make 'Em

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I am a young man trying hard to make a living in the Vertical City, and finding it tough sledding. Naturally I like to read any article that adds to my self-esteem, and that's why "We Aristocrats," by Harper Leech, pepped me up.

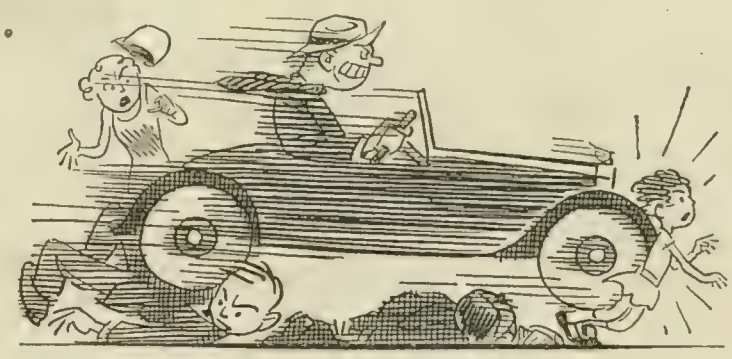
So we Americans—120,000,000 of us—have, in our machine power, the equivalent of about 690,000,000 adult slaves working for us, have we? Averaging it out, that would give each of us the labor of about six slaves. "Six slaves, you lucky cuss," said I to myself last night, looking around at my dark little two-by-four flat. "Six slaves," I said, looking out into the shaft which is all the view I get from my windows.

And, honest, I couldn't help laughing.

Another thing. It says in the article that the automobile has tended to expand the ego and promote a sense of power in persons who otherwise might be timid.

Expand the ego? I'll say our road hogs have an expanded ego. Sense of power? I'll say motorists have a sense of power when, in one year, they kill 27,000 people.

The author seems to think this new sense of power is a good thing. Is it so good?—*J. Lansing.*



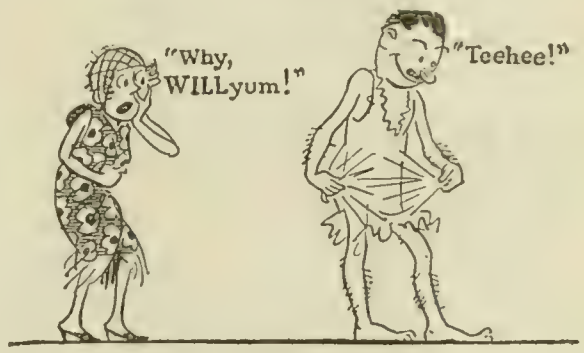
For Example

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Don't you ever get anything sensible to print in Vox Pop, or does the trouble lie with the buzzard who selects these bits of carrion?—*J. O. Simmon.*

Good Nightie!

SEATTLE, WASH.—Hey, is LIBERTY a man's or a woman's magazine? Don't give us men any more of those beauty articles by Eileen Bourne. We can't stand 'em. They put ideas into our heads.

Why, one day, after reading about



how to put rouge on, I went and put it on my face. And some day, after reading an article on how to choose the naughty nightie, I'm likely to not be able to control myself. Yep, I'm likely to go haywire and find myself getting into my wifie's naughtiest nightie.—*He-Man Scared of Being a She.*

"Kept" Critics

FLINT, MICH.—Viña Delmar's "Kept" is too commonplace as to plot, characters, and dialogue. It is wholly a waste of space. She's capable of far better work. Could do as well myself, and I am no scrivener.—*Ray McDonald.*

WEST FARMINGTON, OHIO—I have been reading LIBERTY for the past six months and I think that it is growing better every week. But the best thing that I like in it at the present time is the story, "Kept," by Viña Delmar. The more I read of this author, the more I like her stuff.

I am just about crazy about her work.—*Julius Rodzen.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—After reading the second installment of Viña Delmar's story, "Kept," the thought occurred to me that either the writer's sudden rise to popularity has given her the license to inflict vulgar, common, and cheaply immoral stories on her public, or else LIBERTY is lowering its standard of clean, decent stories.—*Florence Rini.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Viña Delmar's new story is fully as trashy as her previous ones.

She is to be complimented on being able to maintain such a low standard.—*Mystery Fannie.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Good realism, that "Kept," by Viña Delmar!

Lord, how that description of the souse party brought back all the exhilarated parties I've ever been on, to me! The silly booze guzzling. The attempt

Pop

to kid oneself into thinking one's having a good time. The wise cracks that only seem funny to the drunkest of the party.

I swore off parties of that kind since the last one at my place. That was the time when a dapper little fellow insisted he could hang by his heels from the chandelier. He did, for a moment—then

he and the lighting contraption came crashing down.

Never again!—*A Girl Who's Off Booze.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Say, Vox Popa—I suggest that you kindly explain "Kept," by Viña Delmar, for an innocent little girl.—*Innocence—and proud of it.*

Prohibition and Civil War

CHICAGO, ILL.—What the heck is LIBERTY coming to? I thought you were crazy when you printed "The Red Napoleon," but that article by Ida M. Tarbell in the July 6 issue was the limit. Any magazine that would print an article like that is not only "all wet," but blind as well.

If there is anyone that can twist the facts of a situation to suit their own needs, Ida is it.

My hat is off to her.

But—how about the overwhelming victory of the Republican party in the recent election, running on a dry platform? Does that look like the majority of the people were against prohibition? *It does not.* Because an officer of the law shot a woman to keep from being shot himself when she was resisting lawful arrest, and because a few wop gangsters passed out here in Chicago, is that any reason the whole prohibition enforcement should be condemned? *It is not.*

And another thing—nine-tenths of all this agitation is being passed out by a bunch of wet soreheads who can't take a licking and are running around in circles looking for an alibi. Maybe I'm wrong, but it will take more than a lot of hot air by "wet hens" or a few boners by prohibition enforcement officers to convince me.

Yours till Herbert Hoover gets tight.—*Richard J. Allison.*

AURORA, N. C.—Your article, "Is Prohibition Forcing Civil War?" was a wonder. We don't see how the present population is apparently content to just sit and see what happens.—*Bonnerton Kramer.*

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—That article by Ida Tarbell, "Is Prohibition Forcing Civil War?" was bunk.

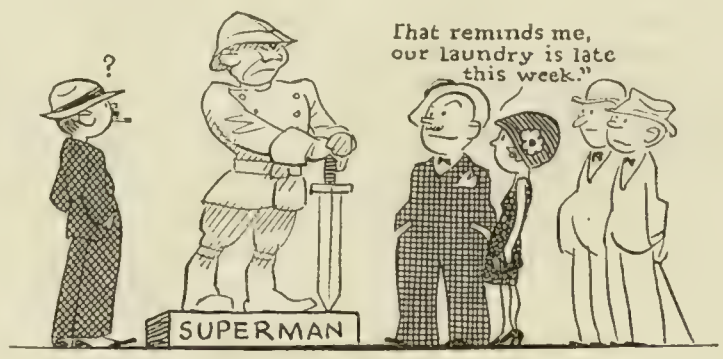
The wets are raising a howl because they think there's a strong probability of the Eighteenth Amendment's repeal. Just let them get it through their heads that this country's going to stay dry, and propaganda like Ida Tarbell's will cease.—*J. Armstrong.*

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—To my notion, Ida M. Tarbell's "Is Prohibition Forcing Civil War?" stands out above everything published in the English language for many a month.

Since going carefully through the article I am, for the first time, wholly aware of the real seriousness of my country's madness.—*Joe Chisholm.*

Seeing Yellow

DOVER, N. J.—I have been following with interest Mr. Gibbons' serial about



the Red Napoleon. It is correct in all but one thing—the final victory of the white races. Phooey!

The present superiority of the white man is an accident which he owes to his development of science and technology. He will lose that superiority because the scientific mind is foreign to his nature.

The Mongol of Central Asia—he of the smooth round head and strong bronzed limbs—he is the fittest to survive, to become the superman of the future.

He will supplant the pale, sickly, narrow-skulled, nervous Nordic.

Mr. Gibbons' story is the handwriting on the wall.

The consummation will follow soon after.—*N. Seissaku.*

Quien Sabe?

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—We have it figured out that this Gibbons fellow has something on LIBERTY'S editor that forces him to print his silly stuff.—*Friends.*

Cryptic Stuff

FORT WORTH, TEXAS—I want to express my disapproval of practically everything you print in your weekly magazine. Your attitude towards the American government and the majority of the American people is much the same as the attitude of the Negro congressman whose wife recently had tea at the White House.

If you will think this over you will understand what I mean.—*P. C. Dean.*

Saved by a Letter

PERRYTON, TEXAS—"Safety in the Sky," by Bogart Rogers, certainly was a dandy. He's already saved my life. For I might have been in my grave had it not been for his article.

Now I always look for a C on every plane I intend to ride in.—*D. B. Longley.*

He Laughs Best Who Cries Last

PITTSBURGH, PA.—When I look at the cover of LIBERTY I laugh; when I read the editorial I laugh; when I read the stories and articles I laugh; when I read "The Red Napoleon" I laugh.

In fact, I laugh at everything. I get one big laugh a week on LIBERTY.

However, when I am finished I cry—to think that such a magazine is permitted to be published!—*One Who Laughs at Really Funny Things.*

That Might Be a Soft Spot

KANSAS CITY, MO.—It always gives me cold chills to read about people jumping from airplanes with parachutes strapped to their backs. So I got quite a few chills when I perused that tale by Austin Parker called "You Never Know Until You Try."

If I ever made a parachute jump, I'd not only be terrified to leave the plane—I'd be wondering where in Sam Hill I was going to land.

I might land in a nice, sweet field of buttercups—a soft field. O. K. But I

might also drift over the city, and land square on the high silk hat of one of Kansas City's church-going citizens. Not so good!—*Trixie.*

We'll pay for Your Test

Accept this 7-day trial tube at our expense. Prove these remarkable claims for this unique shaving cream. Mail the coupon

GENTLEMEN:

With a product such as ours the advertising problem is chiefly to get you to make this 7-day test. For results have proved that 86% of men adopt Palmolive Shaving Cream—once they try it.

A seven days' test on your own face beats all the laboratory tests that *we* can make. *That* is where sales are made. And that is how Palmolive Shaving Cream attained leadership in a competitive field in so short a time.

Now, if you will return the coupon below, we will give you new ideas of shaving comfort. For we believe in proving our claims first—*then* asking you to buy.

How it came about

Shaving preparations had not kept pace with shaving needs. We studied long, then asked 1000 men's advice. They told us others' shortcomings. And we set out to fulfill them. 129 formulas, tried and discarded, finally brought success. Five unique features were attained.

Now the test, please

Suited or not, you owe it to yourself to try this remarkable shaving cream *You* are the judge—it either pleases you or not—you take no risk. So won't you mail the coupon now?

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of shaving cream.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

4542

These 5 Supremacies

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

7 SHAVES FREE

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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Palmolive, Dept. B-3099, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City.

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(Please print your name and address)

"All Wet"

A New For the Love o' Lil

"ARE you having a let-down after your swell vacation?" Ma Morse asked over the telephone. As usual, she was talking too loudly into the mouthpiece and Lil's ear was numb. "I should think home would seem an awful flop after spending three weeks at the Breakers Inn at forty dollars a day."

"I got sick of the rich food," Lil told her, "and I missed the baby. I was afraid he wouldn't know his parents. He's so cute! He can say mama and eat a piece of bread without messing it on his bib."

This week's cover picture.

"But the airplane," Ma went on. "What ever possessed Sandy to buy that amphibian? When I got back from the real estate convention upstate—we were only paying thirteen dollars a day without tips—and read about it in the paper you could have knocked me over with a toothpick."

"I love flying," Lil said. "I'm going to get a pilot's license and go cruising. It's wonderful up in the air. You feel as though you were riding waves."

"With water wings or without?" Ma asked.

"With." Her daughter smiled. She knew her mother's breast stroke was feeble. "You'll go wild over it. Don't you and Pop want to come around for supper? I'll just order two extra squab."

"Why, I'd love to! Good-by, dear!" And Mrs. Morse rang up the butcher to cancel her chopped-meat order.

"The man from Flynn's with the new cretonne!" Lil's cook yelled up the back stairs, pronouncing the final *e* as she did with bologna. She stole a Pandora squint through the rip in the paper and shuf-shuf-shuffled into the sitting room, carrying the package.

Lil gasped when she shook out the yellow and red array. "I had no idea these birds were so big or had such long tails. And the material cost fifty dollars!"

"Sure, I'd rather have the coin," the cook sighed. "I'd buy a ticket to the old country. It's twenty years since I've crossed the sea."

Lil thought she'd rather have a shower. It was hot work yanking on those stiff new furniture covers. The riot of color went to her head. When she finished, her sitting room looked like a Pan-American bird display.

"Please cook the prunes with orange this time," she ordered. "Get two more squab for supper and set another trap on the dumb-waiter. I think I heard mice squeak last night."

"Two more mice for supper an' set a trap for the squab," Mary said over and over again. Then she hurried to her kitchen. It was 4:30—the enchanting hour when she always poured out a cup of black tea and told her own fortune.

It seemed nice to Lil to be relaxing in her favorite pink transparent velvet dressing gown. She bent at the waist anxiously. Had she become too fat to touch the floor with straight knees? No, she just made it! She snapped on her red and black cap, tossed her robe to a stool, and hopped under the shower. Drip, drip, patter, patter—SPLASH!

"Come to my garden of love, where the roses shine silver with dew," she sang. "Oh, do, oh, do, oh, do!"

The telephone.

"Answer it, somebody!" she called. But nobody bothered. "Good night!" she said, poking her head out between the curtains. "It's just Sandy saying he'll be on time for supper. I won't answer it. You're all wet!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Milky Way)

How Many Mistakes In This Picture? $1,000 for Answers Every Week

Rules and Regulations Covering This Contest

IN drawing this picture the artist made between forty and fifty mistakes. How many can you find? LIBERTY now offers $1,000 a week for the most skillful detecting of mistakes in the series of drawings of which this is the second.

You may indicate the mistakes by drawing on the picture itself (or a tracing of it) or, if you prefer, you may describe them on a separate sheet of paper.

You need not purchase a copy of LIBERTY to compete. Copies of LIBERTY MAGAZINE may be examined at our various branch offices or at the public libraries free of charge. Awards will be based upon accuracy in detecting mistakes, and neatness and ingenuity in presenting them. In case of ties the prizes will be duplicated.

This contest is not open to professional artists nor to employees of LIBERTY WEEKLY or members of their families.

Entries should be addressed to MISTAKE PICTURES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, P. O. Box 480, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., and must be mailed within one week of the date of this issue. No entries will be returned, and LIBERTY cannot engage in correspondence on the subject of the contest.

These Prizes Are Offered Each Week

First prize	$500
Second prize	200
Third prize	100
Forty prizes of $5 each	200
Weekly total	$1,000

GREEN WHISKERS

A Detective's Adventures in Disguise Among the Killers of Naples

As told to Prosper Buranelli

By

MICHAEL FIASCHETTI

Former Head of the Italian Squad, New York Police Department

Pictures by J. J. CASEY

DURING the four years from 1920 to 1924 I was engaged at varying times on a case that involved different jobs and journeyings and handed me my biggest adventure. On the evening of March 7, 1920, two young women and a man were shot down on Mulberry Street near Kenmare Street, New York City, by a gunman in ambush. The young women were killed, the man gravely wounded. That barbarous crime made in itself an incredible, grotesque tale, and it sent me gumshoeing and sleuthing in the underworld of Italy, the dens of the Camorra.

James Papaccio and John Pepi were criminals. Elizabeth Martini and Catherine Campello were courtesans. Love and friendship were as devoted among these four as they might be among angels. When Papaccio and Pepi shook down a storekeeper they split the money between them, and Elizabeth and Catherine gave their earnings, Elizabeth hers to Papaccio, and Catherine hers to Pepi. I suppose you might call that fair and fifty-fifty.

Catherine caught the fancy of a rich spaghetti merchant, a sentimentalist, an idealist with the women, a sucker. She got a fistful of dough every time she saw him, and she saw him often. Pepi took the money joyously. Elizabeth beheld the girl friend's good fortune, and her heart was touched. She started to cut in between the girl friend and the Big Spaghetti. She smiled on him, whispered in his ear, and secretly made dates with him. Friend Catherine never guessed it, although she saw that the Big Spaghetti's love was growing faint and cold, and suspected with a bitter wrath that she had a rival. The four friends continued their happy comradeship, but there was likely to be trouble.

That day in March, Papaccio and Pepi went out to New Jersey on a hunting trip. They left early and returned late. While they were gone a woman told Catherine that she had seen Elizabeth with the Big Spaghetti, and had observed eyes of love and love's bright smile. If Catherine had any doubt of this evil gossip, it was soon dispelled by inquiries she made with a swift, venomous haste. She learned that Elizabeth had indeed with secrecy and treason robbed her of her prize and won away the Big Spaghetti and his golden love. So Catherine got a knife and went to Elizabeth's room, and there slashed Elizabeth's face with repeated mangling strokes.

It was night when the two friends Papaccio and Pepi returned to New York from their hunting.

"Think I'll shoot a couple of games of pool at Joe's," said Pepi.

"I'm going up to see Elizabeth," said Papaccio.

They parted on Mulberry Street. Papaccio found Elizabeth shaking with moans and crazy sobs, her face swathed in bandages. Her beauty was hideously marred, ruined forever. His grief and fury were as deep as her

Papaccio opened fire wildly in the crowded street. Pepi dropped to the sidewalk, wounded. Two young women who were passing fell and died.

own. The thug genuinely loved the harlot.

You'll go daffy trying to figure out what is cooking and frying in a criminal's mind. But you can always start out with one thing that goes for crooks and honest men alike, the wicked and the good—injury, revenge.

With his sweetheart's face knifed and gashed and a monstrous sight, Papaccio coolly and precisely examined his gun to see that it was in working order. His vengeance was clear and deadly in his mind. He went out to kill his friend Pepi. The vendetta does not strike at a woman. Catherine had spoiled his girl's face, and, an eye for an eye, he would kill her man—though Pepi had had nothing to do with it, and knew nothing about it.

In a doorway near the pool room Papaccio watched, waiting for his friend to come out. Pepi appeared. Papaccio opened fire wildly in the crowded street. Two young women of the neighborhood who were passing fell and died. Pepi dropped to the sidewalk. The watch in his vest pocket had saved him, had deflected a bullet, so that he was wounded but not fatally. In the panic and turmoil Papaccio walked safely away.

Catherine got a knife and went to Elizabeth's room, and there slashed her face with repeated mangling strokes.

THE wheels of justice immediately began to revolve, but got nowhere. For weeks the dragnet dragged and dragged and the catch was nothing. Stool pigeons brought in no word or hint of where Papaccio might be. I knew of one man who, I imagined, could tell—a crook friend of Papaccio's called the Owl. He was ducking the dicks for reasons of his own. I started the dragnet dragging for him, and all it brought in was word from a stool pigeon that the Owl had an insane sister confined in the Central Islip asylum. The Owl, according to the tip, was tenderly devoted to his unfortunate sister and doubtless visited her at times.

I went down to the Central Islip asylum and picked out the Owl's sister. The Owl, I found, came to see her whenever it was allowed, which was on Sundays. The following Sunday I was on the branch-line train that took visitors to the asylum.

I went through the cars, scrutinizing the passengers, and presently spied a man crouched in a corner with his overcoat collar pulled up over his mouth and his hat down over his eyes. I jerked the hat up.

"*Managia i piscetti*, if it ain't my old friend the Owl!" I laughed, and sat down beside him.

"Hello, Mike," he muttered in sullen fear.

"What are you doing down here?" I asked.

"Going to see somebody," he answered; "and what are you doing?" His question was somewhat more to the point than mine.

"I have a niece, poor girl." And I got that piece of fiction off with a glum look. "She's down here."

"I've got a sister down here," the Owl said gloomily.

"There's nothing but trouble in the world," I cursed.

He agreed with that. Everybody has to agree with that. My insane niece and his insane sister and mutual sorrows brought us together. I let him know that the cop-and-crook racket was off for the day. It would be vulgar and low-down, I intimated, to think of locking anybody up at a time like this. He appreciated my delicacy.

"If I can ever do anything for you, Mike—" he muttered.

HE saw his sister. I pretended to see my pretended niece. We met as we were leaving; I saw to that.

"You are allowed to see your sister only on Sundays," I remarked.

"Yes, and it's hard," he responded. "I wish I could see her oftener." The way to the Owl's heart was through his insane sister.

"I'll get you a pass," I suggested, "that will let you come any time you want."

"Mike, if you'll do that for me—!" There really were tears in his eyes.

"I will," I declared. "I know how you feel. We're both in the same kind of hard luck."

I got the pass for him. Of his gratitude I'll just say he was a true Sicilian. Revengeful to the last for an injury, grateful to the last for a kindness—that's a Sicilian.

We had dinner together in New York and I started talking about Papaccio. I didn't expect the Owl to come

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[GREEN WHISKERS
Continued from page fifty-three]

right out with a squeal, but his thankful emotion was likely to lead him to tell me something useful. As it happened, he was able to give me full information and feel that it was all clean and white according to his ethics.

"I'll tell you something, Mike, and it will save you a lot of trouble. You're just wasting your time looking for him. It's no use. Chuck it. He made his get-away right. He's out of the country and in Italy. He got on the British liner Canopic as a coal passer, and by this time is safe in Italy."

"I guess that ends it," I assented.

In southern Italy and Sicily at that time the Camorra and Mafia were in full swing. Mussolini had not yet come into power to clean things up. The Italian police could do little. Papaccio had strong connections with the Camorra, and no wonder it never occurred to the Owl that there might be any serious attempt by the New York police to get him in Italy. We parted friends.

A few months later I was aboard the Rochambeau, sailing the ocean blue. Along with me was Detective Irving O'Hara, a brother-in-law of the then Mayor Hylan. He had some business or other in Paris and Rome.

My presence aboard was distinctly a thing not advertised. I was on a most secret mission. Captain Rollin, the jolly skipper of the Rochambeau, though, knew what it was all about. We were old acquaintances, and we used to sit around talking about the dangerous business into which I was sticking my nose. And it was dangerous.

"The murders at Mulberry and Kenmare," I was telling Captain Rollin, as I finished off the story of the Papaccio case, "were so atrocious that here I am, sent on a secret mission to Italy to hunt down and get Papaccio."

He nodded his head and took a sip of Chambertin, admitting I was on a tough assignment.

"And that isn't all, by a jugful," I told him.

At headquarters they figured that while I was in Italy man-hunting I might as well make a good job of it. Papaccio was not the only one wanted by the police and known to be in Italy. I had a list of names, pictures, and records, and was to look for and arrest as many of the men as possible. I was to make as much of a round-up as I could.

"And that"—Captain Rollin stroked his beard the way a philosopher is supposed to do—"doesn't make your task any simpler or safer."

AND, as if this assignment were not tough enough, I had a large bumblebee in my bonnet, personal and confidential with me, concerning a great stunt I might be able to pull off. Nothing had ever been done about the murder of Lieutenant Joseph Petrosino, my predecessor, in Palermo. I had always wanted a chance to avenge the man who had befriended me so much. I had kept my ears open for word of who his killers might be, and had heard many a suspicion, many a rumor, but nothing certain. Now, though, I hoped that, sleuthing in the Italian underworld, I might be able to square accounts for the assassination of my predecessor and friend. If I could only get my hands on the dirty Black Hander that had dropped Petrosino, that would be a sweet sensation for me.

"An interesting mission," observed Captain Rollin. "Only, if you are not careful, you'll never hear Trovatore any more."

"I know that," I grumbled. And I did.

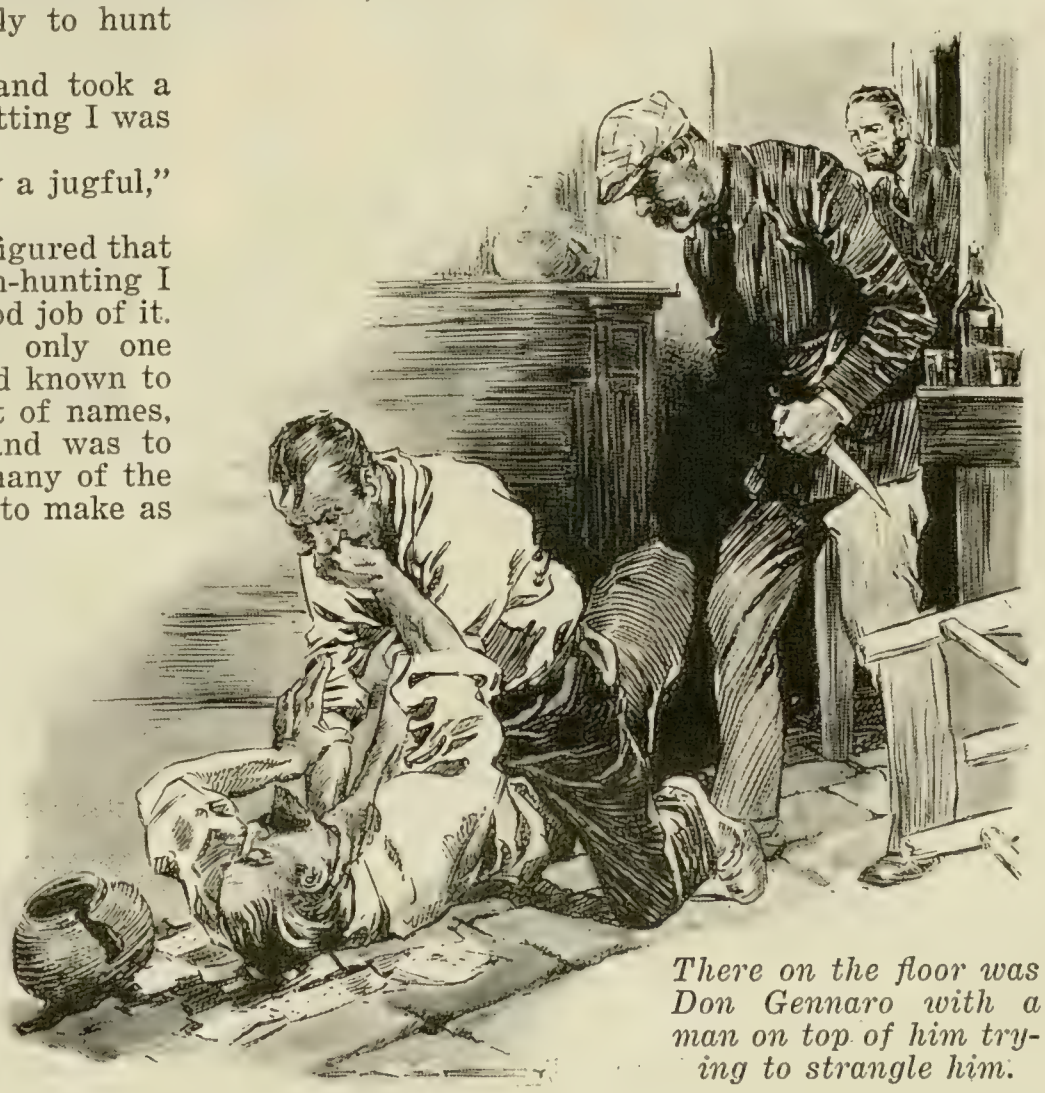
Head of the Italian Squad on a secret mission to Italy—it was the first time since that spring of 1909, twelve years before, when Petrosino, venturing, as I would venture now, into the haunts of the Camorra and Mafia, had lost his life. That murder, so swift and daring, had discouraged the New York police from sending men into those dangerous parts. Not only Papaccio but others on my list were powerful Black Handers, and nosing around about the murder of Petrosino was just the thing to get somebody knocked off. If my secret mission should become known a plot would surely be laid to kill me.

Meanwhile all was serene. I was a good sailor and didn't get sick. It was fine to stand on the deck of the Rochambeau and look out over the sea.

"Mike," I said to myself, "it would be a lot better to be a skipper of a ship, like Captain Rollin, than a headquarters dick sailing three thousand miles to look for trouble."

A RAILROAD trip across France to Italy, and then down to Rome. It was my first sight of Rome since, a small boy tagging along with his emigrant family, I had left for America. I looked around, a wanderer returned to his home town. And Rome is a swell home town to have.

I presented my credentials to the general of police, who gave me all possible help. Papaccio was a native of the province of Naples, and was undoubtedly to be found in those parts. At Naples I worked with the police there and passed as one of them. We hunted and raided, jumping into places and searching them and questioning people. We found no sign of Papaccio or any of the important criminals on my list, and I learned nothing in particular about the murder of Petrosino. Weeks were passing, and I wasn't getting anywhere. The ordinary methods that we were using were only so much exercise.



There on the floor was Don Gennaro with a man on top of him trying to strangle him.

"Mike," I said to myself, "looks like the only thing to do is put on the green whiskers like the dicks in books."

In one of our raids in Naples we had found among the possessions of a Camorrist a list of names and addresses of underworld haunts. One was of a certain Don Gennaro, to use the ceremonious South Italian style of address, who kept a lodging house in Rome for thieves, and was a great person in the Roman underworld and in intimate connection with the Camorra of Naples.

It appeared to me that here might be a good port of entrance to the Camorra. I grew a beard—not exactly the green whiskers, but plenty—and put on the old clothes of a tramp. In that guise I started out to take a flyer in the Italian underworld, which is as tough as our own, but curious and stately, like a romantic melodrama.

Don Gennaro's tough joint was an old stone house on a crooked street of old stone houses. The door was of oak, scratched and discolored, and when it was opened a musty smell came from within. Don Gennaro was a stately old brigand with thick mustaches and goatee and a paunch. His voice was slow and grave, his manner genteel and even courtly. In better clothes and a better house he might have been taken for some antique notable.

"Don Gennaro, have you a room for me?"

"You are most welcome, my good man"—he gave me a once-over from head to foot—"but I have many steady boarders." I looked like a bum, and might, indeed, be a bum.

"It is only for a few days. Then I shall go to Naples." And with this I took out my purse to pay him in advance, taking care that his shrewd little eyes should get a slant at a big bank roll. Shabby fellow with plenty of cash—and all over the world that spells the word thief.

"Ah, I see that you are a gentleman," quoth Don Gennaro, favorably impressed. He took the money. He asked me for my name. I told him it was Pasquale something or other, which he politely turned into Don Pasquale.

The room he gave me had bare stone walls with a picture of the Madonna on one side and a crucifix on the other. The furniture was old. Everything had the damp and mildew of those ancient buildings, the abodes of the respectable folk of another century, but now turned into tough joints. I remained cloistered until nightfall. Then I went downstairs and made another pass at Don Gennaro.

"IS it possible for me to have my meal served in my room?" And again I took out a few bank notes.

Don Gennaro wagged his goatee with sympathetic understanding.

"I will bring the meal to you myself," he said. "It is never wise to see too many people in this world."

He served a plate of excellent macaroni and a garlicky salad, which is the way salad should be, and we had a glass of Frascati together. Don Gennaro was a shrewd talker who could ask many questions without seeming to ask one. He chatted away, leaving many openings for me to come to bat with information about myself. But my cue was to be as secretive as a wise crook is, and I said nothing.

"Is it possible," I asked when he was going, "that I should have the rest of my meals served up here?"

"Certainly," he responded. "He who can pay has the right to want. But what time shall I call you in the morning?"

"No time at all!" I cried darkly. "I prefer to sleep in the day. If I go out to stroll it will be at night."

"I understand, I understand. Night is the time for the wise. The day is for fools."

It is to be observed that Don Gennaro was something of a philosopher of the Camorra.

A week passed. I stayed in the house all day and ventured forth only at night. Don Gennaro used to sit with me for hours, keeping his jawbone in training. He was very curious about me, and began to surmise that I might be a really important criminal. I kept my mouth shut, and that he could understand and respect.

"Ah, Don Pasquale," and he would pull at his long mustaches, "I under-

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

$1,000.00 for Your Secret!

Are you one of the million people who have discovered this modern secret of health and happiness? Send us your story! You may win $1,000.

The man who is always up on his toes—who always has the additional punch to put the deal over—where does he get his power? The woman who is the delightful center of every gathering—where does she get her charm? The girl admired by all the men—who always has two invitations to every dance—whose smiles are sought by the whole stag line—where does she get her allure?

The answer is the same with all these happy, successful, joyous people. Their secret is—good health.

These people have discovered that the human body was meant to be a perfectly running machine. You are meant to be well. You are meant to be happy. You can easily prove this—in two weeks.

If you have enjoyed the joyous happy health that goes with regular bodily elimination, you know how Nujol has changed your whole outlook on life. Tell us about it. Your letter can still reach us before this contest closes.

Remember, Nujol is not a medicine. It has no taste, no odor, and is colorless as water. It contains absolutely no drugs of any kind. It is simply internal lubrication, which the human body needs as much as any machine. Your doctor will tell you that internal lubrication is a modern and common sense aid to good health. Nujol is not absorbed. It is non-fattening. It simply passes helpfully through the body, absorbing and cleaning out the poisons that make us tired, nervous, irritable, poor in our work, "down in the mouth."

The most world famous athletes tell us that they have taken Nujol for years. If they need it, you surely do! Nujol works gradually, slowly—but surely. Continued use can do you no harm. It forms no habit. Take a swallow from the Nujol bottle every night for two weeks. See how bright life will look to you as the poisons are absorbed and carried away. Millions have found that Nujol is the way to health and happiness. Get a bottle at your druggist's. Start being well, this very day!

TRUE STORIES

wanted of how Nujol has helped you to happiness, success, good looks, seeing the bright side of life. To the millions of people who have enjoyed the health of Nujol regularity prior to the opening of this contest we offer 110 prizes as follows:

FIRST PRIZE
$1,000

Second prize $500 **Third prize $250**
Fourth prize $100 **Six prizes of $50 each**
One hundred prizes of $10 each

Write a letter describing what Nujol has done for you. You can include physician's endorsement, if you wish. Contest open to physicians giving either their own or a patient's experience. Give full name and address—and state that you give Nujol Laboratories the right to publish complete or in part. Contest closes November 1, 1929.

Address: **Contest Editor, Nujol Laboratories Dept. 3-C, 2 Park Avenue, New York City**

PRESS AGENTS, PLEASE COPY

by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Out in Hollywood, a gay lothario known as America's Jazz King, wins a grim-lipped Chicago gangster's best girl . . . and lives to wish that he hadn't! . . . One of those rare stories with a crack-'o-the-whip ending.

Don't fail to read it IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK!

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

30 DAYS TO TRY FREE **The Ranger RADIO**

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[GREEN WHISKERS
Continued from page fifty-five]

stand, I understand. If there were more silence the police would make less trouble in the world."

One night I heard the muffled sound of a scuffle and the falling of a body. I jumped in, and there on the floor was Don Gennaro with a man on top of him trying to strangle him. Another man stood alongside with a drawn knife, as if he were a referee seeing that Don Gennaro got his. On the floor bank notes were scattered about, hinting at the cause of the row. Meanwhile nobody was uttering a sound. The battle was going on in a deep silence, as might be the way with people who didn't want to attract the cops.

There was an iron coat rack handy, and I grabbed it and knocked down the man with the knife, and then gave the fellow choking Don Gennaro a tap on the head. That took the fight out of them, and I frisked them for knives and guns. Don Gennaro arose coughing and wheezing.

"Don Gennaro," I asked, "what is your wish regarding these men?"

"Throw them out into the street," he replied in a weak voice.

I threw them out into the street. They made no resistance, but cried, when they hit the sidewalk: "Don Gennaro, we will get you later!"

The majestic old thief was on his knees picking the money off the floor.

"Eh, Don Pasquale," he ejaculated, observing that I wasn't diving after any of it for myself, "you *are* a gentleman!"

"Don Gennaro," I interrupted, "money does not interest me. Frankly, I have enough."

"Don Pasquale," he sang out, still groping around on the floor for the money, "you are a man of courage."

"Don Gennaro"—I got it off my chest like a desperate man—"I have too much courage. That is why I have to live like a hunted animal, *managia i piscetti!*"

The venerable cutthroat was on his feet, sinking his wallet in his pocket.

"You have saved my life, Don Pasquale"—and he certainly meant it all the way. "I am your friend forever. Tell me candidly, is there anything I can do for you?"

"It may be, Don Gennaro"—I seized his hand—"that I will call on you sooner than you expect."

In the dim light of the hall the Camorrist chief made one of those Black Hand gestures that mean a lot more than three volumes of testimony under a dozen oaths.

"Command me, Don Pasquale, command me!"

"When I am ready, Don Gennaro, I will call on you." I still kept up that secrecy which knocked him cold with admiration.

IN my room I sat thinking for an hour. I went over my scheme from one end to another. In view of Don Gennaro's gratitude, the time was ripe to shoot the works.

"Mike," I said to myself, "you're going to get into select company. You're going to meet the Camorra."

The big idea was to get Don Gennaro to give me a confidential introduction into inner circles of the Camorra in Naples. There, I had no doubt, I could pick up something about Papaccio and others on my list and something about the murder of Petrosino.

In the morning, a knock on my door and Don Gennaro entered with breakfast. He sat down and again thanked me for giving him a hand the night before.

"Don Gennaro"—I shoved all my chips into the pot—"you said I could rely on you."

"Don Pasquale, my word has never been broken."

I went to the door and looked up and down the hall. Then I locked the door. Don Gennaro gave his approval to these manifestations of secrecy, and I sat down and, talking almost into his ear, unreeled a six-reel yarn.

It told of a grand, fourteen-carat job, an imaginary robbery I had done. It was a good piece of work, as I described it, and any man might have been proud of it. Don Gennaro made an occasional gesture of acclaim as I unfolded ingenious details. When I had narrated the climax he placed his arms around my neck.

"You are a gentleman, Don Pasquale, truly a gentleman! I knew it when I first saw you. There is an instinct of the heart which perceives a gentleman."

"And now, Don Gennaro," I put the bee on him, "it is too dangerous for me to remain in Italy. I must go to another land. I want to go to the United States."

I knew that there were underground routes centered in Naples by which the Camorra got hunted criminals aboard ships bound for North and South America.

"To be far enough away," he nodded sagely, "is to be invisible."

"You must help me, Don Gennaro. I can pay you well."

I HAD expected that the "pay well" part of it would be the lure, but Don Gennaro had the virtues as well as the vices of the Camorra.

"As for paying"—he was noble and magnificent about it—"do not talk about such things. I am your debtor. Frankly, if you were another you would pay me twenty thousand lire, but since you saved me from those scoundrels last night you will give me nothing. You will pay only a few hundred lire to the others who will aid you. I do not talk of money with a benefactor."

"Then you can help me, Don Gennaro?"

"With all my heart," he responded. "We have means in Naples of getting people on the ships that go to America."

And he bade me wait until night, when, having consulted with friends, he would give me instructions and credentials.

Darkness had fallen on the ancient city when the grave and reverend Don Gennaro, having been absent from his house all day, returned. He came straight to my room. His manner of speech was portentous as he conveyed secrets and passwords to me—something to remind you of a conspirator in a costume play.

"Don Pasquale, you will go to Naples and to a house in Via Borgo Loreto, near the railroad station, number thirty-seven, third floor. You will knock twice on the door to your left. After a short pause you will knock three times, and wait again. Then you will give a single knock louder than the rest. The door will be opened to you by an old woman who is called the Oyster Woman, because of her fame in Santa Lucia as a vender of oysters."

He then extracted from his pocket a five-lire note which he tore in half, giving one half to me.

"Guard this carefully. It will serve to identify you. You will show it to the Oyster Woman, who will see whether it matches with the other half she has received. Then you will be admitted into her home. The rest will take care of itself. The Oyster Woman's husband is an important man among us. He will conduct you to others and arrange to put you on board a ship bound for America.

"Careful, careful," he warned in conclusion. "The wise man keeps his eyes open for police even on a desert island. It is necessary to be more careful than ever now. During the past few weeks, for what reason I cannot tell, the police in Naples—may knives and bullets strike them!—have been unusually active. *Unusually* active. They have been disturbing our people. But he who is careful can go through this life without fear of evil or of danger or of the police."

The recent activities of the police in Naples to which he referred were the raids instigated by me.

I said, "Thank you, boy," a few times in the stately way of the Roman dialect. A wait of a day to allow time for the letter to get to the Oyster Woman, and I bade Don Gennaro a friendly farewell—quite friendly, for he was an amiable old ruffian—and took the train for Naples.

Mr. Fiaschetti's story of his adventures in Italy and Sicily will be concluded in an early issue.

SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES

"Ah, *if my words but had the sparkle of these Bubbling Beverages!*" . . . sighed Shakespeare

"This headache of mine was made for a horse!" moaned Will Shakespeare, as he reached for a recently endorsed cigarette. "I've been stewing around all morning trying to get Hamlet out of this scene, and here I am stuck on the first line of the soliloquy . . . I'll tell the world this writing business is a lot of baloney. I wish I'd taken that correspondence course in plain and fancy bank robbing. I've got a good notion to chuck the whole thing. I . . . "

Came a knock . . . and in glided Hulda, the attractive serving maid, with a tray. "Your carbonated beverage, Sir; it's eleven o'clock."

(Curtain indicates lapse of half an hour)

"Really I must dash off a sonnet to these beverages some day. I'll call it 'New Pep for Lagging Poets.' Well, back to the mines for me. As the boys said last night when we were bringing home Bacon. 'Writing plays is better than *working* for a living.' Let's see, where was I? Oh, yes, 'To be or not to be, that is the question . . .' "

And thus was Hamlet's soliloquy saved for posterity and the Fifth Reader. Which reminds us to remind you to check up on your household stock of bottled carbonated beverages.

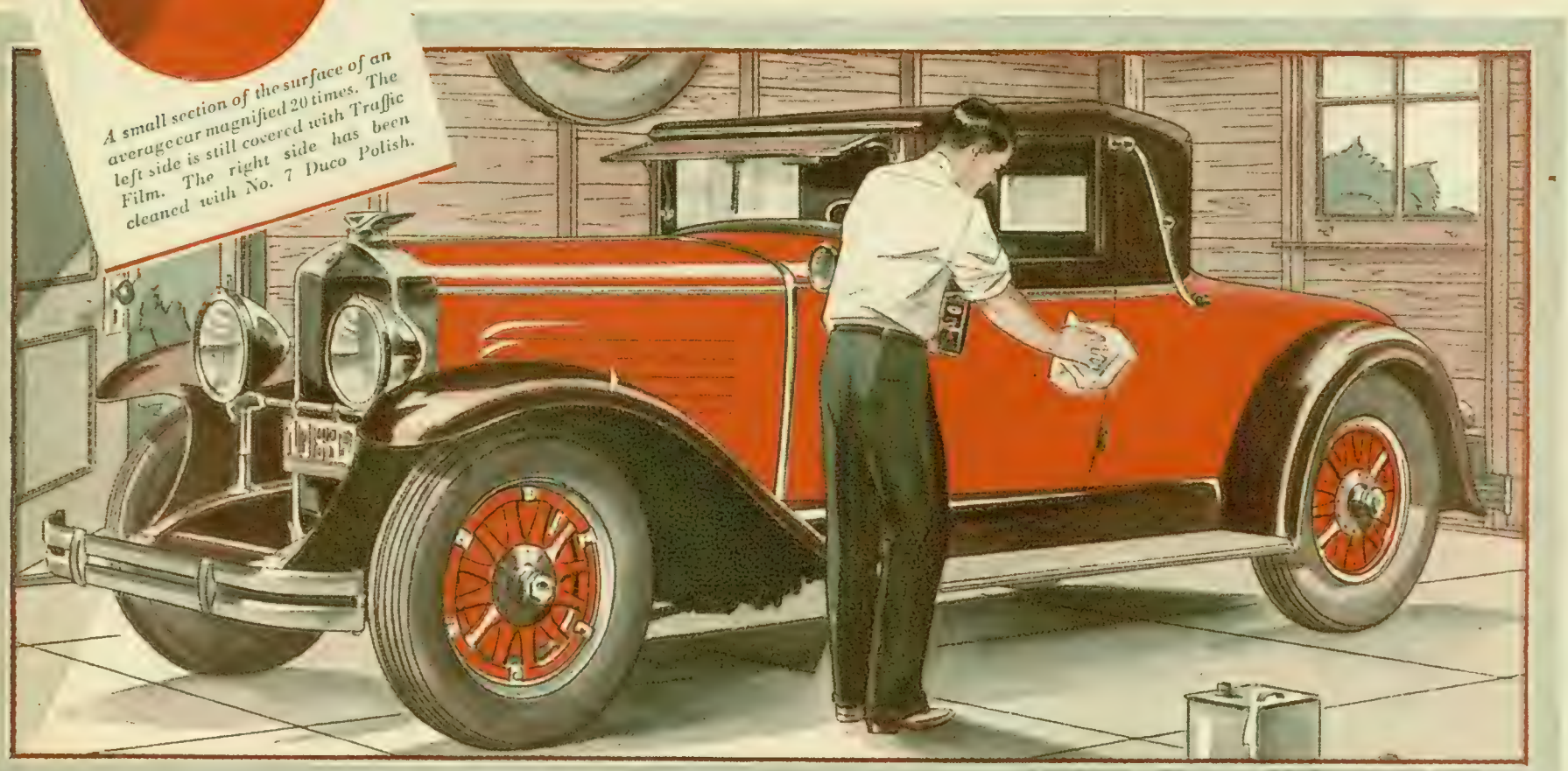
Free! *Write today for a copy of this new recipe book. Frozen salads, delicious punches, dainty desserts. American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D.C.*

Bottled beverages Carbonated

AMERICAN BOTTLERS -OF- CARBONATED BEVERAGES

THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN

Under a coat of TRAFFIC FILM is the gleaming car you bought



A small section of the surface of an average car magnified 20 times. The left side is still covered with Traffic Film. The right side has been cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish.

BENEATH the Traffic Film on the car you drive today is the original finish—still new and gleaming. A little polishing will reveal all its former beauty.

Traffic Film is made up of minute particles of oily, sticky dirt which are constantly settling on your car. These particles collect dust and, baked by the sun and the heat, are cemented together to form a hard, dull film which soap and water cannot remove. This Traffic Film is forming on your car today—don't neglect it.

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No. 7 Duco Polish quickly penetrates and softens Traffic Film—loosens the dirt particles—and, almost without effort, you wipe away the dull film, which formerly resisted strenuous scrubbing. No. 7 Duco Polish renews the color, restores the lustre, and leaves a dry, glossy surface which sheds dust. Use it regularly, and the car finish will remain bright and gleaming season after season.

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Beauty's Clothes and Cinderella

By Bettina Bedwell

Varicolored organdie spokes make up the striking wheel on this white organdie frock from Lanvin. In the oval, a white satin evening gown from the same famous couturière.

Paris.

MOVIE stars, innocently enough, have done wholesale damage to the dress of regular girls. Theirs are beauty's clothes, and Cinderella needs a real fairy godmother to fit these magic garments to her. Greta Garbo's ruff collars, for example, are enchanting on the silver sheet and collaring a swan's neck, but on one of us mortals they are poisonous.

And now, as if it weren't hard enough for a poor girl to keep her head and abstain from the clothes of the cinema enchantresses, Paris is bringing out a whole new line of beauty's costumes. The flapper mode, with its brevity, its straight lines, and its stark simplicity, was Cinderella's own fashion. Beauty was leveled in such clothes, so that the rest of us had a chance.

The new siren lines of Paris clothes are bound to bring out distinctions and differences. The molded princesse silhouette, with its extra long unflared skirt, is likely to look most unprincesslike when worn by a girl whom nature did not construct that way. I asked some of the Paris couturiers how they are going to administer their beauty medicine to all the length, breadth, and thickness variations of femininity that come to them to be dressed.

"That's easy," they answer. "We stylize the lines so that every lady gets both beauty's clothes and the beauty to go with them."

Well, from the new clothes I've seen worn about Paris I believe they at least know their stuff. What will happen when the ready-made surgeons get to work turning out these beauty styles for the millions is yet to be seen.

There are already in Paris modifications of the new line which seem to this pair of eyes about right for most of us. Jeanne Lanvin gives us a beauty clothes silhouette that, as far as I can see, is becoming to everybody. Two of her frocks of this type are shown on this page. One of these is a simple midsummer dress of white organdie cut streamline princesse, with a long, gently flared skirt. It is trimmed with a huge circle having spokes of varicolored organdie.

Lanvin designed also the hat to go with it—and, incidentally, organdie hats are the last word in Paris millinery.

A second frock from Lanvin is made of white satin, the best color and the smartest fabric for the summer evening dress. This model has a high, draped, sleeveless bodice and a long skirt dipped at the front. The carved beads are also from Lanvin.

THE other two photographs show one of Paul Poiret's most successful ensembles along the new lines. Beige and navy-blue voile is the material of the frock, with its swathed surplice blouse, puffed sleeves, and side-flared skirt. Fine ruching trims neckline and cuffs.

A beige and navy-blue checked ensemble frock from Paul Poiret.

The coat made to wear with the dress at the left.

The beige woolen crêpe coat has a checked yoke and scarf at the back, a very free interpretation of the hood effect. Pockets and cuffs are also of printed voile.

* * *

Jenny is placing ruffles around the elbows of tight sleeves. These ruffles are split in front and hang like scarfs just to the hems of summer dresses.

The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes wears black lace gloves that come away up above her elbows and are held in place by diamond bracelets.

Kept

The Story of a Girl Without the Law

By

VIÑA DELMAR

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

HUBERT SCOTT was sore at his wife. Such airs! He wanted to tell her that there was a girl worth ten of her who worshiped the ground he walked on. But he told her nothing.

He had promised his girl, Lillian Cory, that he'd ask Helen for a divorce. But when his chance to ask her came he lost his nerve—just decided to let things slide.

Hubert hadn't been at home much since he'd sold his business for fifteen thousand, and retired. Helen didn't need a cent of that money, either. She had cash of her own—plenty of it—and two cars. She even deigned to let him use the old car, the Packard.

The evening of the day the sale went through Hubert had met Lillian Cory. Lillian was twenty-three. She had made a misstep at sixteen, but was going straight at the time.

Hubert worked fast with Lillian. He gave her an apartment and a Nash car. And he spent a lot of money on her friends, too. There was Billy Fisher, who, with frequent loans from Hubert, was trying to get out of paint selling into professional radio entertaining. And there was Anna Leitz. Anna, before she met her Clifford Sullivan, had gone too far with a boy friend, Fred. Her secret illness had run into cash.

Then Billy Fisher's wife, Louise, had to go and make trouble. Billy and Louise had got married after living together, and Louise was suddenly full of pity for Lillian, who hadn't a marriage certificate. Her pity drove Lillian wild, and Hubert made his promise to tell Helen everything.

But it was Lillian whom Hubert told things to. He told her Helen was ready to shoot herself at the thought of a divorce. Lillian believed his sad tale of an adoring wife.

HUBERT smiled up at his neighbor. "Don't mind them," he said. "They've had a little too much to drink. I'm taking them home."

PART SEVEN—THE QUARREL

ANNA seemed doubtful about telling Billy and Louise that Clifford and she were married. Lillian told them.

Billy said, "Congratulations," in a flat indifferent tone, but Louise kissed both the Sullivans and took the matter quite to heart. Anna resented her warm interest. It was too sweet, she thought, and gloomily reflected that Louise might just as well have said, "Well, well, well, so Anna's got a husband. Isn't that gorgeous. I'm so glad for poor Anna."

Hubert went out and got a bottle of gin from somewhere. Later he went out and got another bottle of gin. Lillian didn't drink much. She was handling Anna's wedding night very carefully. Louise and Anna had been known to wrangle when in their cups and tonight even a small exchange of angry words between them might prove disastrous.

It was after midnight when Louise asked Anna where she was going to live now. Anna didn't know. The apartment on Nagle Avenue had not yet been found. They began to talk, then, of apartment layouts. Louise liked kitchens directly next to the living rooms. Anna favored the little hall between them.

"I like this apartment," said Anna.

"God knows you do," Louise replied. "You're nearly always here."

"I'm not here as often as you are."

"You lived here once for a week."

"I never was here for a week. I was here three days once."

"Yes, when you had grippe." Louise pronounced the

word "grippe" in a tone which would have set anyone wondering.

Lillian and Clifford, who had been talking quietly together, broke off their conversation and turned toward the girls. Louise was looking bold and very well pleased with herself. She was terribly drunk. Anna, more in possession of her wits, was looking puzzled and amused.

"She seems to be sore because I stayed here, Lillian," Anna explained. Her voice was even but her cheeks were flushed and she had knocked her glass over on the sofa without noticing it.

"Gee whiz, a fight on Anna's wedding day," Lillian said. "Aren't you ashamed, Louise?"

Seeing that Louise was about to answer, Lillian hurried on: "I'm awfully flattered that you two girls like me so much that you're always arguing who spends the most time here. Honest, Louise, Anna wasn't just faking that she had grippe in order to stick around. She really was sick that time. You know you're welcome, Lou, to spend as much time as you like here, too. Now, look, the newly married couple—gee, that sounds like a newspaper announcement—anyhow, they've got no little nest to go to tonight, so I suggest they have this apartment. Hubert and I will go somewhere else. Come on, let's clear out now. We'll get our things right away—"

Lillian grabbed Louise's arm and led her toward the bedroom where the coats and hats were. "Come on, Billy, you

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[KEPT
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too. We must all get out and leave the love birds alone."

Before they knew it the Fishers and Hubert were standing down on the pavement with Lillian. Billy was upbraiding his wife. "Why the hell must you always fight wherever you go? It's a damn good thing you're not a man—you'd have the daylights punched out of you every time you opened your trap. As it is, you're going to pick the wrong dame some day and she'll beat the hell out of you. I've got a good mind to take a crack at you myself."

"I'll talk as much as I please and I won't ask your permission, either. What are you sticking up for Anna for, anyhow?"

"I'm not sticking up for anybody. I'm just telling you what I think of you."

"You needn't bother."

"Oh, I know I'm just wasting my breath. You're too damn dumb to be anything but what you are."

"If I was smart I wouldn't have married you."

"If *I* was smart you wouldn't have."

"Oh, is that so?"

"Yeh, that's so."

A window opened on the ground floor of the building and a man looked out at them. "Shut up, will you? You're waking everybody up," he said.

"Go stick your head in the river," Billy answered.

Hubert smiled up at his neighbor. "Don't mind them," he said. "They've had a little too much to drink. I'm taking them home."

"You'd better or I'll call a cop."

The man angrily slammed the window shut.

Lillian tucked her arm under Billy's and led him toward the garage. Hubert followed in back with Louise. The idea was to separate the two and beguile them with meaningless pleasantries. The plan, however, was a fiasco, as Louise and Billy now had to shout at each other, and to Hubert and Lillian the garage seemed very far away.

WHEN the Fishers had been left safely behind in their own vestibule Hubert asked, "Where now?"

"I don't know," Lillian returned. "When I spoke up in the apartment I really meant to give Anna and Cliff the place for the night. I thought you and I could go to a hotel, but it don't seem so simple now. It's a question of what hotel and we haven't any baggage. I was thinking we could go back and sleep on the couch. Do you think they'd mind?"

"Oh, I don't suppose so. They're good kids."

"Well, we'll go back, then. We'll be quiet about it. Don't let the couch bang when you open it."

"I won't."

"And listen—I wanted to talk to you about something. It's about Anna. Cliff don't know about Fred. Be careful not to mention anything about him, will you?"

"Say, what do you take me for?"

"Oh, I know you wouldn't say anything on purpose, but I mean, be careful that you don't let anything slip. I was scared of that tonight with Louise. She can be awfully mean when she wants to be."

"Gee, I should think Anna would be worried all the time from now on that somebody would spill something about it. It's kind of a dirty trick, too, on Cliff, I think, don't you?"

"No, I don't see why it is."

"Well, gosh, I don't know. It seems kind of dirty to me."

"Why should she tell him if she don't want to? No woman ever tips a guy off before she marries him that she has a rotten temper. And that's a lot more trouble than having another boy friend."

Hubert and Lillian spent the night on the couch with their heads pillowed upon the small, cretonne-covered cushions. They weren't bad little cushions, but you got a stiff neck from trying to stay up on them.

The next day Lillian found that a precedent had been successfully established. The Sullivans had spent the night in her apartment and believed that it could be done again. Lillian knew well that it could be done again. She had never learned how to refuse. It seemed that Anna's mother hadn't room for both Anna and Cliff and they couldn't bear to be separated. A hotel was out of the question, as the Sullivan funds were low and it would be Sunday before Anna would get a chance to hunt for an apartment.

"Certainly," said Lillian. "Stay as long as you like."

Anna was generous about it, however. It was she who insisted that the couch would do perfectly well for herself and Cliff and that Lillian and Hubert must take the bed.

"She seems to be sore because I stayed here, Lillian," Anna explained.

Lillian appreciated her thoughtfulness. She went out and bought two real bed pillows for the couch, and another blanket.

She and Hubert had been a bit chilly.

ON Sunday Anna and Lillian found the apartment on Nagle Avenue. It was forty-five dollars a month. Anna couldn't go a cent over forty, so she stood in the center of the sunny living room and cried a little bit. This was just what she wanted, but, oh, she couldn't manage it. Forty dollars was absolutely her outside price.

"Quit weeping, willow," Lillian said. She liked to say that, and "Good morning, glory."

"Oh, you'd weep, too. Here's just the kind of place I dreamed of. Look how cute the kitchenette is. Those big doors across it make it look just like a wardrobe."

"Great for cockroaches, too," Lillian added.

"I won't have roaches. I'll keep after them all the time. I'd put the cutest curtains there— Oh, look, Lillian! It has a place for dishes and everything."

"Take it," Lillian said shortly.

"But I can't pay forty-five dollars."

"Can you pay forty?"

"Yes, we can pay forty."

"All right. Take it."

"But where will the extra five come from?"

Anna had a fair idea, now, where the extra five would come from, but she wanted Lillian to be explicit.

"Don't worry. Take the apartment, will you? I can't stand here all day."

Anna took the apartment and moved in three days later, staying home from work one morning to do so. The living room and the bedroom were furnished on the installment plan. Lillian bought the curtains and the kitchenette essentials. Hubert gave Clifford sixty dollars to cover the extra five dollars on his rent for a year.

"That will be your wedding present," he said. Clifford and Anna looked a little disappointed, he thought, so he bought them a carving set. Anna wondered what

she would do with it, but she was very appreciative. After all, it takes a man of rare imagination to present a kitchenette user with a carving set.

Lillian felt relieved when the Sullivans settled in their own place. They had made a terrible lot of noise in the mornings fixing their breakfast, and Anna had washed Clifford's shirts one night and hung them up in the kitchen to dry. Lillian didn't mind silk underwear daintily spread upon a line, but the sight of heavy pieces drying in a kitchen brought unpleasant recollections of her childhood. The old lady at the tub. The house smelling of yellow soap. Rainy days and the kitchen strange and damp with shapeless white phantoms hanging from up near the ceiling.

The Sullivans had no housewarming. Lillian had planned to give them a surprise party during their first week in the apartment, but Anna had changed Lillian's mind.

"I'm not going to have any parties," Anna said, patting with a loving hand the covering of her big chair. "Look at the way people have your apartment. Holes in the rug and stains and everything. Not for me!"

Lillian had the party at her house instead.

THE Fishers and the Sullivans, when mixed together, became a great problem for Lillian. Billy and Cliff never argued, but they complained to Lillian about each other continually. Cliff thought Billy was too fresh to Hubert and Lillian and should be taken down a peg. Billy thought Cliff was full of hot air and was only trying to get something out of Scotty with his willingness to run errands. Anna and Louise wrangled continually and once Louise slapped Lillian for interfering. She had been drinking, though, so Lillian didn't hold it against her.

When the Fishers had gone that night Anna said that if she were Lillian she would never have Louise in her house again. Hymie Moss had enlarged on Anna's speech.

"If I were Lillian," he had said, "I'd never have any of us in my house again."

But Lillian was Lillian and they all met many, many more times in her apartment and each evening started out with Anna and Louise chatting pleasantly together.

Anna kept her job at the store and the Sullivans were able to meet their installment collections and their rent with ease. When they were a trifle short Hubert was willing to help, so Anna was proud to say that things were going very well indeed.

When winter came upon Inwood, Lillian gave Anna her last year's coat. It was blue velvet with fur trimming. Anna said that Cliff would have a fit about her wearing secondhand clothes, but she didn't care—she liked it.

Cliff didn't have a fit. He said that it looked very well on Anna and that he didn't know what she would have done without it.

One night Lillian and Hubert escaped from the crowd and went downtown to see a show. It had been Lillian's suggestion. On the way home Hubert laughed and said, "Say, you know what? We've been together just one year today."

"You big stiff, did you just remember that?"

"Sure—did you know it?"

"Of course. What do you think I wanted to dodge the bunch for? I thought we ought to be alone."

"Gee, Lil, why didn't you say something about it sooner? I'd have brought you something. You know—some little present or something."

"Oh, that's all right."

She was not disturbed by his forgetfulness. The comic strips had taught her that men never remember anniversaries.

II

LILLIAN was making out her Christmas list. Mary Jackson, her baby, Theresa, Hymie, Louise, Billy, Anna, Clifford. Hubert, too, of course, but she wouldn't put him on the list because he might look it over and see that she was planning to get him a bath robe. He was sitting across the room from her, listening to the radio.

She glanced over at him and wondered for the millionth

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

4 ways to be sure

1 *Look for this orange-shaped dispenser* at fountains, sparkling with this golden sunshine beverage.

2 *Look for "Crushy"*—jolly symbol of the science which converts the entire orange into this most delicious of real fruit drinks.

3 *Say "Orange-Crush"*— to drink deep of this delightful beverage made from the rich juice of tree-ripened oranges . . . the zestful flavor of their peel . . . all the healthful goodness of their pulp . . . recombined with a dash of sugar, citrus fruit acid for tang, pure food color, and sparkling water to make a drink as delicious as the fruit itself.

4 Or at stands and stores, look for this "Krinkly" bottle, icy-cold. Wholesome and refreshing. Here's how!

Orange-Crush

NEVER

confuse Orange-Crush with "pop" or merely orange-flavored drinks. Above all, never confuse any other orange drink with Orange-Crush—*Orange Crush contains the juice*

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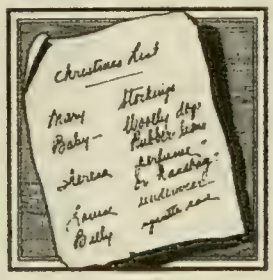
KEPT
Continued from page sixty-three

time how he found comfort in that strange position of his. Always, when he listened to the radio, he sat with his body describing a straight line from his heels to the back of his neck. His bottom touched the edge of the chair in a most casual manner and his hands folded behind his head just where the top of the chair back lent a trifling support. She looked away and back at the list.

Well, stockings were all right for Mary. They were useful but not insultingly so. She could give her six pairs in different shades. The baby was easy. No need to worry about his gift now. Woolly dogs and rubber lions and things like that were always displayed in the stores and she could choose one when she got there.



Theresa was a bit of a problem. You couldn't give her underwear or anything like that because she sewed so darn well that nothing you could buy would be good enough for her. Maybe perfume or a hand bag.

Lillian wrote both " perfume " and " hand bag " beside Theresa's name with a question mark after each. She'd buy Hymie a pocket lighter. That would be nice.

Now Louise. What could she get Louise? Underwear would be all right for her. Two teddies and maybe a slip also. She'd get Billy a cigarette case.

ANNA next. She knew that Anna wanted a set of lace covers for her bedroom suite, but she hated to give anything like that. It seemed such a waste to give a girl anything for her home. Well, maybe she'd give Anna underwear too. It was best, anyhow, to buy Anna and Louise the same things. And she'd give Cliff a cigarette case, too. That seemed all right.

Now was there anyone else to whom she really ought to give something?

Hubert switched off the set suddenly and stood up. " They've got an opera on," he said peevishly.

" On all the stations? " Lillian asked.

" No, but the other ones are just as bad. Their idea of entertainment gives me a pain. What are you doing? "

" Making out my Christmas list."

" Christmas list? " His tone implied that he had never heard of such madness.

" Sure. It's the fourth of December, or maybe the fifth. Somewhere around that, anyhow. Gee, Theresa's all finished with her shopping and Louise started already."

Hubert came over and stood beside her, looking down at the back of a milk bill upon which Lillian had been writing.

" Say," he said, " you didn't give Billy and Hymie anything last year and you didn't know Cliff. How come you've got them all on the list? "

" Well, I thought it would be nice to give them something, don't you? "

" I think it's kind of foolish."

" Why? "

" Oh, Christmas is a lot of bunk anyhow. It's for women and children. The department stores get fat on it and that's all it's good for."

Lillian said nothing, nor did she cross the men's names off the list. She sat tapping her pencil against the arm of the couch while Hubert reread it.

" Is Mary Jackson going to open a stocking store? " he asked.

" Why? "

" You got six pairs of stockings down for her. Gee, two are enough."

" It's cheap-looking to only give her two pairs."

" I don't know. Helen's got a friend, a Mrs. Winters, who's worth a hell of a lot of money and she gave Helen two pairs of stockings for Christmas one year."

" Maybe she's stingy," Lillian suggested.

Hubert shook his head.

" No, I don't think she is. She gave our kid a wrist watch the year he graduated that I bet cost her fifty or

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF

BERT ACOSTA . . . *out-birds a bird in the air*

"Bluebeards with haywire whiskers will do well to introduce their faces to Barbasol. They'll quickly surrender to its soothing, cooling, healing touch. They'll enjoy better shaves in less time. That's why Barbasol makes every morning, good morning' to me."

Bert Acosta

BERT ACOSTA . . . Everybody knows his achievements in the air. One of America's most famous pilots. Partner of Commander Byrd on epochal flight to Europe. Now guiding genius and president of the large company making the Acosta Aeroplane. Mr. Acosta's beard is dark and heavy, giving the shaving cream he uses an unusual responsibility.

sixty bucks. I don't think two pairs of stockings look cheap."

Lillian's lips curved into an expression of annoyance. She crossed out the generous six she had written and inscribed above it a cramped little two.

"You got enough underwear down for Anna and Louise, too," Hubert proceeded. "Gee, you must think we're in the silk business."

"Now don't tell me I can give a girl less than two pieces of underwear," Lillian said.

"I seen the time when Mrs. Winters gave Helen one combination or teddy or whatever the heck you call it."

"Now you've rung Mrs. Winters in once too often on my Christmas list." Lillian looked up at him with displeasure. "What's all this about anyhow? Don't you want me to give any Christmas presents?"

"Sure, I don't care, but I think you're overdoing it. We haven't any silkworms spinning cocoons for us, nor any cigarette-case factory."

"Why, Hubert, I never knew you to be like this before. Don't you like the crowd any more?"

"Certainly I do. Give them presents if you want, but, hell, don't forget we've been giving them presents all year."

He walked away from her then and she could hear him in the bedroom switching on the light and looking through the closet for his slippers.

GEE, he was acting funny. It wasn't that he was stingy. A fellow just couldn't become stingy overnight. Lillian thought the matter over for a minute or two and found a solution which pleased her. Hubert was a great man. He knew when it was time to discontinue the generous hand-outs. For just so long he had been willing to play the helping hand and believed that now he had done enough. He wanted her to imply with modest gifts that he had given up the Santa Claus business. He was the kind of man who knew how and when to retreat gracefully. That took character and clear figuring. She had never guessed that, though he appeared to distribute favors loosely, in reality he had carefully kept count. He had probably set aside a certain amount to squander on these friends of hers and it was now used up. She felt sorry for the Fishers and the Sullivans, but, after all, Hubert had been as generous as one could expect.

She felt proud of him and very meek as she revised her Christmas list. When he came shuffling back to the living room in his brown felt slippers she smiled at him like an adoring but chastened wife. The ways of rich men are inexplicable at times and perhaps a little cruel, but one must accept them.

The new list omitted Hymie, Billy, and Clifford. Really it wasn't necessary to give them presents. It provided two pairs of stockings for Mary, one teddy for Anna, and one teddy for Louise. Theresa was definitely set to receive a hand bag and Mary's baby was slated for one woolly dog.

Alternative choices looked a bit extravagant, Lillian thought. She wanted Hubert to see that she had grasped his meaning at once.

She did all her Christmas shopping on Dyckman Street. Twenty dollars covered everything but Hubert's gift. It cost her another ten dollars for his bath robe. She hoped he would like it. It was red and gray and looked very warm.

She had bought everything out of her monthly allowance. Hubert would return what she had spent on gifts. All, of course, except the ten dollars for the bath robe. She wanted that to come out of her own money.

Christmas Eve was very gay. Lillian had a tiny tree. The radio set was temporarily dispossessed so that the tree could stand on its table. It didn't take long to trim the little tree but it was fun just the same. Hubert was satisfyingly enthusiastic about the bath robe and he gave

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

THE DAY USE BARBASOL

"Barbasol *makes the razor soar over the face smoothly, swiftly, soothingly*"

START tomorrow morning with a Barbasol shave and you'll be soaring for the rest of the day!

For Barbasol will give you the kind of shave that will send you whistling to work.

Cool, soothing, refreshing—it tames the toughest beards that ever grew and positively cuddles the countenance in the process! It will send your razor zooming over your cheek with a touch as light as a kitten's footfall! It will leave your face feeling fresh as a baby's!

Congratulations!
You're lathered for the last time!

For from the moment you try it you'll be a Barbasol fan! You won't have to get all worked up working up a lather! You won't have to rub or brush!

Here's all you do:

1. Wash your face, leave it wet (lots of water) . . . 2. Spread on Barbasol (don't rub) . . . 3. Shave! And that's that!

Your face as smooth and cool as a julep and gloriously aglow!

Send the antique lather-brush to a museum to join the mussy mug of yesterday and whisk away your whiskers in the modern Barbasol way!

Yes, *every* good druggist has it in two sizes, 35c and 65c, and you should get it in time for tomorrow morning's shave . . . The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing

It's great for sunburn. To discover the healing, soothing properties in Barbasol, rub it on sunburned skin. Relief from pain comes almost instantly. The skin loses its redness and soon recovers its normal temperature. Then sunburn changes to a healthy tan.

KEEP THE SKIN youthful and keenly fresh looking. That's why men like this new BARBASOL SKIN FRESHENER. It cools, revives, freshens. Douse it on the face—after shaving—whenever tired. Nothing better . . you'll agree!

"GIVE them presents if you want, but don't forget we've been giving them presents all year."

[KEPT
Continued from page sixty-five]

Lillian a bottle of perfume, a cigarette holder, and an enormous box of candy.

The Sullivans came over bringing a bath mat which was to Hubert and Lillian with best Christmas wishes from Anna and Cliff. The Fishers brought a half dozen Victrola records with Christmas greetings. Theresa and Hymie dropped in to say Merry Christmas. They brought no gift and Theresa received the elaborately boxed present which Lillian handed her without embarrassment. The Mosses had twenty-one relatives who had to be remembered at Christmas, so they left out their friends through sheer necessity. Theresa knew perfectly well what her friends thought of her, but she couldn't bring herself to explain about the relatives. Hymie, however, had a flask of rye with him. He was able to give everybody a drink. There were toasts all around, a few bursts of song, and many Yuletide wishes more wordy than sincere. Then the Sullivans had to go. They were expected at Anna's mother's house. The Fishers followed soon after. They were going to a party.

Hubert looked at the clock. It was half past 9. He said to Hymie, "What are you people doing tonight?"

"We're going over to Fordham," Hymie said. "My sister has a lot of kids. I'm playing Santa Claus there at ten o'clock. We have to beat it."

"Oh," said Hubert.

"Why?"

"See, I got to go home," Hubert explained. "It's

Christmas Eve and I got to go. I thought maybe if you weren't doing anything, you know—Lillian will be all alone."

"Well, she can come with us," Theresa said. "Go ahead, Lillian—get into your things."

"No." Lillian shook her head. "Thanks just the same."

"Why not?"

"Oh, I'll read or something. I won't mind, honestly."

"Why don't you go?" Hubert urged.

"Go on. I'd fit in fine in a family gathering."

"They're all right," Theresa said. "They're regular people. They won't sing carols or pray or anything. Come on. At midnight there's a big feed and loads of fun. Come on."

Lillian shook her head.

The Mosses had to go, for Hymie knew the children would be waiting and his sister worried that he was lying drunk and unconcerned somewhere.

Hubert put on his hat and coat. "Gee, Lil," he said, "I hate to do this."

"Oh, don't be silly. Beat it, will you?"

He took two packages from the table. One was the twin of Lillian's enormous box of candy. The other was a pair of fur-lined gloves.

"Good night, Hubert. Merry Christmas."

"Same to— Oh, gee, Lil, what are you going to do with yourself?"

"Read for a while, then go to bed. I'll be all right. Don't worry about me."

"Good night, Lil. Gee, don't you think the Fishers or the Sullivans should have asked you along like Theresa did?"

"Why should they?"

"Well, the Mosses did."

"Oh, that was just a bowl of cherries. They knew I wouldn't come. People aren't little gods, Hubert. They do what's going to make things most pleasant for themselves."

"I hope you don't mean me, Lil."

"Oh, go home, you old fool. You're cluttering up my doorstep."

HUBERT laughed and went out. He looked up at the living room from the garden court and saw that Lillian had turned off the lights on the tree. He wondered what she was doing. Gee, poor kid, all alone! He wished Helen had gone away for Christmas as she had last year.

At ten minutes past 11 the Mosses were back at Lillian's house.

"Oh," she said as she opened the door for them, "you shouldn't have."

They looked at her and then away quickly. She wouldn't like to be stared at now. Hymie threw off his coat and Theresa unwrapped a bundle of sandwiches and Christmas cakes.

"I don't suppose you have any coffee?" she said. "Hymie's sister wanted me to bring some along in case you wouldn't have, but I'm a great one for gambling."

"Yes, I have coffee. Though it's a wonder I remembered to go to the grocer today. Gee, Theresa, it's darn nice of you to do this. It's terribly cold out, isn't it? I was just looking out the window a minute ago and I thought it looked positively freezing."

"Yeh, it's kind of cold," said Hymie sympathetically.

"Well, thank God for steam heat," Lillian went on. "I was just thinking before you came how cold it used to be in our house on Christmas morning when I was a kid. We had stoves, you know—one in every room—but sometimes they weren't so good and us kids used to freeze to death looking at our toys. There wasn't a lot to look at, but you know when you're a kid Christmas seems important and you think it's a great day."

"Yeh, I know," said Theresa.

"Say, Theresa, did you sing Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem in school, when you were a kid? You know what I mean—around Christmastime. I was just thinking of that song a little while ago."

"Sure, we sang it."

"So did we," said Hymie.

"It goes, 'Oh, little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie—'"

Lillian began to sing and the others joined her. Over the little green table in Lillian's kitchen, far into the night, they recalled Christmas songs and exchanged stories of long-forgotten Christmases.

When it was very late and the Mosses were sure that Lillian was very sleepy, they left her. She heard their cold motor objecting strenuously to such treatment but at last agree to take them home.

Lillian undressed wearily. Funny, she thought, that the Mosses didn't give presents. Just never got the feel of the Christmas spirit, she supposed.

Hubert was back by 1 o'clock Christmas day. He and Lillian took a drive, stopping for the Sullivans on their way home. It was a warmish, sunless day. Smoky-colored like autumn. Nobody was in a very good humor.

CLIFFORD wanted a turkey dinner. Hubert wanted to go to the Italian restaurant in Fordham. Anna said it wouldn't be Christmas to her if they didn't have turkey. Hubert said he'd just as leave have spaghetti.

"Maybe they'll have turkey there today," Lillian suggested.

"No, they won't," Anna said. "They didn't have it Thanksgiving."

"But Thanksgiving is just an American holiday," Clifford reminded her. "You know it's the day the Pilgrims landed here."

"Well," said Hubert, "we'll go to the spaghetti joint and you two can go somewhere and have turkey. How will that be?"

The Sullivans went with Hubert and Lillian and dined on antipasto, spaghetti, and spumoni. Anna said three times that it didn't seem like Christmas at all and Clifford told her not to mind—that next year they'd go to a downtown restaurant and have a swell feed.

Lillian felt fearfully embarrassed. Hubert was certainly being strong in his determination not to squander money on the crowd any more.

The Fishers were waiting in the vestibule of Lillian's house when they got back there. They had been making calls and both were nicely plastered.

Lillian noticed at once that Anna and Louise were uncommonly chummy tonight. She attributed this strange manifestation to the Yuletide season at first.

But later in the evening Louise asked of Anna, "Did you hear from Claire Rubens today?"

Anna shook her head and frowned slightly.

"I wonder how she got home?" Louise went on.

"Home from where?" Cliff cut in with an elaborate stage delivery. "Was she somewhere unusual?"

"Why—you know, she—" Louise broke off suddenly and there was a moment's silence during which Louise and Anna flushed and Cliff and Billy whistled carelessly and searched their pockets for cigarettes.

Lillian kept her eyes fastened on the little bare spot near the door where the builders had evidently run short of wainscoting. She wished she were anywhere but in this room. She was far more embarrassed than any of the four who sat so uncomfortably grouped about her. She had no business here. They wanted to talk over the party at Anna's mother's house which clearly the Fishers had attended. Oh, why did people have to weave senselessly intricate nets of lies? Why couldn't they be square and say, "Look here, so-and-so's the case"? Damn them for trying to spare a person's feelings and then plunging them into a position like this!

Lillian said to herself, "The hell with them." She said it many times, but it didn't seem to help.

The silence in the little room grew unendurable. Hubert was regarding the Fishers and the Sullivans with angry eyes. At last he said, "Did you people all go out together somewhere last night?"

None of the four answered. Lillian said, "What's the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Men

Women

Children

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Resinol

KEPT

[Continued from page sixty-seven]

matter, Hubert? We don't own them. Aren't they allowed to go out?"

"Well, I think it was a lousy trick!" Hubert said. "You knew Lillian was going to be here alone."

"She wasn't alone," Anna replied.

"But you didn't know she wasn't going to be."

"Don't forget you left her alone, Big Boy," Billy put in.

"Oh, that's all right," Louise said in mocking tones. "He's Hubert."

"I had to go home to my mother on Christmas Eve," Anna said, "just the same as you had to go home to your wife. And I invited Billy and Louise to go with me."

"You could have taken Lillian, too, couldn't you?" Hubert challenged.

"Oh, Hubert," Lillian begged.

Cliff said, "Look, Scotty, we all know the way things stand. Anna's mother is old-fashioned—you know what I mean. She wouldn't understand about Lillian and—you."

"If it hadn't been for that I'd have asked her in a minute," Anna shouted exultantly.

"Of course," said Billy.

"Of course," echoed Louise.

"Well, cripes, what did she do—read about Lillian and me in the newspapers? What did you tell her about Lillian for, Anna?"

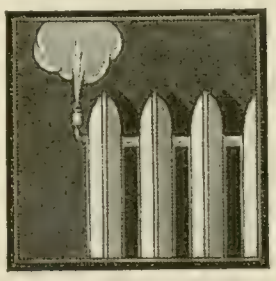
"She used to know Lillian when we worked together, see? I had to explain about you and her when Lillian started giving me so many things for the apartment."

"Oh, call it a day," said Lillian. "What the hell? I don't care whether I was invited or not. I wouldn't have gone anyhow."

Louise was sitting near Lillian, now, with her arms about her. She whispered, "I told Anna she should have asked you. 'After all,' I said, 'Lillian's always been a good friend to you.'"

Anna began to cry. "If it wasn't for my mother," she said, "I'd have asked Lillian. Only my mother is so old-fashioned."

"Oh, can it," ordered Lillian. "I'm telling you I don't care. I'm a kept woman and I don't care that I'm not welcome in respectable homes."



"YOU'RE as good as anybody else," Hubert blazed. "You're as good as Louise or Anna!"

Anna threw Lillian an imploring glance. Lillian was never one to let her friends down.

"You mean I'm just as good at heart, Hubert. Well, I've tried to be decent to people, but you know some of the older folks still count a girl's goodness by the number of men she's disappointed. Anna didn't mean to slight me. We're all friends. Go on, Hubert, go out and get a bottle of gin."

"I will not," he said. "I'm not going to buy gin for a bunch of lice that don't think you're good enough to invite out with them." He strode to the bedroom angrily and slammed the door.

It was a very impressive exit, he thought, and expedient, too. It saved him two dollars.

In the living room the five sat silent. Anna wept very daintily into her handkerchief. The men looked pensively out the window at nothing at all. Louise and Lillian smoked.

Billy said, "Let's shove off. We're in wrong."

Lillian smiled at him pleasantly. "No," she said. "You know how Hubert is when he gets back from the family. They drive him nearly crazy. He'll be fine again tomorrow."

"I don't want no friends," said Billy, "who are fine one day and call me a louse the next."

HE got his coat and Louise got hers. Billy said good night shortly. Louise kissed Lillian and assured her that she would not hold Hubert's outburst against her.

"It positively won't make any difference," she promised. "You weren't responsible for it."

The Fishers went home.

The Sullivans followed as soon as Anna was able to patch up her blighted complexion. They left feeling certain that Hubert was not himself and charging Lillian to call them as soon as he was.

Lillian closed the door upon them, turned out the lights, and went into the bedroom. Hubert was in bed, but not asleep.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and stroked his hand as she spoke to him.

"I know you lit into them," she said, "because you think they handed me a raw deal and you think I mind it. I didn't, honest, Hubert. Really. They were right. I'm different. I'm a kept woman and a girl can't bring me home to her mother's house. I'm a different breed entirely. I don't think I'm not as good, understand. I think I got more guts and more character, but so has some criminals and you wouldn't want to cart them home. See, I'm kind of an outsider. I'm a kept woman, Hubert. Once you get that through your head you'll see the whole thing."

He did not reply for a moment and she prompted him. "See?" she asked.

"You gave Anna and Louise each something last Christmas that cost twenty-five bucks. I think if you'd done that this Christmas you'd have been invited. I think they got sore at the small presents."

"Oh, no, Hubert."

"Yes, I think they did. I think that's why they passed you up."

And all night long he tossed and once he sighed. Very unusual for Hubert.

Hubert has found that $15,000 doesn't last forever. What happens under the shock of this discovery? Read next week's installment and see.

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

He's one of those lovely guys that pinches the kids and puts sand in her spinich.

Reflections of a Brand-New Husband

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

On bored S. S. Virginia.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIBERTY:

Somebody said that a marriage is a funeral where a guy smells his own flowers. Well, that aint so. Theres nothing like wedlock when you get the right kind of a frail. I know—I've been married two days.

This thing called love is the nuts, take it from me. Why, we aint had an arguement since we bin married. Shes the cutest little Fuzzy Babe that ever slid a French heel.

Marriage is what you make it, Mr. Editor. If couples aint happy, ninty-nine cases out of a hundred its the *guys fault*. Most wimen are fuller romance and sediment and want to be loved. Take her old lady for instance. Shes the sweetest old fat thing that ever busted a lounge. Shed be the happiest woman in the world if she could stop her old man from being slid in the patrol wagon all the time. Then take the Crosbys. Theres no finer guy that ever hung a lip over a bottle. All he talks about is fightin when he gets lushed up. By golly he can take Dempsey and Tunney and eight taxi drivers together, according to him, and tie em in knots. But he always comes home with a black eye. Do you suppose that goes big with the wife? Sure, PLENTY!!! Its *always* the *guys fault*.

Then take our friend Mr. Kurth. You remember that hot Sunday when he was drivin his sick wife to the hospital to be operated on? Remember what he did? Just because she said, Look out for that turn!! he throws her out of the car on her bean. Now I ask you! Would a gentleman do that goin fifty miles an hour? Them things are uncalled for. Shed a bin out of the hospital now if she hadnta busted her leg in nine places and he hadnta got ruff. Thats why I say its always the mans fault. Then take the Doyles. You know what he did to her? You remember when the doctor ordered her to get vaxinated for the small pox? Eight times the guy vaxinated her and it didnt take. Then when the medical presented the bill Doyle got so sore he hollers *I'll* vaxinate you for keeps, and what does he do but get a forty-four and shoot her in the arm. Now things like that aint genteel. Men what do things like that must be a bit touched, or one of their tubes must be blown or somethin.

You know marriage is a 50-50 proposhion. Give and take. You give and she grabs! But I dont mean Marg. Sure, Love, honor and Oh Boy, if you draw a blank. Its like business, only worse. If you take a partner in business and he steels your dough, what happens? Why, you throw him out on his neck! Is that what happens in wedlock? Like hell it is! In marriage you pay to get in it and you pay to get out of it and plenty! The guy that said *the woman always pays* lost his straight jacket, dont kid yourself.

But I still say its the *Bozos fault* most of the time. If a fello gave his wife a straight eight at least on her weddin aniversary everything would be Hotsy Totsy. But half of em aint got one to give em. The trouble with matrimoney today is, the wives squark because they dont get an allowance. Every wife should get a chunk out of the old mans pay envelope every week for herself. Why not, she earns it! Why should she hafta go to him and holler everytime she wants a dime for a shirt? The fact that she lives with him is enough. Oh, I tell you Mr. Editor its the *mans fault all the time*. Im for the wimin since

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

I got married and HOW!! Take a sap like Mrs. Nitwit. Look at the worm shes married to. Of all the mean, low down tightwads, he takes the chunk. The only thing she has, is children. Nine of em. He hasnt even given her a new dress in eleven years. Shes made over the outfit so many times that you cant tell whether its a crazy quilt or a creation from the South Sea Islands. Hes one of those lovely guys that pinches the kids, kicks over the Pinkin-knees and puts sand in her spinich. If she dont fold a gas pipe over his bean before long somebody should examine her scull.

I gotta quit writin like this Mr. Editor or I'll be in tears.

Well, we certainly are enjoying our funnymoon on this ship. This is the first time that the Cream in my Java has ever been on a boat before. Except the time when I had her out on Central Park Lake at 50c per copy. She dont know Port from Starboard. She thinks the Port side is the only side they land on. The other night one of the stewards told her I was up on the hurricane deck and she came runnin up in her nightie thinkin we were goin to take to the boats.

The Captain is a swell fello. His name is H. A. T. Candy. What a cute moniker for a sugar daddy eh? The chief engineers name is Prince and he *is* too, what I mean. He invited me and Marg over to his table and we sure have fun. He took us down in the engine room the other day and what he dont know about oil burners aint worth knowin. I bet he could fix my old ladys furnice alright. All he talks about is engines and boilers, he must eat crankshafts smothered in onions for breakfast.

IF you think that we're the only honeymooners on the boat Mr. Editor, youre wet. They get in your hair! and the funniest part is each one thinks hes fox passing the other. They put on a serious pan and try and make believe theyve been wed-locked for forty years. Theres a couple in the deck chairs next to us, that are pips. When the afternoon tea was passed around, she says to him she says, Sweetheart, how many lumps do you want? And he says, Honey I never eat sugar! What a giveaway! I ask you. Honest, you can clock those honeymooners a mile off. They all have brand new clothes and each pair is equipt with a movie camera. And how they do work em! They don't know what theyre all about. They squirt em around hap hassard. One chump shoots chairs, anchors, fogs, and ships that are eight miles off. The bride has been photographed front side, backside and everyway else. Hes just one of those eggs that keeps Mr. Eastman in sport cars.

Theres a fello on our right what is a actor. Hes goin to work in the squeekies when he gets out to Hollywood. Hes a great friend of John Barrimore. He says that John went into a store on Hollywood Bouleward one day to buy some shirts. He says to the girl, he says—Charge them to John Barrimore. The girl says Who? whats the name? And John says Barrimore. The frail says Marrinor? and John says, No, No! B-A-R-R-I-M-O-R-E!! Then the jane says—How do you spell it? And Jack hollers out, Oh, Hell—just Ethels brother!!

Life is funny, aint it Mr. Editor?

OH wait till I tell you what happened to the girl friend with the crockery eye. You know she was bridesmade at our wedding. Well, it seems after the wedding the bridesmade lushed too many orange blossoms and got a bit tight. So what does she do but take a girl friend home with her what she just met for the first time. Well, they hoisted a few more after they got home and then they went to bed. Anway, the friend didnt know that the bridesmade wore a china lamp. Guess what happened? The girl friend gets up about four in the morning to grab herself a glass of water.

When she drinks the water half down she sees in the bottom of the glass a great big blue eye starrin at her. Brother she dropped the glass like a red hot stove and she hasnt even called for her laundry since.

Well I got to slough this, here comes Marg. I'll write you from Havana.

Yours much married,

MIKE SHEA.

P. S. Im mailing you a nifty book what would make a good movie. Its called The Honeymooners, with Sound & Effects. Let me know what you think of it. M. S.

The bridegroom's letter from Havana telling what he thinks of the place will appear in an early issue.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 34

1—Palestine.
2—The Secretary of State.
3—An instrument for determining the specific gravity of liquids.
4—Argentina, Brazil, and Chile.
5—Eleven.
6—Unlimited authority; full discretionary power.
7—They are the names of islands in the Philippines group.
8—One born after its father's death.
9—The dwelling place of happy souls after death.
10—Dynamite.
11—Tapestries.
12—An American Negro poet (1872-1906).
13—Joshua.
14—Juneau.
15—Grover Cleveland.
16—Jenny Lind (1820-1887).
17—Oscar De Priest, of Illinois.
18—The Mediterranean Sea and the Red Sea.
19—Fifteen thousand dollars a year.
20—Ninety-six.

Harmony in Scents

By EILEEN BOURNE

IF some humanitarian cop doesn't soon raise a hand to stop the traffic in ensemble regulations, we won't be able to go picnicking unless our sandwiches harmonize with the contents of the other picnickers' boxes. We honestly did hear about a woman addicted to light beige shoes requesting her husband to forgo his taste for black ones and substitute brown, so that when out walking together they'd harmonize better.

The ensemble craze spreads and spreads. While the suggestion that it has reached perfume may be hailed as belated news, it never attained quite the present arbitrary status.

Scent ensembles have much to recommend them. To illustrate, a girl bought a new cold cream. The odor was decidedly not faint. The powder already on her dressing table had in its own right a scent almost as marked. One evening she succumbed to the lure of an irresistible perfume container and its equally irresistible content. Frocked charmingly and awaiting her escort, her brother happened to pass near. "Gee," he complimented her in brotherly fashion, "you smell like a soap factory."

Not all exclusive perfumers go in for the full line of cosmetic manufacture. But about ten of the big manufacturers I think of at the moment can provide the major toilet requisites with a matching odor.

The exclusive perfumers' following, in order to provide harmonious company for their exclusive choice, may still avoid the jumbled odors by selecting a line of cosmetic accessories whose scent is modified so that the major note from the crystal container sings out clearly.

In pursuit of the ensemble idea, French couturiers and some American dressmakers have installed perfumes as part of their dressing art. Madame must have this heavenly sweet-pea odor for her flowered chiffon. Or she must have this woodsy scent for her outdoor costume. For her sophisticated evening frock she should have that touch of the subtle, complex, and worldly-wise that only this especially prepared perfume will impart.

Granted it is canny merchandising, it is still one of the most fascinating games for women to play at and with.

Considering that most of us cannot afford the moods and the hours, much less the perfume extravagance they suggest, we think the propaganda about matching perfumes to moods and hours rather far-fetched.

For general effect, it is sufficient that a pleasant odor be selected; that it be changed to another pleasant odor when one feels the urge; and that the ensemble idea already presented be observed to the extent, at least, of the elimination of conflicting odors.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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SALTED PEANUTS

Looking over the fence

In Pullman smokers . . . in locker rooms after that last tough eighteen holes . . . at teas, at bridge, at dinner parties from coast to coast . . . wherever Americans gather, Prohibition is the Great Topic. One can't be too well informed on this vital issue. Canada, neighbor to the northward, has also tried prohibition. The most vehement Dry, the most emphatic Wet, can find a wealth of valuable material for his arguments in

HOW THEY DRINK IN CANADA

by Frederick Palmer

Wherein a noted writer makes a thorough survey of our next-door neighbor's battle with demon rum. Don't miss Palmer's stimulating story. Read it

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

BROADWAY and Hollywood hailed him as the King of Jazz. He was tall, dark, handsome. He had more than a way with women. But he struck a false note when he tried his wiles on petite Dottie Mason, beloved by one Dutch Hayes, cold-eyed Chicago gangster. What Dutch did in revenge is told by

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

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a colorful, swift-moving short story that will keep you interested to the final line. Read it in LIBERTY

NEXT WEEK

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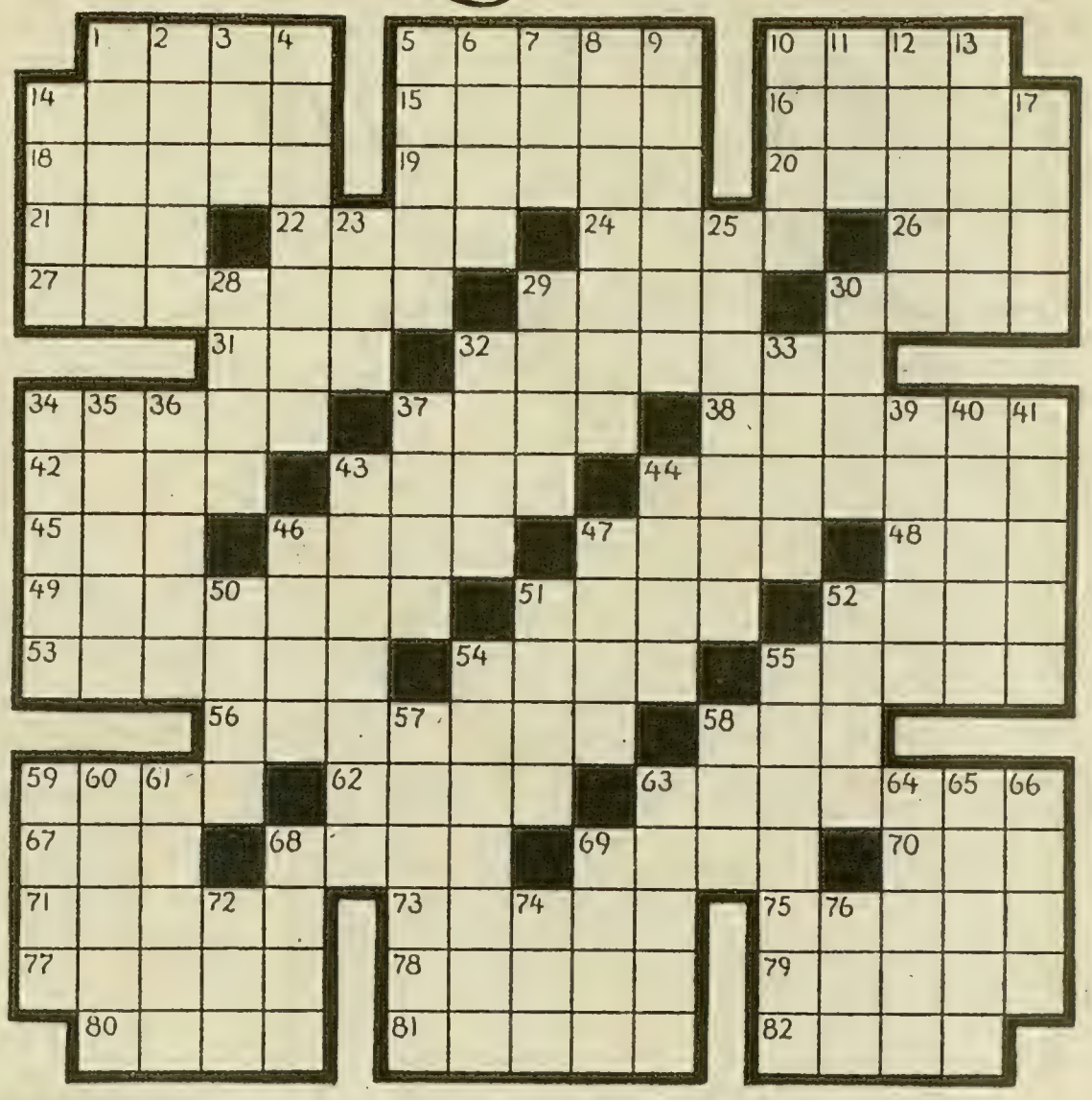
Two New Puzzles

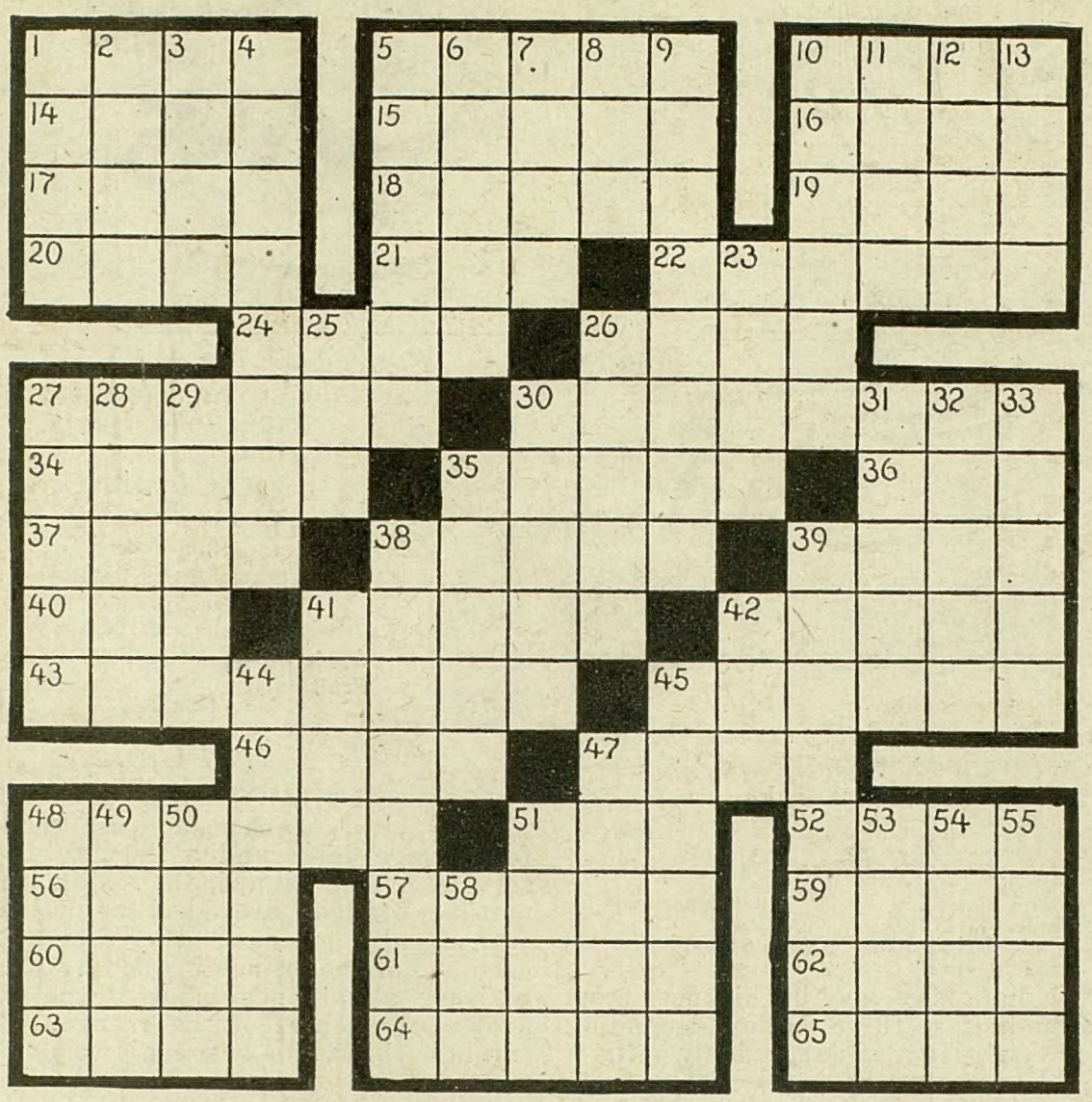


HORIZONTAL
1 Violent blast
5 Woman's name
10 Waves
14 Buffalo of India
15 Passenger ship
16 One of the Fates (Roman religion)
18 Net
19 Silly
20 Ancient Greek poet
21 Appropriate
22 Companion
24 Deeds
26 Type measures
27 Barren
29 Siamese coins
30 On the ocean
31 Woman's name
32 Foretell
34 Inelegant language
37 Insect's eggs
38 Participant in a disorder
42 Clothes
43 Observes
44 Warship's tender
45 Self
46 Genus of game birds
47 Fasteners
48 American poet
49 Type of excellence
51 Genus of African trees
52 Retained
53 Trapper
54 Routine, as of study or speech
55 Meditates
56 Persons composing a society
58 Alcoholic liquor
59 Charity
62 Gaelic
63 Wrangle
67 Female sandpiper
68 Passage in a mine
69 Enraptured
70 Sailor
71 Consumed
73 Giver
75 Change
77 Avoid
78 Got up
79 Staggers
80 Eagles
81 City in Delaware
82 Beetles

VERTICAL
1 Considerable in degree
2 Join
3 Japanese coin
4 Abounding
5 The choice or select part
6 Furnish with an inner covering
7 Woman's name
8 Legislative bodies
9 Builds
10 Springs
11 Attention
12 A constellation
13 Scotch barley cake
14 Vipers
17 Handlelike part of a heavenly body
23 Wing
25 Russian empress
28 Conducts and manages
29 Cunning devices
30 Immeasurable spaces of time
32 Pastry (plural)
33 Clears of seeds, as cotton
34 Paces
35 A city in Indiana
36 Ancient Greek market place
37 No (German)
39 Binds with a narrow fabric
40 School (French)
41 Bamboolike grasses
43 Raged
44 Heap
46 Molding
47 Cooking vessels
50 Weapons
51 Central part
52 Mound or hummock
54 Make restitution of
55 Pungent powder used as a condiment
57 Of a wedding
58 Tear
59 Extent of surface
60 Depart
61 A measure of length
63 Defies
64 Entire; absolute
65 Chinese weights
66 Mistakes
68 Insects
69 A flower
72 Predatory bird
74 At time of speaking
76 The fifth sign of the zodiac

Answer to last week's puzzle

for Agile Minds



HORIZONTAL

1 A month of the Jewish year
5 Ducklike birds of the rail family
10 One of an East Indian caste
14 Awkward, unsophisticated person (slang)
15 Settle an income upon
16 River in England
17 Of small thickness in proportion to height or length
18 Pertaining to allegiance and service
19 A fishing boat
20 Island in the Mediterranean Sea
21 Spanish definite article (plural form)
22 To be present at
24 Native name of an Asiatic kingdom
26 Pertaining to an epoch
27 One who makes amends
30 Mildness of temper
34 Soiled with mud
35 Divisions of time
36 English money of account introduced by Danish invaders
37 Woman's name
38 Small globules
39 The eponymous ancestor of the Hebrews
40 Self
41 Kind of rock
42 Packed in big bundles
43 Restorations
45 Musteline animals
46 Containers
47 Sister of Zeus (Greek religion)
48 To send back
51 Mortals
52 Utter raucously
56 Man's name
57 Amend
59 Unaspirated consonant
60 Obstruct with mud
61 Ago
62 Newts
63 Philippine natives of the lower class
64 More genuine
65 Restore (printing)

VERTICAL

1 Bottom end of a wooden pulley block
2 Wanting in liveliness of color
3 Old Hebrew name for Nisan
4 Continued unchanged in place or form
5 Subterranean room
6 Bulb of a liliaceous plant
7 Scripture canticles
8 Put on clothing
9 Makers of oaths
10 A conflict
11 Grant the use of for a consideration
12 Metal
13 Unchaste
23 Head coverings
25 Anarchist who practices violence
26 To avoid by stratagem or artifice
27 A prince of Afghanistan or of Sind
28 Imbue with something foreign
29 Hunter slain by Artemis (Classical mythology)
30 Covers with a layer of any substance
31 Possessing high or excellent qualities
32 Basket
33 Spars for supporting square sails
35 Cures
38 Suavest
39 Things fit to be used as food
41 Aquatic bird of the goose kind
42 Forbid
44 Number which denotes the excess of the solar year over the lunar year (plural)
45 Return; pay back
47 Therefore
48 Repose
49 Silkworm
50 Island in the Cyclades nome, Greece
51 Bill of fare
53 Departed
54 Stake in poker
55 Trial
58 Russian village community

Answer to last week's puzzle

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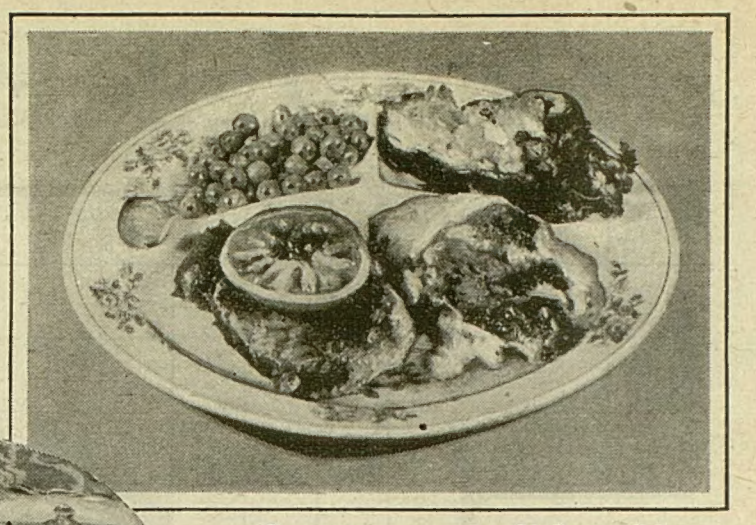
We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above Index.

Simple MENUS *for* HOT *Days*

By

ETHEL SOMERS



For economy in dishwashing, nothing equals the three-sectioned club plate.

Glassware for table service has a cool appearance especially appropriate for hot weather.

KNOWLEDGE of the fundamentals of cookery is never more appreciated than in the summer, when it means less time spent in the kitchen.

Combinations may be planned to produce a quick (fifteen- to thirty-minute) menu; or, if you prefer, preparation early in the day, followed by a prolonged baking watched only by the oven regulator. The former plan enables you to leave home immediately after the early-morning work and, in spite of a late return, to produce a healthful, enjoyable menu in thirty minutes or less. The latter scheme permits leisurely preparation in the cool of the morning and a late return with a wholesome hot dinner in the oven awaiting you.

Try the menus herein, using such variations as suit your family's taste. You will add to these, naturally, out of your own experience. Such a program will give a maximum return in health from being out of doors.

OVEN DINNER MENU

Tomato Soup
Savory Ham Slice **Baked Sweet Potatoes**
Baked Apples
Glazed Carrots **Peas**
Reheated Rolls **Butter**
Frozen Fruit Salad **Saltines**
Iced Tea

WHY lose weight by singeing your disposition in the kitchen heat? Prepare those dishes that get you out in the open in jig time. For a more complete list of summer delicacies consult the LIBERTY cookbooks. They cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Just fill in and mail the coupon below.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
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Savory Ham Slice

2-pound ham slice
12 whole cloves
2 to 4 tablespoons brown sugar
2 to 3 teaspoons mustard
½ cup vinegar
½ cup water

THE ham may vary in thickness from one-half to three inches, depending on the cut. If it is particularly salty it should be soaked in cold water or milk for several hours. Remove the fat from the ham slice. Stick the whole cloves into the meat. Place the ham slice in an enameled pan or glass baking dish that has a tightly fitting cover. Cut the ham fat into bits and place it on top of the ham. Cover and bake in a moderately hot oven (450° F.) for thirty minutes, when it will be brown. Mix the sugar, mustard, vinegar, and water. Warm and pour this mixture over the browned ham. Cover and continue baking one and one half hours longer at the same temperature, or prolong the baking to three hours by baking in a slow oven (275° F.), or to four or five hours by baking at 250° F.

Baked Apples

6 firm apples of good flavor
⅓ to ½ cup sugar
Water

CORE the apples, but do not peel, except for a half-inch strip around the middle. Fill the centers with the sugar. Pour a half-inch layer of water in the bottom of the baking dish and cover. Summer apples will bake in about forty minutes. Therefore they should be put into the oven as soon as the flame is lighted and left through the meat-searing period. Then remove to cooling rack.

Glazed Carrots

1 pint sliced carrots, or 2 bunches if left whole
½ teaspoon salt
1 to 2 tablespoons sugar
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup boiling water

PREPARE the carrots, add the sugar, salt, butter, and boiling water, and cover. Place in the oven *after* the meat searing to cook with the whole meal.

Peas

2 quarts peas, shelled
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon sugar, if desired
½ cup boiling water

Bake the same as the carrots.

QUICK MENU

Iced Canapé
Ham Slice
Caramel Sweet Potatoes
Corn on Cob
Glazed Carrot Slices
Apple Rings or Pan-Fried Bananas
Fruit Salad **Saltines**
Iced Tea

Iced Canapé

SELECT firm but small oranges and wash. (Both for orange juice and a delicate fruit service, as the canapé, the small, inexpensive oranges are ideal as well as economical.) Remove the peel from each end of the orange in such a way as to leave a half-inch band of the peel around the center of the orange. Cut through this band between two of the sections, and separate all the sections of the orange. The band will hold them together. Chill until served.

Ham Slice

FOR the quick menu, the ham should be cut from boiled rather than raw ham. Use any of the variety of seasonings, but brown the slice more quickly in a fry pan and simmer gently until ready to serve.

Caramel Sweet Potatoes

DROP half-inch slices of peeled sweet potato into boiling salted water (one-half teaspoon of salt to one quart of water). Cover and boil from eight to ten minutes, or until tender. Drain thoroughly. Add one-half cup of brown sugar and two tablespoons of butter, or use maple sirup or sirup drained from canned fruit, preferably pineapple. Heat from five to ten minutes, or until the slices are a bit candied on the edges, and serve.

Apple Rings

6 apple slices cut ½ to ¾ inch thick
½ cup sugar
½ cup water
Red coloring, if desired

WHILE coring and slicing the apples, boil the sugar and water together to a sirup (218° F.). Add the apple slices and boil vigorously about five minutes, or until tender and clear. Drain and chill or serve slightly warm, as desired.

Pan-Fried Bananas

AFTER peeling the bananas, scrape free of strings. Cut in half lengthwise and pan-fry for five minutes with the ham. Place on a warm dish in a warm place while the ham simmers in its liquid. Serve hot, either plain or with a sprinkling of sugar, lemon juice, or orange juice, as desired.

BE SURE IT'S WRIGLEY'S

TASTE the Juice of Real Mint Leaves

Hot days lose their terror in the cooling freshness of **WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT.**

The dry mouth is moistened and edgy nerves calmed by this little joy bringer.

Big in benefit, small in cost.

J-26

It's all the same to me—just so I get a

CAMEL

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